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ANNEX

THE

WORKS

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY.

VOLUME II.

CONTAINING,

THE FOURTH, FIFTH, SIXTH, AND SEVENTH NUMBERS OF HIS JOURNAL.

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AN

EXTRACT

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S

JOURNAL,

No. IV.

FROM NOVEMBER 1, 1739, TO SEPT. 3, 1741.

WHEN I HAD WAITED (FOR THEY SPAKE NOT, BUT STOOD STILL AND ANSWERED NO MORE) I SAID, I WILL ANSWER ALSO MY PART, I ALSO SHALL SHOW MY OPINION. LET ME NOT, I PRAY YOU, ACCEPT ANY MAN'S PERSON, NEITHER LET ME GIVE FLATTERING TITLES UNTO MAN. FOR I KNOW NOT TO GIVE FLATTERING TITLES, IN SO DOING, MY MAKER WOULD SOON TAKE ME AWAY, JOB XXXII. 16, 17, 21, 22.

THE PREFACE.

TO THE MORAVIAN CHURCH,

MORE ESPECIALLY THAT PART OF IT NOW OR LATELY RESIDING IN ENGLAND.

1. *I AM constrained, at length, to speak my present sentiments concerning you, according to the best light I have. And this, not only upon my own account, that if I judge amiss, I may receive better information; but for the sake of all those who either love or seek the Lord Jesus in sincerity. Many of these have been utterly at a loss how to judge: And the more so, because they could not but observe, as I have often done, with sorrow of heart, that scarce any have written concerning you (unless such as were extravagant in your commendation) who were not evidently prejudiced against you. Hence they either spoke falsely, laying to your charge things which you knew not; or at least, unkindly, putting the worst construction on things of a doubtful nature, and setting what perhaps was not strictly right, in the very worst light it would bear. Whereas (in my apprehension) none is capable of judging right, or assisting others to judge right concerning you, unless he can speak of you as he does of the friend, who is as his own soul.*

2. *Yet it is not wholly for their sake, but for your own also that I now write. It may be, the Father of Lights, the Giver of every good gift, may even by a mean instrument speak to your hearts. My continual desire and prayer to God is, that you may clearly see what is that good and perfect will of the Lord; and fully discern how to separate that which is precious among you from the vile.*

3. *I have delayed thus long, because I loved you, and was therefore unwilling to grieve you in any thing: and likewise because I was afraid of creating another obstacle to that union, which, if I know my own heart in any degree, I desire above all things under heaven. But I dare no longer delay, lest my silence should be a snare to any*

others of the children of God; and lest you yourselves should be more confirmed in what I cannot reconcile to the Law and the Testimony. This would strengthen the bar which I long to remove. And were that once taken out of the way, I should rejoice to be a door-keeper in the house of God, a hewer of wood, or drawer of water among you. Surely I would follow you to the ends of the earth, or remain with you in the uttermost parts of the sea.

4. *What unites my heart to you is, the excellency, in many respects, of the doctrine taught among you; your laying the true Foundation,* God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself, *your declaring the free grace of God, the cause, and faith, the condition of Justification: Your bearing witness to those great fruits of faith,* righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost; *and that sure mark thereof,* he that is born of God, doth not commit sin.

5. *I magnify the grace of God which is in many among you, enabling you to love him who hath first loved us; teaching you in whatsoever state you are, therewith to be content: causing you to trample under foot the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life: And above all, giving you to love one another, in a manner the world knoweth not of.*

6. *I praise God that he hath delivered and yet doth deliver you from those outward sins that overspread the face of the earth. No cursing, no light or false swearing, no profaning the name of God, is heard among you; no robbery or theft, no gluttony or drunkenness, no whoredom or adultery, no quarrelling or brawling (those scandals of the Christian name) are found within your gates; no diversions but such as become saints, as may be used in the name of the Lord Jesus. You regard not outward adorning, but rather desire the ornament of a serious, meek, and quiet spirit. You are not slothful in business, but labour to eat your own bread; and wisely manage the mammon of unrighteousness, that ye may have to give to others also, to feed the hungry, and cover the naked with a garment.*

7. *I love and esteem you for your excellent discipline,*

scarce inferior to that of the apostolic age; for your due subordination of officers, every one knowing and keeping his proper rank; for your exact division of the people under your charge, so that all may be fed with food convenient for them; for your care that all who are employed in the service of the Church should frequently and freely confer together; and, in consequence thereof, your exact and seasonable knowledge of the state of every member, and your ready distribution either of spiritual or temporal relief, as every man hath need.

8. *Perhaps, then, some of you will say, "If you allow all this, what more can you desire?" The following extract will answer you at large, wherein I have first given a naked relation (among other things) of many facts and conversations that passed between us, in the same order of time as they occurred; and then summed up, what I cannot approve of yet, that it may be tried by the Word of God.*

9. *This I have endeavoured to do with a tender hand; relating no more than I believed absolutely needful; carefully avoiding all tart and unkind expressions, all that I could foresee would be disobliging to you, or any farther offensive than was implied in the very nature of the thing; labouring every where to speak consistently with that deep sense which is settled in my heart, That you are, (though I cannot call you Rabbi, infallible) yet far, far better and wiser than I.*

10. *And if any of you will smite me friendly, and reprove me; if you will shew me wherein I have erred, either in the matter or manner of the following relation, or any part thereof; I will, by the grace of God, confess it before angels and men, in whatsoever way you shall require. Mean while do not cease to pray for,*

Your weak,

But still affectionate brother,

J. W.

JUNE 24, 1744.

JOURNAL.

No. IV.

FROM NOVEMBER 1, 1739, TO SEPTEMBER 3, 1741.

THURSDAY, Nov. 1, 1739, I left Bristol, and on Saturday came to London. The first person I met with there was one whom I had left strong in faith, and zealous of good works. But she now told me, Mr. Molther had fully convinced her, she never had any faith at all: and had advised her, till she received faith, to be still, ceasing from outward works: which she had accordingly done, and did not doubt but in a short time she should find the advantage of it.

In the evening Mr. Bray also was highly commending the being still before the Lord. He likewise spoke largely of the great danger that attended the doing of outward works, and of the folly of people that keep running about to church and sacrament, "As I (said he) did till very lately."

Sunday, 4, Our Society met at seven in the morning, and continued silent till eight. One then spoke of looking unto Jesus, and exhorted us all, to lie still in his hand.

In the evening I met the women of our Society at Fetter-lane; where some of our brethren strongly intimated that none of them had any true faith; and then asserted, in plain terms, 1. That till they had true faith, they ought to be still; that is, as they explained themselves, to abstain from the means of grace, as they are called; the Lord's supper, in particular: 2. That the ordinances are not means of Grace, there being no other means than Christ.

Wednesday 7, Being greatly desirous to understand the ground of this matter, I had a long conference with Mr. Spangenberg. I agreed with all he said of the power of faith. I agreed, that *whosoever is*, by faith, *born of God, doth not commit sin.* But I could not agree, either, that none has any faith so long as he is liable to any doubt or fear: Or, that, till we have it we ought to abstain from the Lord's supper, or the other ordinances of God.

At eight, our society met at Fetter-lane. We sat an hour without speaking. The rest of the time was spent in dispute; one having proposed a question concerning the Lord's supper; which many warmly affirmed, none ought to receive till he had the full assurance of faith.

I observed every day, more and more, the advantage Satan had gained over us. Many of those who once *knew in whom they had believed*, were thrown into idle reasonings, and thereby filled with doubts and fears, from which they now found no way to escape. Many were induced to deny the gift of God, and affirm they never had any faith at all; especially those who had fallen again into sin, and of consequence, into darkness. And almost all these had left off the means of grace, saying, They must now cease from their own works; they must now trust in Christ alone; They were poor sinners, and had nothing to do but to lie at his feet.

Till Saturday, the 10th, I think I did not meet with one woman of the society who had not been upon the point of casting away her confidence in God. I then indeed found one, who, when many, according to their custom, laboured to persuade her she had no faith, replied with a spirit they were not able to resist, "I know that the life which I now live, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me. And he has never left me one moment since the hour he was made known to me *in the breaking of bread.*"

What is to be inferred from this undeniable matter of fact, "One that had not faith, received it in the Lord's Supper?" Why, 1. That there are means of Grace, i. e. out-

ward ordinances, whereby the inward grace of God, is ordinarily conveyed to man; whereby the faith that brings salvation is conveyed to them who before had it not; 2. That one of these means is the Lord's Supper; and, 3. That he who has not this faith, ought to wait for it, in the use both of this, and of the other means which God hath ordained.

Friday 9, I shewed how we are to *examine ourselves, whether we be in the faith;* and afterwards recommended to all, though especially to them that believed, true stillness, that is, a patient waiting upon God, by lowliness, meekness, and resignation, in all the ways of his holy law, and the works of his commandments.

All this week I endeavoured also, by private conversation, *to comfort the feeble-minded,* and to bring back *the lame which* had been *turned out of the way,* if haply it might be healed.

Monday 12, I left London, and in the evening expounded at Wycombe the story of the pharisee and the publican. The next morning, a young gentleman overtook me on the road, and after a while, asked me, if I had seen Whitefield's Journals? I told him, I had. "And what do you think of them," said he; "don't you think they are d—n'd cant, enthusiasm from end to end? I think so." I asked him, "Why do you think so?" He replied, "Why he talks so much about joy and stuff, and inward feelings. As I hope to be saved, I cannot tell what to make of it." I asked, "Did you ever feel the love of God in your heart? If not, how should you tell what to make of it? Whatever is spoken of the religion of the heart, and of the inward workings of the Spirit of God, *must* appear enthusiasm to those who have not felt them: that is, if they take upon them to judge of the things which they own they know not."

At four in the afternoon I came to Oxford, and, to a small company in the evening, explained the nature and extent of that salvation, wherewith *by grace we are saved through faith.* The next evening, I shewed what it is to believe;

as well as, more largely, what are the fruits of true believing, from those words of the apostle, *This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.*

Thursday 15, My brother and I set out for Tiverton. About eleven I preached at Burford. On Saturday evening I explained at Bristol the nature and extent of Christian perfection; and at nine in the morning preached at Bath, on, *I know that in me dwelleth no good thing.*

In the afternoon I exhorted four or five thousand people at Bristol, neither to neglect, nor rest in, the means of grace. In the evening I endeavoured to lift up the hands that hung down, by declaring, *He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoaking flax.*

Monday 19, I earnestly exhorted those who had believed, to beware of two opposite extremes; the one, the thinking, while they were in light and joy, that the work was ended, when it was but just begun; the other, the thinking, when they were in heaviness, that it was not begun, because they found it was not ended.

At eight I exhorted the society to wait upon God in all his ordinances, and in so doing to be still, and suffer God to carry on his whole work in their souls. In that hour he was pleased to restore his light to many that sat in darkness: two of whom, till then, thought he had quite *cast out their prayer, and turned his mercy from them.*

Tuesday 20, We set out, and on Wednesday 21, in the afternoon, came to Tiverton. My poor sister was sorrowing almost as one without hope. Yet we could not but rejoice at hearing, from one who had attended my brother in all his weakness, that several days before he went hence, God had given him a calm and full assurance of his interest in Christ. O may every one who opposes it, be thus convinced that this doctrine is of God!

Saturday 24, We accepted an invitation to Exeter, from one who came thence to comfort my sister in her affliction. And on Sunday 25, (Mr. D. having desired the pulpit, which was readily granted both for the morning and afternoon) I preached at St. Mary's, on, *The kingdom of God*

is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Dr. W—— told me after sermon, "Sir, you must not preach in the afternoon. Not," said he, "that you preach any false doctrine; I allow all that you have said is true. And it is the doctrine of the Church of England; but it is not guarded; it is dangerous; it may lead people into enthusiasm or despair."

I did not readily see where the stress of this objection (so frequently started) lay. But upon a little reflection, I saw it plain. The real state of the case is this:—Religion is commonly thought to consist of three things; harmlessness, using the means of grace, and doing good, as it is called; that is, helping our neighbours, chiefly by giving alms. Accordingly, by a religious man is commonly meant, one that is honest, just, and fair in his dealings; that is constantly at church and sacrament; and that gives much alms, or, as it is usually termed, does much good.

Now, in explaining those words of the apostle, *The kingdom of God* (or true religion, the consequence of God's dwelling and reigning in the soul) *is not meat and drink*, I was necessarily led to shew, that religion does not properly consist in any or all of these three things; but that a man might both be harmless, use the means of grace, and do much good, and yet have no true religion at all. And sure it is, had God then impressed this great truth on any who before were ignorant of it, that impression would have occasioned such heaviness in his soul as the world always terms *despair.*

Again, in explaining those words, *The kingdom of God* (or true religion) *is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost*, I insisted, that every follower of Christ ought to expect and pray for that *peace of God which passeth all understanding*, that *rejoicing in hope of the glory of God*, which is even now *unspeakable and full of glory;* and above all, as being the very life and soul of religion, without which it is all dead show, *the love of God shed abroad in his heart, by the Holy Ghost given unto him.* But all

this is "enthusiasm from end to end," to those who have the form of godliness but not the power.

I know indeed there is a way of explaining these texts, so that they shall mean just nothing: so that they shall express far less of inward religion, than the writings of Plato or Hierocles. And whoever guards them thus, but God forbid I should do it, will undoubtedly avoid all danger of either driving people into this despair, or leading them into this enthusiasm.

Tuesday 27, I wrote Mr. D., according to his request, a short account of what had been done in Kingswood, and of our present undertaking there. The account was as follows:

"Few persons have lived long in the west of England who have not heard of the colliers of Kingswood, a people famous from the beginning hitherto, for neither fearing God nor regarding man; so ignorant of the things of God, that they seemed but one remove from the beasts that perish; and therefore utterly without desire of instruction, as well as without the means of it.

"Many last winter used tauntingly to say of Mr. Whitefield, 'If he will convert Heathens, why does he not go to the colliers of Kingswood?' In spring he did so. And as there were thousands who resorted to no place of public worship, he went after them into their own *wilderness to seek and save that which was lost.* When he was called away, others went into *the highways and hedges to compel them to come in.* And, by the grace of God, their labour was not in vain. The scene is already changed. Kingswood does not now, as a year ago, resound with cursing and blasphemy. It is no more filled with drunkenness and uncleanness, and the idle diversions that naturally lead thereto. It is no longer full of wars and fightings, of clamour and bitterness, of wrath and envyings. Peace and love are there. Great numbers of the people are mild, gentle, and easy to be intreated. They *do not cry, neither strive,* and hardly is *their voice heard in the streets:* Or

indeed in their own wood; unless when they are at their usual evening diversion, singing praise unto God their Saviour.

"That their children too might know the things which make for their peace, it was some time since proposed to build a house in Kingswood; and after many foreseen and unforeseen difficulties, in June last the foundation was laid. The ground made choice of was in the middle of the wood, between the London and Bath roads, not far from that called Two-Mile-Hill, about three measured miles from Bristol.

"Here a large room was begun for the school, having four small rooms at either end, for the school-masters, and perhaps, if it should please God, some poor children to lodge in. Two persons are ready to teach, so soon as the house is fit to receive them, the shell of which is nearly finished; so that it is hoped the whole will be completed in spring, or early in the summer.

"It is true, although the masters require no pay, yet this undertaking is attended with great expence. But let him that *feedeth the young ravens* see to that. He hath the hearts of all men in his hand. If he put it into your heart, or into that of any of your friends, to assist in bringing this his work to perfection, in this world look for no recompence; but it shall be remembered in that day, when our Lord shall say, *Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.*"

Wednesday 28, We left Tiverton, and the next day reached Bristol. On Friday many of us joined in prayer for one that was grievously tormented. She raged more and more for about two hours, and then our Lord gave her rest.

Five were in the same agony in the evening. I ordered them to be removed to the door, that their cries might neither drown my voice nor interrupt the attention of the congregation. But after sermon, they were brought into the room again, where a few of us continued in prayer to God, (being determined not to go till we had an answer of peace)

till nine the next morning. Before that time, three of them sang praise to God; and the others were eased, though not set at liberty.

Tuesday, Dec. 4, I was violently attacked by some who were exceedingly angry at those who cried out so, being sure, they said, it was all a cheat, and that any one might help crying out if he would. J. Bl. was one of those who were sure of this. About eight, the next morning, while he was alone in his chamber, at private prayer, so horrible a dread overwhelmed him that he began crying out with all his might. All the family was alarmed. Several of them came running up into his chamber; but he cried out so much the more, till his breath was utterly spent. God then rebuked the adversary; and he is now less wise in his own conceit.

Thursday 6, I left Bristol, and (after preaching at Malmsbury and Burford in the way) on Saturday 8, came into my old room at Oxford, from which I went to Georgia. Here musing on the things which were past, and reflecting how many that came after me were preferred before me, I opened my Testament on those words (O may I never let them slip) *What shall we say then? That the Gentiles, which followed not after righteousness, have attained to righteousness. But Israel, which followed after the law of righteousness, have not attained to the law of righteousness. Wherefore? Because they sought it not by faith, but, as it were, by the works of the law.*

Sunday 9, I expounded in the evening to a small, but deeply serious company, on, *There is one Mediator between God and man, even the man Christ Jesus;* and exhorted them earnestly to go straight to him, with all their miseries, follies, and sins.

Tuesday 11, I visited Mrs. P——t, one who, having long sought death in the error of her life, was brought back to the great Shepherd of her soul, the first time my brother preached faith in Oxford. In the midst of sickness and pain, and the deepest want, she was calmly rejoicing in

God. By this faith may I be thus saved! so as in the midst of heaviness, through manifold temptations, without raiment or food, or health or friends, to *rejoice with joy unspeakable.*

Thursday 13, I had some hours conversation with a serious man, who offered many considerations to shew, "that there are no unholy men on earth; and that there are no holy men; but that, in reality, all men are alike, there being no inward difference between them."

I was at first in doubt what could lead a man of learning and sense into so wonderful an opinion. But that doubt was soon cleared. He had narrowly observed those whom the world calls good men, and could not but discern that the difference between them and others was merely external; their tempers, their desires, their springs of action were the same. He clearly saw, although one man was a thief, a common swearer, a drunkard, and another not; although this woman was a liar, a prostitute, a sabbath-breaker, and the other clear of these things; yet they were both lovers of pleasure, lovers of praise, lovers of the present world. He saw self-will was the sole spring of action in both, though exerting itself in different ways: and that the love of God no more filled and ruled the heart of the one than of the other. Hence, therefore, he inferred, "Well, if these persons are holy, there are none unholy upon earth; seeing thieves and prostitutes have as good a heart, as these saints of the world." And whereas some of these said, "Nay, but we have faith; we believe in and rely on Christ." It was easily replied, "Yea, and such a faith in Christ, such a reliance on him, to save them in their sins, have nine in ten of all the robbers and murderers, of whom ye yourselves say, 'Away with them from the earth.'"

In the afternoon, I was informed how many wise and learned men (who cannot, in terms, deny it, because our Articles and Homilies are not yet repealed) explain justification by faith. They say, 1. Justification is twofold; the first in this life, the second at the last day. 2. Both these are by faith alone; that is, by objective faith, or by the

merits of Christ, which are the object of our faith. And this, they say, is all that St. Paul and the Church mean by, *We are justified by faith only.* But they add, 3. We are not justified by subjective faith alone; that is, by the faith which is in us. But works also must be added to this faith, as a joint condition both of the first and second justification.

The sense of which hard words is plainly this:—God accepts us both here and hereafter, only for the sake of what Christ has done and suffered for us. This alone is the cause of our justification. But the condition thereof is, not faith alone, but faith and works together.

In flat opposition to this, I cannot but maintain (at least till I have a clearer light), 1. That the Justification which is spoken of by St. Paul to the Romans, and in our Articles is not two-fold. It is one, and no more. It is the present remission of our sins, or our first acceptance with God. 2. It is true, that the merits of Christ are the sole cause of this our justification. But it is not true, that this is all which St. Paul and our Church mean by our being justified *by faith only;* neither is it true, that either St. Paul or the Church mean by *faith*, the merits of Christ. But, 3. By our being justified by faith only, both St. Paul and the Church mean, that the condition of our Justification is faith alone, and not good works: Inasmuch as "all works done before justification, have in them the nature of sin." Lastly, That faith, which is the sole condition of justification, is the faith which is in us, by the grace of God. It is a sure trust that a man hath, that Christ hath loved him and died for him.

During my short stay here, I received several unpleasing accounts of the state of things in London, a part of which I have subjoined:——

"Many of our sisters are shaken: J——y C—— says that she never had faith. Betty and Esther H—— are grievously torn by reasonings; the former, I am told, is going to Germany.——On Wednesday night there are but few come to Fetter-lane till near nine o'clock. And then,

after the names are called over, they presently depart. It appears plain, our brethren here have neither wisdom enough to guide, nor prudence enough to let it alone."

"Mr. B——n expounds much, and speaks so slightingly of the means of grace that many are much grieved to hear him; but others are greatly delighted with him. Ten or fourteen of them meet at our brother Clark's with Mr. Molther, and seem to consult about things as if they were the whole body. These make a mere jest of going to church, or to the sacrament. They have much confounded some of our sisters; and many of our brothers are much grieved."

In another letter, which I received a few days after this, were these words:

"*December* 14, 1739.

"This day I was told by one that does not belong to the bands, that the society would be divided.—I believe brothers Hutton, Clark, Edmonds, and Bray, are determined to go on, according to Mr. Molther's directions, and to raise a Church, as they term it, and I suppose above half our brethren are on their side. But they are so very confused, they do not know how to go on; yet are unwilling to be taught, except by the Moravians.

"We long to see you; nay, even those would be glad to see you, who will not be directed by you. I believe indeed things would be much better if you would come to town."

Wednesday 19, I accordingly came to London, though with a heavy heart. Here I found every day the dreadful effects of our brethren's reasonings and disputing with each other. Scarce one in ten retained his first love; and most of the rest were in the utmost confusion, biting and devouring one another. I pray God, ye be not consumed one of another!

Monday 24, After spending part of the night at Fetter-lane, I went to a smaller company, where also we exhorted one another with hymns and spiritual songs, and poured out our hearts to God in prayer. Towards morning, one of them was overwhelmed with joy and love, and could not

help shewing it by strong cries and tears. At this another was much displeased, saying, "It was only nature, imagination, and animal spirits." O thou jealous God, lay not this sin to her charge! and let us not be wise above what is written!

Sunday 30, One came to me, by whom I used to profit much. But her conversation was now too high for me. It was far above, out of my sight. My soul is sick of this sublime divinity! Let me think and speak as a little child! Let my religion be plain, artless, simple! Meekness, temperance, patience, faith, and love, be these my highest gifts; and let the highest words wherein I teach them, be those I learn from the Book of God!

Monday 31, I had a long and particular conversation with Mr. Molther himself. I weighed all his words with the utmost care, desired him to explain what I did not understand; asked him again and again, "Do I not mistake what you say? Is this your meaning, or is it not?" So that I think, if God has given me any measure of understanding, I could not mistake him much.

As soon as I came home, I besought God to assist me, and not suffer *the blind to go out of the way*. I then wrote down what I conceived to be the difference between us, in the following words:

As to faith, you believe,

1. There are no degrees of faith, and that no man has any degree of it, before all things in him are become new, before he has the full assurance of faith, the abiding witness of the Spirit, or the clear perception that Christ dwelleth in him.

2. Accordingly, you believe, there is no justifying faith, or state of justification short of this.

3. Therefore, you believe, our brother Hutton, Edmonds, and others, had no justifying faith before they saw you.

4. And, in general, that that gift of God, which many received since Peter Bohler came into England, viz. "A sure confidence of the love of God to them," was not justifying faith.

5. And that the joy and love attending it were from animal spirits, from nature or imagination; not joy in the Holy Ghost, and the real love of God shed abroad in their hearts.

Whereas I believe,

1. There are degrees in faith, and that a man may have some degree of it before all things in him are become new, before he has the full assurance of faith, the abiding witness of the Spirit, or the clear perception that Christ dwelleth in him.

2. Accordingly, I believe, there is a degree of justifying faith (and consequently, a state of justification) short of, and commonly antecedent to, this.

3. And I believe our brother Hutton, with many others, had justifying faith long before they saw you.

4. And, in general, that that gift of God, which many received since Peter Bohler came into England, viz. "A sure confidence of the love of God to them," was justifying faith.

5. And that the joy and love attending it were not from animal spirits, from nature, or imagination; but a measure of joy in the Holy Ghost, and of the love of God shed abroad in their hearts.

As to the way to faith, you believe, that the way to attain it is to wait for Christ, and be still, *i. e.* not to use (what we term) the means of grace; not to go to church; not to communicate; not to fast; not to use so much private prayer; not to read the Scripture;—(Because you believe, these are not means of grace, *i. e.* do not ordinarily convey God's grace to unbelievers; and that it is impossible for a man to use them, without trusting in them:)—Not to do temporal good; nor to attempt doing spiritual good; because you believe no fruit of the Spirit is given by those who have it not themselves; and that those who have not faith, are utterly blind, and therefore unable to guide other souls.

Whereas I believe, the way to attain it is, to wait for Christ and be still, in using all the means of grace. Therefore, I believe it right, for him who knows he has not faith, (*i. e.* that conquering faith) to go to church, to communicate, to fast, to use as much private prayer as he can, and to read the Scripture;—(Because I believe these are means of grace, *i. e.* do ordinarily convey God's grace to unbelievers: and that it is possible, for a man to use them, without trusting in them:)—To do all the temporal good he can, and to endeavour after doing spiritual good: Because I know many fruits of the Spirit are given by those who have them not themselves. And that those who have not faith, or but in the lowest degree, may have more light from God, more wisdom for the guiding of other souls, than many that are strong in faith.

As to the manner of propagating the Faith, you believe, as I have also heard others affirm, that we may, on some accounts, use guile; by saying what we know will deceive the hearers, or lead them to think the thing which is not; by describing things a little beyond the truth, in order to their coming up to it; by speaking as if we meant what we do not.

But I believe, that we may not use guile on any account whatsoever; that we may not, on any account, say what we know will, and design should, deceive the hearers; that we may not describe things one jot beyond the truth, whether they come up to it or not; and that we may not speak, on any pretence, as if we meant, what indeed we do not.

Lastly, As to the fruits of your thus propagating the Faith in England, you believe, much good has been done by it; many unsettled from a false foundation; many brought into true stillness, in order to their coming to the true foundation; some grounded thereon, who were wrong before, but are right now. On the contrary, I believe that very little good, but much hurt has been done by it; many, who were beginning to build holiness and good works on the true foundation of faith in Jesus, being now wholly

unsettled and lost in vain reasonings and doubtful disputations; many others being brought into a false, unscriptural stillness; so that they are not likely to come to any true foundation; and many, being grounded on a faith which is without works, so that they, who were right before, are wrong now.

Tuesday, January 1, I endeavoured to explain to our brethren, the true, christian, scriptural stillness, by largely unfolding those solemn words, *Be still, and know that I am God.*

Wednesday 2, I earnestly besought them all to stand in the old paths; and no longer to subvert one another's souls, by idle controversies and strife of words. They all seemed convinced. We then cried to God to heal all our backslidings. And he sent forth such a spirit of peace and love as we had not known for many months before.

Thursday 3, I left London, and the next evening came to Oxford, where I spent the two following days in looking over the letters which I had received for the sixteen or eighteen years last past. How few traces of inward religion are here! I found but one among all my correspondents, who declared (what I well remember at that time I knew not how to understand), that "God had shed abroad his love in his heart, and given him the peace that passeth all understanding." But, who believed his report? Should I conceal a sad truth? Or declare it, for the profit of others? He was expelled out of his society as a madman, and being disowned by his friends, and despised and forsaken of all men, lived obscure and unknown for a few months, and then went to him whom his soul loved.

Monday 7, I left Oxford. In the evening I preached at Burford; the next evening at Malmsbury; and on Wednesday 9, I once more described the exceeding great and precious promises at Bristol.

Saturday 12, I explained the former part of Heb. vi. and many were *renewed again to repentance.*

Sunday 13, While the sacrament was administering at the house of a person that was sick in Kingswood, a woman

who had been before much tempted of the devil, sunk down as one dead. One could not perceive, by any motion of her breast, that she breathed, and her pulse was very hardly discernible. A strange sort of dissimulation this! I would wish those who think it so, only to stop their own breath and pulse one hour; and I will then subscribe to their opinion.

Monday 14, I began expounding the Scriptures in order, at the New Room at six in the morning; by which mean many more attend the college prayers, which immediately follow, than ever before. In the afternoon I preached at Downend, four miles from Bristol, on, *God hath given unto us eternal life, and this life is in his Son:* Tuesday 15, at Sison, five miles from Bristol, on, *the blood which cleanseth us from all sin.* After preaching, I visited a young man dangerously ill, who, a day or two after, cried out aloud, "Lord Jesus, thou knowest that I love thee! And I have thee, and will never let thee go," and died immediately.

Thursday 17, I preached at Kendalshire, six miles from Bristol, on, *Whosoever is born of God, doth not commit sin.*

Sunday 20, My heart was enlarged at Kingswood in declaring, *Ye are saved through faith.* And the woman who had been so torn of the devil last week, was now made partaker of this salvation; being above measure filled with the love of God, and with all peace and joy in believing.

Monday 21, I preached at Hannam, four miles from Bristol. In the evening I made a collection in our congregation for the relief of the poor, without Lawford's-gate; who having no work, because of the severe frost, and no assistance from the parish wherein they lived, were reduced to the last extremity. I made another collection on Thursday, and a third on Sunday; by which we were enabled to feed a hundred, sometimes a hundred and fifty a day, of those whom we found to need it most.

Tuesday 22, I preached at Bridge-gate, six miles from Bristol: Thursday 24, at Westerleigh, eight miles from thence; in the evening, at the New-Room, I expounded

Exod. xiv. And we found that God's arm is not shortened, and rejoiced before him with reverence. I was a little surprised, in going out of the room, at one who catched hold of me, and said abruptly, "I must speak with you, and will. I have sinned against light and against love. I have sinned beyond forgiveness. I have been cursing you in my heart, and blaspheming God ever since I came hither. I am damned. I know it. I feel it. I am in hell. I have hell in my heart." I desired two or three who had confidence in God to join in crying to him on her behalf. Immediately that horrible dread was taken away, and she began to see some dawnings of hope.

Friday 25, Another was with me, who, after having tasted the heavenly gift, was fallen into the depth of despair. But it was not long before God heard the prayer, and restored to her the light of his countenance.

One came to me in the evening to know, if a man could not be saved without the faith of assurance? I answered, "1. I cannot approve of your terms; because they are not scriptural. I find no such phrase as either, *faith of assurance*, or, *faith of adherance*, in the Bible. Besides, you speak as if there were *two faiths* in one Lord; whereas St. Paul tells us, there is but *one faith* in one Lord. 2. By, *Ye are saved by faith*, I understand, Ye are saved from your inward and outward sins. 3. I never yet knew one soul thus saved without, what you call, the faith of assurance; I mean, a sure confidence, that by the merits of Christ he was reconciled to the favour of God.

Saturday 26, I was strongly convinced, that if we asked of God, he would give light to all those that were in darkness. About noon we had a proof of it; one that was weary and heavy laden, upon prayer made for her, soon finding rest to her soul. In the afternoon we had a second proof; another mourner being speedily comforted. M—y D——n was a third, who about five o'clock began again to rejoice in God her Saviour; as did M—y H——y about the same hour, after a long night of doubts and fears.

Thursday 31, I went to one in Kingswood who was dangerously ill. as was supposed, past recovery. But she was strong in the Lord, longing to be dissolved and to be with Christ. Some of her words were: "I was long striving to come to my Saviour, and I then thought he was afar off. But now I know he was nigh me all that time; I know his arms were round me; for his arms are like the rainbow, they go round heaven and earth."

I had now determined, if it should please God, to spend some time in Bristol. But, quite contrary to my expectation, I was called away in a manner I could not resist. A young man, who had no thoughts of religion, had come to Bristol a few months before. One of his acquaintance brought him to me. He approved of what he heard, and for a while behaved well. But soon after his seriousness wore off. He returned to London, and fell in with his old acquaintance. By some of these he was induced to commit a robbery on the highway; for which he was apprehended, tried, and condemned. He had now a strong desire to speak with me: and some of his words, in a letter to his friend, were, "I adjure him by the living God, that he come and see me before I go hence."

Friday, Feb. 1, I set out, and on Sunday 3, declared the grace of God at Newbury, from those words of the prophet, *I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely*. And though the Church was full of (chiefly) genteel, well-dressed people, they behaved as if they knew God was there.

Monday 4, I came to Reading, and met with a few still hungering and thirsting after righteousness. A few more I found at Windsor in the evening. The next afternoon I reached London.

Wednesday 6, I went to the poor young man who lay under sentence of death. Of a truth God has begun a good work in his soul. O may it be brought to perfection.

I think it was the next time I was there, that the ordinary of Newgate came to me, and, with much vehemence, told me, he "was sorry I should turn dissenter from the Church

of England." I told him, "If it was so, I did not know it:" At which he seemed a little surprised, and offered at something by way of proof, but which needed not a reply.

Our 19th article defines a true church, "A congregation of faithful men, wherein the pure word of God is preached and the sacraments duly administered." According to this account, the Church of England is, That body of faithful people, or holy believers, in England, among whom the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments duly administered. Who then are the worst dissenters from this church? 1. Unholy men of all kinds, swearers, sabbath-breakers, drunkards, fighters, whoremongers, liars, revilers, evil-speakers; the passionate, the gay, the lovers of money, the lovers of dress, or of praise, the lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God: All these are dissenters of the highest sort, continually striking at the root of the Church; and themselves belonging in truth to no church, but to the synagogue of Satan. 2. Men unsound in the faith, those who deny the Scriptures of Truth; those who deny the Lord that bought them; those who deny justification by faith alone, or the present salvation which is by faith: These also are dissenters of a very high kind; for they likewise strike at the foundation, and were their principles universally to obtain, there could be no true church upon earth: Lastly, those who unduly administer the sacraments; who (to instance but in one point) administer the Lord's Supper to such as have neither the power nor the form of godliness. These too are gross dissenters from the Church of England, and should not cast the first stone at others.

Tuesday 12, The young man who was to die the next day, gave me a paper, part of which was as follows:

"As I am to answer to the God of justice and truth, before whom I am to appear naked to-morrow,

"I came to Bristol with a design to go abroad, either as a surgeon, or in any other capacity that was suiting. It was there that I unfortunately saw Mr. Ramsey. He told me, after one or two interviews, that he was in the service

of Mr. John Wesley; and that he would introduce me to him, which he did. I cannot but say, I was always fond of the doctrine that I heard from him. However, unhappily I consented with Mr. Ramsey; and I believe, between us, we might take more than *thirty pounds* out of the money collected for building the school in Kingswood.

"I acknowledge the justice of God in overtaking me for my sacrilege, in taking that money which was devoted to God. But He, I trust, has forgiven me this and all my sins, washing them away in the blood of the Lamb.

Feb. 12, 1739-40. GWILLAM SNOWDE."

I knew not, in the morning, whether to rejoice or grieve, when they informed me, he was reprieved for six weeks: and afterwards, that he was ordered for transportation. But known unto God are all his works!

Wednesday 20, I explained at Deptford the nature of Christian faith and salvation. Many seemed to receive the word with joy. Others complained, *Thou bringest strange things to our ears:* though some of them had not patience to hear what this new doctrine was.

Thursday 21, I had a long conference with those whom I esteem very highly in love. But I could not yet understand them on one point, "Christian openness and plainness of speech." They pleaded for such a reservedness and closeness of conversation, as I could in no wise reconcile with St. Paul's direction, *By manifestation of the truth to commend ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God.* Yet I scarce knew what to think, considering they had the practice of the whole Moravian church on their side; until I opened my Testament on these words, *What is that to thee? Follow thou me.*

Tuesday 26, Complaint was made again, (as indeed had been done before, and that not once or twice only), That many of our brethren, not content with leaving off the ordinances of God themselves, were continually troubling those that did not, and disputing with them, whether they would or not. The same complaint was made the next

night also, at the meeting of the society. I then plainly set before them the things they had done, expostulated the case with them, and earnestly besought them, "not to trouble or perplex the minds of their brethren any more; but at least to *excuse* those, who still waited for God, in the ways of his own appointment."

Saturday, March 1, Many that were in heaviness being met together, we cried to God to comfort their souls. One of these soon found, that God heareth prayer. She had before been under the physician's hands; her relations taking it for granted she was *beside herself*. But the great Physician alone knew to heal her sickness.

Monday 3, I rode by Windsor to Reading, where I had left two or three, full of peace and love. But I now found some from London had been here, grievously troubling these souls also, labouring to persuade them, 1. That they had *no faith* at all, because they sometimes felt doubt or fear. And, 2. That they ought to *be still;* not to go to church, not to communicate, not to search the Scriptures: "Because (say they) you cannot do any of these things without trusting in them."

After confirming their souls, we left Reading, and on Wednesday 5, came to Bristol. It was easy to observe here, in how different a manner God works now, from what He did last spring. He then poured along, like a rapid flood, overwhelming all before Him. Whereas now,

> "He deigns his influence to infuse
> "Secret, refreshing as the silent dews."

Convictions sink deeper and deeper. Love and joy are more calm, even, and steady. And God, in many, is laying the axe to the root of the tree, who can have no rest in their spirits, till they are fully renewed in the image of God, in righteousness and true holiness.

Wednesday 12, I found a little time, having been much importuned, to spend with the soldier in Bridewell, who was under sentence of death. This I continued to do once a day; whereby there was also an opportunity of declaring

the Gospel of Peace to several desolate ones, that were confined in the same place.

Tuesday 25, The morning exposition began at five, as I hope it will always for the time to come. Thursday 27, I had an interview with Joseph Chandler, a young Quaker, who had sometimes spoke in their Meeting; with whom I had never exchanged a word before, as indeed I knew him not either by face or name. But some had been at the pains of carrying him, as from me, a formal challenge to dispute; and had afterwards told him, "That I had declared in the open society, I challenged Joseph Chandler to dispute. And he promised to come; but broke his word." Joseph immediately sent to know from my own mouth if these things were so? If those who probably count themselves better Christians, had but done like this honest Quaker, how many idle tales, which they now potently believe, would, like this, have vanished into air!

Saturday 29, I spent another hour with one I had twice conversed with before, and with much the same effect. He asked, "Wherein the doctrine I preached differed from the doctrine preached by other ministers of the Church?" I told him, "I hope, not at all from that which is preached by many other ministers. But from that which is preached by some, it differs thus: I preach the doctrine of the Church, and they do not." After he had long and zealously laboured to prove, that "all ministers preached as I did, and there was no difference of doctrine at all," I was obliged to leave him abruptly; and should indeed have feared that my time had been spent to small purpose, but for one piece of history which I then learned, viz. "That he had gone to the Bishop, before his Lordship left Bristol, and informed him, that I said in the public congregation, 'I had had a conference with the Bishop and twelve clergymen, and had put them all to silence." Was his Lordship so informed? And *could* he believe even this? O Joseph Chandler, Joseph Chandler!

I think it was about this time that the soldier was executed. For some time I had visited him every day. But

when *the love of God was shed abroad in his heart*, I told him, "Do not expect to see me any more. He who has now begun a good work in your soul, will, I doubt not, preserve you to the end. But I believe Satan will separate us for a season." Accordingly, the next day I was informed, that the commanding officer had given strict orders, "Neither Mr. Wesley, nor any of his people should be admitted. For *they were all atheists*." But did that man die like an atheist? Let my last end be like his!

Tuesday, April 1, While I was expounding the former part of the 23d chapter of the Acts, (How wonderfully suited to the occasion, though not by my choice!), the floods began to lift up their voice. Some or other of the children of Belial had laboured to disturb us several nights before. But now it seemed as if all the hosts of the aliens were come together with one consent. Not only the court and the alleys, but all the street, upwards and downwards, was filled with people, shouting, cursing, and swearing, and ready to swallow the ground with fierceness and rage. The Mayor sent order, that they should disperse. But they set him at nought. The chief constable came next in person, who was till then sufficiently prejudiced against us. But they insulted him also in so gross a manner, as I believe fully opened his eyes. At length, the Mayor sent several of his officers, who took the ringleaders into custody, and did not go until all the rest were dispersed. Surely he hath been to us *the minister of God for good*.

Wednesday 2, The rioters were brought up to the court, the quarter-sessions being held that day. They began to excuse themselves, by saying many things of *me*. But the Mayor cut them all short, saying, "What Mr. Wesley is, is nothing to you. I will keep the peace: I will have no rioting in this city."

Calling at Newgate in the afternoon, I was informed, "That the poor wretches under sentence of death, were earnestly desirous to speak with me; but that it could not be; Alderman Beacher having just then sent an express

order, that they should not." I cite Alderman Beacher to answer for these souls, at the judgment-seat of Christ.

Thursday 3, I went into the room weak and faint. The Scripture that came in course was, *After the way that you call heresy, so worship I the God of my Fathers.* I know not whether God hath been so with us, from the beginning hitherto. He proclaimed, as it were, a general deliverance to the captives. The chains fell off: they arose and followed Him. The cries of desire, joy, and love, were on every side; fear, sorrow, and doubt, fled away. Verily, Thou hast *sent a gracious rain upon thine inheritance, and refreshed it when it was weary.*

On Good-Friday I was much comforted by Mr. T——'s sermon at All-Saints, which was according to the truth of the Gospel; as well as by the affectionate seriousness wherewith he delivered the holy bread to a very large congregation. May the good Lord fill him with all the life of love, and with all *spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus.*

At five, preaching on John xix. 34, *A soldier pierced his side, and there came forth blood and water,* I was enabled to speak strong words, both concerning the atoning blood, and the living, sanctifying water. Many were deeply convinced of their want of both; and others filled with strong consolation.

Monday 7, At the pressing instance of Howel Harris, I again set out for Wales. In the evening I preached *repentance and remission of sins,* at Lanvachas, three miles from the New Passage. Tuesday 8, I preached at Pontypool, on, *By grace ye are saved through faith:* and in the evening at Lanhithel, three miles from thence, on *I know that in me dwelleth no good thing.*

Wednesday 9, After reading prayers in Llanhithel church, I preached on those words, *I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely.* In the afternoon, Howel Harris told me, how earnestly many had laboured to prejudice him against me; especially those who had gleaned up all the idle stories at Bristol, and retailed them

in their own country. And yet these are good Christians! These whisperers, tale-bearers, backbiters, evil-speakers! Just such Christians as murderers or adulterers. *Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.*

In the evening I expounded at Cardiff the story of the Pharisee and Publican. The next day, Thursday 10, after preaching thrice, I rode to Watford, five miles from Cardiff, where a few of us joined together in prayer, and in provoking one another to love and to good works.

Friday 11, I preached in Lantarnum Church, on, *By grace ye are saved through faith.* In the afternoon I preached at Penreul, near Ponty-Pool. A few were cut to the heart, particularly Mrs. A———d, who had some time before given me up for a Papist, Mr. E——s, the Curate, having averred me to be such, upon his personal knowledge, at her house in Ponty-Pool. I afterwards called, *O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord.* And there was a shaking indeed. Three or four came to me, in such mourning as I had hardly ever seen; as did a poor drunkard between eleven and twelve, who was convinced by the word spoken on Tuesday.

Saturday 12, After preaching at Lanvachas in the way, in the afternoon I came to Bristol, and heard the melancholy news, "That ———, one of the chief of those who came to make the disturbance on the 1st of this month, had hanged himself. He was cut down, it seems, alive, but died in less than an hour: A second of them had been for some days in strong pain, and had many times sent, to desire our prayers. A third came to me himself, and confessed, he was hired that night, and made drunk on purpose: But when he came to the door, he knew not what was the matter, he could not stir, nor open his mouth."

Monday 14, I was explaining the *Liberty* we have, *to enter into the Holiest by the blood of Jesus*, when one cried out, as in an agony, "Thou art a hypocrite, a devil, an enemy to the Church. This is false doctrine. It is not the doctrine of the Church. It is damnable doctrine. It is the doctrine of devils." I did not perceive that any

were hurt thereby; but rather strengthened, by having such an opportunity of confirming their love toward him, and returning good for evil.

Tuesday 15, I received the following note:

"Sir, This is to let you understand, That the man which made the noise last night, is named John Beon. He now goes by the name of John Darsy. He is a Romish Priest. We have people enough here in Bristol that know him."

Saturday 19, I received a letter from Mr. Simpson, and another from William Oxlee, informing me, that our poor Brethren at Fetter-lane were again in great confusion; and earnestly desiring, that if it were possible, I would come to London without delay.

Monday 21, I set out, and the next evening reached London. Wednesday 23, I went to Mr. Simpson. He told me, "All the confusion was owing to my brother, who would preach up the ordinances: Whereas believers, said he, are not subject to ordinances: and unbelievers have nothing to do with them. They ought to be still: otherwise they will be unbelievers all the days of their life."

After a fruitless dispute of about two hours, I returned home with a heavy heart. Mr. Molther was taken ill this day. I believe it was the hand of God that was upon him. In the evening, our society met; but cold, weary, heartless, dead. I found nothing of brotherly love among them now, but a harsh, dry, heavy, stupid spirit. For two hours, they looked one at another, when they looked up at all, as if one half of them were afraid of the other; yea, as if a voice were sounding in their ears, *Take ye heed every one of his neighbour: Trust ye not in any brother. For every brother will utterly supplant, and every neighbour will walk with slanders.*

I think, not so few as thirty persons spoke to me in these two days, who had been strongly solicited, 1. To deny what God had done for their souls, to own they never had living faith: 2. To be *still*, till they had it, to leave off all the means of grace; not to go to Church, not to communicate,

not to search the Scripture, not to use private prayer, at least, not *so much*, or not *vocally*, or not at any *stated times*.

Friday 25, My brother and I went to Mr. Molther again, and spent two hours in conversation with him. He now also explicitly affirmed, 1. That there are *no degrees* in faith; that none has any faith who has ever any doubt or fear, and that none is justified, till he has a clean heart, with the perpetual indwelling of Christ, and of the Holy Ghost: And, 2. That every one who has not this, ought, till he has it, to be still: that is, as he explained it, not to use the ordinances, or means of grace, so called. He also expressly asserted, 1. That to those who have a clean heart, the ordinances are not matter of duty. They are not commanded to use them: They are free; they may use them, or they may not: 2. That those who have not a clean heart, ought not to use them, particularly not to communicate: Because God neither commands nor designs they should, (commanding them to none, designing them only for believers) and because they are not means of grace; there being no such thing as means of grace, but Christ only."

Ten or twelve persons spoke to me this day also, and many more the day following, who had been greatly troubled by this new gospel, and thrown into the utmost heaviness. And indeed wherever I went, I found more and more proofs of the grievous confusion it had occasioned; many coming to me day by day, who were once full of peace and love, but were now again plunged into doubts and fears, and were driven even to their wit's end.

I was now utterly at a loss what course to take, finding no rest for the sole of my foot. These vain janglings pursued me wherever I went, and were always sounding in my ears. Wednesday 30, I went to my friend (that was!) Mr. St———, at Islington. But he also immediately entered upon the subject, telling me, "Now he was fully assured, that no one has any degree of faith, till he is perfect as God is perfect." I asked, "Have *you* then no degree of faith?" He said, "No; for I have not a clean heart." I

turned and asked his servant, "Esther, Have you a clean heart?" she said, "No; my heart is desperately wicked. But I have no doubt or fear. I know my Saviour loves me: And I love Him. I feel it every moment." I then plainly told her master, "Here is an end of your reasoning. This is the state, the existence of which you deny."

Thence I went to the little society here, which had stood untainted from the beginning. But the plague was now spread to them also. One of them who had been long full of joy in believing, now denied she had any faith at all, and said, "Till she had, she would communicate no more." Another, who said, "She had the faith that overcometh the world," added, "She had not communicated for some weeks, and it was all one to her whether she did or not; for a believer was not subject to ordinances."

In the evening, one of the first things started at Fetter-lane, was, the question concerning the ordinances. But I intreated, we might not be always disputing; but rather give ourselves unto prayer.

I endeavoured all this time, both by explaining in public those scriptures which had been misunderstood, and by private conversation, to bring back those who had been led out of the way; and having now delivered my own soul, on Friday, May 2, I left London; and lying at Hungerford that night, the next evening came to Bristol.

Sunday 4, I preached in the morning at the School, and in the afternoon at Rose-green, on *I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.*

Monday 5, I expounded those words, *I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you:* And described the state of those who have forgiveness of sins, but have not yet a clean heart.

Wednesday 7, I prayed with a poor helpless sinner, who had been all his life-time subject to bondage. But our Lord now proclaimed deliverance to the captive, and he rejoiced with joy unspeakable. All the next day his mouth was filled with praise, and on Friday he fell asleep.

Thursday 8, I was greatly refreshed by conversing with several, who were indeed as little children, not artful, not wise in their own eyes, not doting on *controversy and strife of words*, but truly *determined to know nothing save Jesus Christ and him crucified.*

Friday 9, I was a little surprised at some, who were buffeted of Satan in an unusual manner, by such a spirit of laughter as they could in no wise resist, though it was pain and grief unto them. I could scarce have believed the account they gave me, had I not known the same thing ten or eleven years ago. Part of Sunday my brother and I then used to spend in walking in the meadows and singing psalms. But one day, just as we were beginning to sing, he burst out into a loud laughter. I asked him, "If he was distracted?" and began to be very angry, and presently after to laugh as loud as he. Nor could we possibly refrain, though we were ready to tear ourselves in pieces, but we were forced to go home without singing another line.

Tuesday 13, In the evening I went to Upton, a little town five or six miles from Bristol, and offered to all those who had ears to hear, *Repentance and remission of sins.* The devil knew his kingdom shook, and therefore stirred up his servants, to ring bells, and make all the noise they could. But my voice prevailed, so that most of those that were present, heard *the word which is able to save their souls.*

Wednesday 14, I visited one of our colliers, who was ill of the small-pox. His soul was full of peace, and a day or two after, returned to God that gave it.

Saturday 17, I found more and more undeniable proofs, that the Christian state is a continual warfare, and that we have need every moment to *watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation.* Outward trials indeed were now removed, and *peace was in all our borders.* But so much the more did inward trials abound; and *if one member suffered, all the members suffered with it.* So strong a sympathy did I never observe before; whatever considerable temptation

fell on any one, unaccountably spreading itself to the rest, so that exceeding few were able to escape it.

Sunday 18, I endeavoured to explain those important words of St. Peter, *Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as if some strange thing happened unto you.* Μη ξενιζεσθε τη εν υμιν πυρωσει προς πειρασμον υμιν γενομενη: Literally, *Marvel not at the burning in you, which is for your trial.*

Wednesday 21, In the evening, such a spirit of laughter was among us, that many were much offended. But the attention of all was soon fixed on poor L—a S——, whom we all knew to be no dissembler. One so violently and variously torn of the evil one did I never see before. Sometimes she laughed till almost strangled; then broke out into cursing and blaspheming; then stamped and struggled with incredible strength, so that four or five could scarce hold her. Then cried out, "O eternity, eternity! O that I had no soul! O that I had never been born!" At last she faintly called on Christ to help her. And the violence of her pangs ceased.

Most of our brethren and sisters were now fully convinced that those who were under this strange temptation could not help it. Only E——th B—— and Anne H——n were of another mind; being still sure any one might help laughing if she would. This they declared to many on Thursday; but on Friday 23, God suffered Satan to teach them better. Both of them were suddenly seized in the same manner as the rest, and laughed whether they would or not, almost without ceasing. Thus they continued for two days, a spectacle to all; and were then, upon prayer made for them, delivered in a moment.

Monday 26, S——a Ha——g, after she had calmly rejoiced several days, in the midst of violent pain, found at once a return of ease, and health, and strength; and arose and went to her common business.

Sunday, June 1, I explained *the rest which remaineth for the people of God,* in the morning, at Kingswood School, and in the evening, at Rose-green, to six or seven thousand

people. I afterwards exhorted our Society, the time being come that I was to leave them for a season, *to pray always*, that they might not faint in their minds, though they were *wrestling not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places.*

Monday 2, I left Bristol, and rode by Avon and Malmsbury (where I preached in the evening) to Oxford. Two or three, even here, had not yet been persuaded to cast away their confidence: one of whom was still full of her first love, which she had received at the Lord's table.

Thursday 5, I came to London; where, finding a general temptation prevail of leaving off good works in order to an increase of faith, I began, on Friday 6, to expound the Epistle of St. James, the great antidote against this poison. I then went to Mr. S—— once again, to try if we could yet come to any agreement:—But, O, what an interview was there! He seriously told me, he was going to sell his living, only the purchaser did not seem quite willing to come up to his price. He would fain have proved to me the lawfulness of doing this; and in order thereto he averred roundly, 1. That no honest man can officiate as a minister in the Church of England. 2. That no man can, with a good conscience, join in the prayers of the Church; because, said he, they are all full of horrid lies.

Monday 9, A woman came to me from Deptford, sent, as she said, from God. I gave her a hearing; and she spoke great words and true. But I remembered, *Judge nothing before the time.*

Wednesday 11, I went with Mr. Ingham to Islington, purposely to talk with Mr. Molther. But they said he was so ill, he could not be spoken to. In the evening I went to Fetter-lane, and plainly told our poor, confused, shattered Society wherein they had erred from the faith. It was as I feared: they could not receive my saying. However, I am clear from the blood of these men.

Friday 13, A great part of our Society joined with us in prayer, and kept, I trust, an acceptable fast unto the Lord.

Wednesday 18, My brother set out for Bristol. At six I preached in Marybone-fields (much against my will, but I believe it was the will of God), *Repentance and remission of sins.* All were quiet, and the far greater part of the hearers seemed deeply attentive. Thence I went to our own Society of Fetter-lane; before whom Mr. Ingham, being to leave London on the morrow, bore a noble testimony for the ordinances of God, and the reality of weak faith. But the short answer was, "You are blind, and speak of the things you know not."

Thursday 19, We discovered another snare of the devil. The woman of Deptford had spoke plain to Mr. Humphreys, ordering him not to preach, to leave off doing good, and in a word, to be still. We talked largely with her, and she was humbled in the dust, under a deep sense of the advantage Satan had gained over her.

In the evening, Mr. Acourt complained that Mr. Nowers had hindered his going into our Society. Mr. Nowers answered, "It was by Mr. C. Wesley's order." "What," said Mr. A——, "do you refuse admitting a person into your Society, only because he differs from you in opinion?" I answered, "No. But what opinion do you mean?" He said, "That of election: I hold, a certain number is elected from eternity; and these must and shall be saved; and the rest of mankind, must and shall be damned; and many of your Society hold the same." I replied, "I never asked whether they hold it or not. Only let them not trouble others by disputing about it." He said, "Nay, but I will dispute about it." "What, wherever you come?" "Yes, wherever I come." "Why then would you come among us, who you know are of another mind?" "Because you are all wrong, and I am resolved to set you all right." "I fear your coming with this view, would neither profit you nor us." He concluded,—"Then I will go and tell all the world, that you and your brother are false prophets. And I tell you in one fortnight you will all be in confusion."

Friday 20, I mentioned this to our Society, and without entering into the controversy, besought all of them who

were weak in the Faith, not to *receive one another to doubtful disputations;* but simply to follow after holiness, and the things that make for peace.

Sunday 22, Finding there was no time to delay, without utterly destroying the cause of God, I began to execute what I had long designed, to strike at the root of the grand delusion. Accordingly, from those words of Jeremiah, *Stand ye in the way, ask for the old paths:* I took occasion to give a plain account, both of the work which God had begun among us, and of the manner wherein the enemy had sown his tares among the good seed, to this effect:—

"After we had wandered many years in the new path of Salvation by faith and works; about two years ago it pleased God to show us the old way, of salvation by faith only. And many soon tasted of this salvation; being justified freely, having peace with God, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God, and having his love shed abroad in their hearts. These now ran the way of his commandments; they performed all their duty to God and man; they walked in all the ordinances of the Lord; and through these means which he had appointed for that end, received daily grace to help in time of need, and went on *from faith to faith.*

"But eight or nine months ago, certain men arose, speaking contrary to the doctrines we had received. They affirmed, 'That we were all in a wrong way still! that we had no faith at all; that faith admits of no degrees, and consequently weak faith is no faith; that none is justified till he has a clean heart, and is incapable of any doubt or fear.'

"They affirmed also, 'That there is no commandment in the New Testament, but to believe; that no other duty lies upon us; and that, when a man does believe, he is not bound or obliged to do any thing which is commanded there: in particular, that he is not subject to ordinances; that is, as they explained it, is not bound or obliged to pray, to communicate, to read or hear the Scriptures; but may or may not use any of these things, being in no bondage, according as he finds his heart free to it.'

"They farther affirmed, 'That a believer cannot use any of these as a means of grace; that indeed there is no such thing as any mean of grace, this expression having no foundation in Scripture; and that an unbeliever, or one who has not a clean heart, ought not to use them at all; ought not to pray, or search the Scriptures, or communicate, but to be still, *i. e.* leave off these works of the law. And then he will surely receive faith, which, till he is still, he cannot have.'"

All these assertions I propose to consider. The first was, That weak faith is no faith.

By weak faith, I understand, 1. That which is mixed with fear, particularly, of not enduring to the end. 2. That which is mixed with doubt, whether we have not deceived ourselves, and whether our sins be indeed forgiven? 3. That which has not yet purified the heart, at least not from all its idols. And thus weak I find the faith of almost all believers to be, within a short time after they have first peace with God.

Yet that *weak* faith is faith, appears, 1. From St. Paul, *Him that is weak in the faith, receive.* 2. From St. John, speaking of believers who were *little children*, as well as of *young men* and *fathers.* 3. From our Lord's own words, *Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith: O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt.——I have prayed for thee (Peter) that thy faith fail thee not.* Therefore, he then had faith, yet so weak was that faith, that not only doubt and fear, but gross sin in the same night prevailed over him.

Nevertheless he was clean, by the word Christ had spoken to him, *i. e.* justified, though it is plain he had not a clean heart.

Therefore, there are degrees in faith; and weak faith, may yet be true faith.

Monday 23, I considered the second assertion, That there is but one commandment in the New Testament, *viz.* To believe; that no other duty lies upon us; and that a believer is not obliged to do any thing as commanded.

How gross, palpable a contradiction is this, to the whole tenor of the New Testament! every part of which is full of commandments, from St. Matthew to the Revelation! But it is enough to observe, 1, That this bold affirmation is shamelessly contrary to our Lord's own words, *Whosoever shall break one of the least of these commandments, shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven;* for nothing can be more evident, than that he here speaks of more than one, of several commandments, which every soul, believer or not, is obliged to keep as commanded. 2. That this whole scheme is overturned from top to bottom, by that other sentence of our Lord, *When ye have done all that is commanded you, say, We—have done no more than it was our duty to do.* 3. That although to do what God commands is a believer's privilege, that does not affect the question. He does it nevertheless as his bounden duty, and as a command of God. 4. That this is the surest evidence of his believing, according to our Lord's own words, *If ye love me,* (which cannot be unless ye believe) *keep my commandments.* 5. That to desire to do what God commands, but not as a command, is to affect, not freedom, but independency. Such independency as St. Paul had not; for though *the Son had made him free,* yet was he not without law to God, but *under the law to Christ:* Such as the holy angels have not; for they *fulfil his commandments,* and hearken to the voice of his words: Yea, such as Christ himself had not; for *as the Father had given him commandment, so he spake.*

Tuesday 24, The substance of my exposition in the morning, on, *Why yet are ye subject to ordinances?* was,

From hence it has been inferred, That Christians are not subject to the ordinances of Christ; that believers need not and unbelievers may not use them; that those are not obliged, and these are not permitted so to do; that those do not sin when they abstain from them; but these do sin when they do not abstain.

But with how little reason this has been inferred, will sufficiently appear to all who consider,

1. That the ordinances here spoken of by St. Paul are evidently Jewish ordinances; such as, *Touch not, taste not, handle not;* and those mentioned a few verses before, concerning *meats, and drinks, and new moons, and Sabbaths.* 2. That consequently this has no reference to the ordinances of Christ; such as prayer, communicating, and searching the Scriptures. 3. That Christ himself spake, that men ought always to pray; and commands, *not to forsake the assembling ourselves together;* to *search the Scriptures;* and to eat bread and drink wine, *in remembrance of him.* 4. That the commands of Christ oblige all who are called by his name, whether (in strictness) believers or unbelievers; Seeing *whosoever breaketh the least of these commandments, shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven.*

In the evening I preached on, *Cast not away your confidence, which hath great recompence of reward.*

Ye who have known and felt your sins forgiven, cast not away your confidence, 1. Though your joy should die away, your love wax cold, and your peace itself be roughly assaulted: Though, 2. You should find doubt or fear, or strong and uninterrupted temptation: Yea, though, 3. You should find a body of sin still in you, and thrusting sore at you that you might fall.

The first case may be only a fulfilling of your Lord's words, *Yet a little while and ye shall not see me.* But I *will come unto you again, and your hearts shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.*

Your being in strong temptation, yea, though it should rise so high, as to throw you into an agony, or to make you fear that God had forgotten you, is no more a proof that you are not a believer, than our Lord's agony, and his crying, *My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?* was a proof that he was not the Son of God.

Your finding sin remaining in you still, is no proof that you are not a believer. Sin does remain in one that is justified, though it has not dominion over him. For he has not a clean heart at first, neither are *all things as yet become new.* But fear not, though you have an evil heart,

Yet a little while and you shall be endued with power from on high, whereby you may *purify yourselves, even as he is pure*, and be *holy, as he which hath called you is holy.*

Wednesday 25, From those words, *All Scripture is given by inspiration of God*, I took occasion to speak of the ordinances of God, as they are means of grace.

Although this expression of our Church, *means of grace*, be not found in Scripture, yet if the sense of it undeniably is, to cavil at the term, is a mere strife of words.

But the sense of it is undeniably found in Scripture. For God hath in Scripture ordained prayer, reading, or hearing, and the receiving the Lord's supper, as the ordinary means of conveying his grace to man. And first, prayer: For thus saith the Lord, *Ask and it shall be given you. If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God.* Here God plainly ordains prayer, as the means of receiving whatsoever grace we want: particularly that wisdom from above, which is the chief fruit of the grace of God.

Here likewise God commands all to pray who desire to receive any grace from him. Here is no restriction as to believers or unbelievers; but least of all, as to unbelievers; for such doubtless were most of those to whom he said, *Ask and it shall be given you.*

We know, indeed, that the prayer of an unbeliever is full of sin. Yet let him remember that which is written of one who could not then believe, for he had not so much as heard the gospel: *Cornelius, thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God.*

Thursday 26, I shewed, concerning the Holy Scriptures, 1. That to search, *i. e.* read and hear them, is a command of God. 2. That this command is given to all, believers or unbelievers. 3. That this is commanded or ordained as a means of grace, a means of conveying the grace of God to all, whether unbelievers, such as those to whom he first gave this command, and those to whom *faith cometh by hearing*, or believers, who by experience know, that *all Scripture is profitable*, or a means to this end, *that the*

man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished to all good works.

Friday 27, I preached on, *Do this in remembrance of me.*

In the ancient Church, every one who was baptized communicated daily. So in the Acts we read, they *all continued daily in the breaking of bread, and in prayer.*

But in later times, many have affirmed that the Lord's supper is not a converting, but a confirming ordinance.

And among us it has been diligently taught, that none but those who are converted, who have received the Holy Ghost, who are believers in the full sense, ought to communicate.

But experience shews the gross falsehood of that assertion, that the Lord's supper is not a converting ordinance. Ye are the witnesses. For many now present know, the very beginning of your conversion to God, perhaps, in some, the first deep conviction, was wrought at the Lord's supper. Now, one single instance of this kind overthrows the whole assertion.

The falsehood of the other assertion appears both from Scripture-precept and example. Our Lord commanded those very men who were then unconverted, who had not yet received the Holy Ghost, who, in the full sense of the word, were not believers, to *do this in remembrance of him.* Here the precept is clear. And to these he delivered the elements with his own hands. Here is example, equally indisputable.

Saturday 28, I shewed at large, 1. That the Lord's supper was ordained by God to be a mean of conveying to men, either preventing, or justifying, or sanctifying grace, according to their several necessities. 2. That the persons for whom it was ordained, are all those who know and feel that they want the grace of God, either to restrain them from sin, or to shew their sins forgiven, or to *renew their souls in the image of God.* 3. That inasmuch as we come to his table, not to give him any thing, but to receive what-

soever he sees best for us, there is no previous preparation indispensably necessary; but a desire to receive whatsoever he pleases to give. And, 4. That no fitness is required at the time of communicating, but a sense of our state, of our utter sinfulness and helplessness: every one who knows he is fit for hell, being just fit to come to Christ, in this, as well as all other ways of his appointment.

Sunday 29, I preached in the morning at Moorfields, and in the evening at Kennington, on Titus iii. 8. and endeavoured at both to explain and enforce the Apostle's direction, that those *who have believed, be careful to maintain good works*. The works I particularly mentioned were, praying, communicating, searching the Scriptures, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, assisting the stranger, and visiting or relieving those that are sick or in prison. Several of our brethren of Fetter-lane being met in the evening, Mr. Simpson told them I had been preaching up the works of the law, "Which," added Mr. V——, "we believers are no more bound to obey, than the subjects of the king of England are bound to obey the laws of the king of France."

Wednesday, July 2, I went to the Society. But I found their hearts were quite estranged.

Friday 4, I met a little handful of them, who still stand in the old paths. But how long they may stand, God knoweth, the rest being continually pressing upon them.

Wednesday 9, I came to an explanation once more with them all together; but with no effect at all.

Tuesday 15, We had yet another conference at large; but in vain, for all continued in their own opinions.

Wednesday 16, One desired me to look into an old book and give her my judgment of it; particularly of what was added at the latter end. This I found was, *The Mystic Divinity of Dionysius*, and several extracts nearly allied thereto, full of the same super-essential darkness. I borrowed the book, and going in the evening to Fetter-lane, read one of those extracts, to this effect:

"The Scriptures are good. Prayer is good. Communicating is good. Relieving our neighbour is good. But to one who is not born of God, none of these are good, but all very evil. For him to read the Scriptures, or to pray, or to communicate, or to do any outward work, is deadly poison. First let him be born of God. Till then, let him not do any of these things; for if he does, he destroys himself."

After reading this twice or thrice over, as distinctly as I could, I asked, "My brethren, is this right, or is it wrong?" Mr. Bell answered immediately, "It is right; it is all right. It is the truth; and to this we must all come, or we never can come to Christ." Mr. Bray said, "I believe our brother Bell did not hear what you read, or did not rightly understand." But Mr. Bell replied short, "Yes, I heard every word; and I understand it well. I say, it is the truth: it is the very truth: it is the inward truth."

Many then laboured to prove, that my brother and I laid too much stress upon the ordinances. To put which matter beyond dispute, "I," said Mr. Bowes, "used the ordinances twenty years, yet I found not Christ. But I left them off, only for a few weeks, and I found him then. And I am now as close united to him as my arm is to my body."

One asked, whether they would suffer Mr. Wesley to preach at Fetter-lane? After a short debate, it was answered, "No. This place is taken for the Germans." Some asked, whether the Germans had converted any soul in England? whether they had not done us much hurt, instead of good, raising a division of which we could see no end? and whether God did not many times use Mr. Wesley for the healing our divisions, when we were all in confusion? Several roundly replied, "Confusion! What do you mean? We were never in any confusion at all." I said, "Brother Edmonds, you ought not to say so: because I have your letters now in my hands." Mr. Edmonds replied, "That

is not the first time I have put darkness for light, and light for darkness."

We continued in useless debate till about eleven. I then gave them up to God.

Friday 18, A few of us joined with my mother in the great sacrifice of thanksgiving; and then consulted how to proceed with regard to our poor brethren of Fetter-lane: We all saw the thing was now come to a crisis, and were therefore unanimously agreed what to do.

Sunday 20, At Mr. Seward's earnest request, I preached once more in Moorfields, on the work of faith, and the patience of hope, and the labour of love. A zealous man was so kind as to free us from most of the noisy, careless hearers (or spectators rather) by reading, meanwhile, at a small distance, a chapter in the *Whole Duty of Man*. I wish neither he nor they may ever read a worse book; though I could tell them of a better,—The Bible.

In the evening, I went with Mr. Seward to the love-feast in Fetter-lane. At the conclusion of which, having said nothing till then, I read a paper, the substance whereof was as follows:—

"About nine months ago, certain of you began to speak contrary to the doctrine we had till then received:—The sum of what you asserted is this:—

1. That there is no such thing as weak faith; that there is no justifying faith, where there is ever any doubt or fear, or where there is not, in the full sense, a new, a clean heart.

2. That a man ought not to use those ordinances of God, which our Church terms means of grace, before he has such a faith as excludes all doubt and fear, and implies a new, a clean heart.

"You have often affirmed, that to search the Scriptures, to pray, or to communicate, before we have this faith, is to seek salvation by works; and that till these works are laid aside no man can receive faith.

"I believe these assertions to be flatly contrary to the Word of God. I have warned you hereof again and again,

and besought you to turn back to the Law and the Testimony. I have borne with you long, hoping you would turn. But as I find you more and more confirmed in the error of your ways, nothing now remains, but that I should give you up to God. You that are of the same judgment, follow me."

I then, without saying any thing more, withdrew, as did eighteen or nineteen of the Society.

Tuesday 22, Mr. Chapman, just come from Germany, gave me a letter from one of our (once) brethren there: Wherein, after denying the gift of God, which he received in England, he advised my brother and me, no longer to take upon us to teach and instruct poor souls; but to deliver them up to the care of the Moravians, who alone were able to instruct them. "You," said he, "only instruct them in such errors, that they will be damned at last;" and added, "St. Peter justly describes you, who *have eyes full of adultery, and cannot cease from sin;* and take upon you to guide unstable souls, and lead them in the way of damnation."

Wednesday 23, Our little company met at the Foundery, instead of Fetter-lane. About twenty-five of our brethren God hath given us already, all of whom think and speak the same thing; seven or eight and forty likewise, of the fifty women that were in band, desired to cast in their lot with us.

Friday, Aug. 1, I described that *rest which remaineth for the people of God.*

Sunday 3, At St. Luke's, our parish Church, was such a sight as I believe was never seen there before: several hundred communicants, from whose very faces one might judge that they indeed sought him that was crucified.

Monday 4, I dined with one who told me in all simplicity, "Sir, I thought last week, there could be no such rest as you describe; none in this world, wherein we should be so free as not to desire ease in pain. But God has taught me better. For on Friday and Saturday, when I was in the

strongest pain, I never once had one moment's desire of ease; but only, that the will of God might be done."

In the evening many were gathered together at Long-lane, on purpose to make a disturbance, having procured a woman to begin, well known in those parts, as neither fearing God nor regarding man. The instant she broke out, I turned full upon her, and declared the love our Lord had for her soul. We then prayed, that He would confirm the word of his grace. She was struck to the heart, and shame covered her face. From her I turned to the rest, who melted away like water, and were as men that had no strength. But surely some of them shall find, who is their Rock and their strong Salvation.

Saturday 9, Instead of the letters I had lately received, I read a few of those formerly received from our poor Brethren, who have since denied the work of God, and vilely cast away their shield. O who shall stand when the jealous God shall visit for these things?

Sunday 10, From Gal. vi. 3, I earnestly warned all who had tasted the grace of God, 1. Not to think they were justified, before they had a clear assurance, that God had forgiven their sins, bringing with it a calm peace, the love of God, and dominion over all sin. 2. Not to think themselves any thing, after they had this, but to press forward for the prize of their high calling, even a clean heart, throughly renewed after the image of God, in righteousness and true holiness.

Monday 11, Forty or fifty of those who were seeking salvation, desired leave to spend the night together, at the Society-Room, in prayer and giving thanks. Before ten I left them and lay down. But I could have no quiet rest, being quite uneasy in my sleep, as I found others were too, that were asleep in other parts of the house. Between two and three in the morning I was waked, and desired to come down stairs. I immediately heard such a confused noise, as if a number of men were all putting to the sword. It increased when I came into the room and began to pray. One whom I particularly observed to be roaring aloud for

pain, was J—— W——, who had been always till then very sure, that "none cried out but hypocrites:" So had Mrs. S——ms also. But she too now cried to God with a loud and bitter cry. It was not long, before God heard from his holy place. He spake, and all our souls were comforted. He bruised Satan under our feet, and sorrow and sighing fled away.

Saturday 16, I called on one, who being at Long-Lane, on Monday the 4th instant, was exceeding angry at those that "pretended to be in fits," particularly at one who dropped down just by her. She was just going "to kick her out of the way," when she dropped down herself, and continued in violent agonies for an hour. Being afraid, when she came to herself, that her mother would judge of her as she herself had done of others, she resolved to hide it from her. But the moment she came into the house she dropped down, in as violent an agony as before. I left her weary and heavy laden, under a deep sense of the just judgment of God.

Sunday 17, I inforced that necessary caution, *Let him that standeth* (ο δοκων εσαναι, where δοκων seems expletive, as it is in many other places) *take heed lest he fall.* Let him that is full of joy and love, take heed lest he fall into pride: He that is in calm peace, lest he fall into desire; and he that is in heaviness through manifold temptations, lest he fall into anger or impatience.

I afterwards heard a sermon, setting forth the *duty of getting a good estate,* and *keeping a good reputation.* Is it possible to deny, (supposing the Bible to be true) that such a preacher is *a blind leader of the blind?*

Tuesday 19, I was desired to go and pray with one, who had sent for me several times before, lying in the New-Prison, under sentence of death, which was to be executed in a few days. I went; but the goaler said, "Mr. Wilson, the curate of the parish, had ordered I should not see him."

Wednesday 20, I offered remission of sins, to a small serious congregation near Deptford. Toward the end a com-

pany of persons came in, drest in habits fit for their work, and laboured greatly either to provoke, or divert the attention of the hearers. But no man answering them a word, they were soon weary and went away.

Thursday 21, I was deeply considering those points wherein our German brethren affirm we err from the faith, and reflecting how much holier some of them were than I, or any people I had yet known. But I was cut short in the midst by those words of St. Paul, 1 Tim. v. 21, *I charge thee, before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, and the elect angels, that thou observe these things, without preferring one before another, doing nothing by partiality.*

Friday 22, I was desired to pray with an old hardened sinner, supposed to be at the point of death. He knew not me, nor ever had heard me preach. I spoke much, but he opened not his mouth. But no sooner did I name the Saviour of sinners, than he burst out, "The Saviour of sinners indeed! I know it; for he has saved me; he told me so on Sunday morning. And he said, I should not die yet, till I had heard his children preach his Gospel, and had told my old companions in sin that he is ready to save them too."

Saturday 23, A gentlewoman (one Mrs. C——) desired to speak with me, and related a strange story:—On Saturday the 16th instant, as she informed me, one Mrs. G——, of Northampton, deeply convinced of sin, and therefore an abomination to her husband, was by him put into Bedlam. On Tuesday she slipped out of the gate with some other company; and, after awhile, not knowing whither to go, sat down at Mrs. C.'s door. Mrs. C. knowing nothing of her, advised her the next day to go to Bedlam again; and went with her, where she was then chained down, and treated in the usual manner. This is the justice of men! A poor highwayman is hanged, and Mr. G. esteemed a very honest man!

Thursday 28, I desired one, who had seen affliction herself, to go and visit Mrs. G. in Bedlam, where it pleased God

greatly to knit their hearts together, and with his comforts to refresh their souls.

Disputes being now at an end, and all things quiet and calm, on Monday, September 1, I left London, and the next evening found my brother at Bristol, swiftly recovering from his fever. At seven, it pleased God to apply those words to the hearts of many backsliders, *How shall I give thee up Ephraim? How shall I deliver thee, Israel? How shall I make thee as Admah? How shall I set thee as Zeboim? Mine heart is turned within me: My repentings are kindled together*, Hos. xi. 8.

Wednesday 3, I met with one who, having been lifted up with the abundance of joy which God had given her, had fallen into such blasphemies and vain imaginations, as are not common to men. In the afternoon I found another instance, nearly, I fear, of the same kind: One who, after much of the love of God shed abroad in her heart, was become wise, far above what is written, and set her *private revelations* (so called) on the self-same foot with the written word. She zealously maintained, 1. That Christ had died for angels as well as men. 2. That none of the angels kept their first estate, but all sinned, less or more. 3. That by the death of Christ three things were effected: One part of the fallen spirits were elected, and immediately confirmed in holiness and happiness, who are now the holy angels: another part of them having more deeply sinned, were reprobated, who are now devils: and the third part, allowed a farther trial, and in order thereto, sent down from heaven, and imprisoned in bodies of flesh and blood, who are now human souls. In the evening I earnestly besought them all to keep clear of vain speculations, and seek only for the plain, practical truth, which is after godliness.

Thursday 4, A remarkable cause was tried. Some time since, several men made a great disturbance, during the evening sermon here, behaving rudely to the women, and striking the men who spake not to them. A constable standing by, pulled out his staff and commanded them to keep the peace. Upon this, one of them swore he would

be revenged; and going immediately to a justice, made oath that he (the constable) had picked his pocket, who was accordingly bound over to the next sessions. At these, not only the same man, but two of his companions swore the same thing. But there being eighteen or twenty witnesses on the other side, the jury easily saw through the whole proceeding, and without going out at all, or any demur, brought in the prisoner, *Not guilty*.

Friday 5, Our Lord brought home many of his banished ones. In the evening we cried mightily unto him, that brotherly love might continue and increase. And it was according to our faith.

Saturday 6, I met the Bands in Kingswood, and warned them with all authority to beware of being wise above that is written, and to desire to know nothing but Christ crucified.

Monday 8, We set out early in the morning, and the next evening came to London.

Wednesday 10, I visited one that was in violent pain, and consumed away with pining sickness; but in every thing giving thanks, and greatly rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. From her, we went to another dangerously ill of the small-pox, but desiring neither life nor ease, but only the holy will of God. If these are unbelievers (as some of the *still brethren* have lately told them) I am content to be an unbeliever all my days.

Thursday 11, I visited a poor woman, who, lying ill between her two sick children, without either physic or food convenient for her, was mightily praising God her Saviour; and testifying, as often as she could speak, her desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ.

Sunday 14, As I returned home in the evening, I had no sooner stepped out of the coach, than the mob, who were gathered in great numbers about my door, quite closed me in. I rejoiced, and blessed God, knowing this was the time I had long been looking for; and immediately spake to those that were next me of righteousness and judgment to

come. At first, not many heard, the noise round about us being exceeding great. But the silence spread farther and farther, till I had a quiet, attentive congregation. And when I left them, they all shewed much love, and dismissed me with a blessing.

Tuesday 16, Many more, who came in among us as lions, in a short space became as lambs; the tears trickling apace down their cheeks, who at first most loudly contradicted and blasphemed. I wonder the devil has not wisdom enough to discern that he is destroying his own kingdom. I believe he has never yet, any one time, caused this open opposition to the truth of God, without losing one or more of his servants, who were found of God, while they sought him not.

Wednesday 17, A poor woman gave me an account of what, I think, ought never to be forgotten:—It was four years, she said, since her son Peter Shaw, then nineteen or twenty years old, by hearing a sermon of Mr. Wh——y's, fell into great uneasiness. She thought he was ill, and would have sent for a physician; but he said, "No, no; send for Mr. Wh——." He was sent for, and came, and after asking a few questions, told her, "The boy is mad. Get a coach, and carry him to Dr. M——. Use my name. I have sent several such to him." Accordingly, she got a coach, and went with him immediately to Dr. M——'s house. When the Doctor came in, the young man rose and said, "Sir, Mr. Wh—— has sent me to you." The Doctor asked, "Is Mr. Wh—— your minister?" and bid him put out his tongue. Then, without asking any questions, he told his mother, "Choose your apothecary, and I will prescribe." According to his prescriptions, they the next day blooded him largely, confined him to a dark room, and put a strong blister on each of his arms, with another over all his head. But still he was as mad as before, praying or singing, or giving thanks continually: Of which, having laboured to cure him for six weeks in vain, though he was now so weak he could not stand alone, his mother

dismissed the doctor and apothecary, and let him be *beside himself* in peace.

Thursday 18, The Prince of the air made another attempt in defence of his tottering kingdom. A great number of men, having got into the middle of the place, began to speak big, swelling words, so that my voice could hardly be heard, while I was reading the 11th chapter of the Acts. But immediately after, the hammer of the Word brake the rocks in pieces: all quietly heard the glad tidings of salvation, and some, I trust, not in vain.

Monday 22, Wanting a little time for retirement, which it was almost impossible for me to have in London, I went to Mr. Piers's, at Bexley, where, in the mornings and evenings, I expounded the Sermon on the Mount; and had leisure during the rest of the day for business of other kinds. On Saturday 27, I returned.

Sunday 28, I began expounding the same scripture at London. In the afternoon I described, to a numerous congregation at Kennington, the life of God in the soul. One person who stood on the mount made a little noise at first; but a gentleman, whom I knew not, walked up to him, and without saying one word, mildly took him by the hand and led him down. From that time he was quiet till he went away.

When I came home, I found an innumerable mob round the door, who opened all their throats the moment they saw me. I desired my friends to go into the house, and then walking into the midst of the people, proclaimed the name of the Lord, gracious and merciful, and repenting him of the evil. They stood staring one at another. I told them they could not flee from the face of this great God; and therefore besought them, that we might all join together in crying to him for mercy. To this they readily agreed: I then commended them to his grace, and went undisturbed to the little company within.

Tuesday 30, As I was expounding the 12th of the Acts, a young man, with some others, rushed in, cursing and swearing vehemently, and so disturbed all near him, that

after a time they put him out. I observed it, and called to let him come in, that our Lord might bid his chains fall off. As soon as the sermon was over, he came and declared before us all, that he was a smuggler, then going on that work, as his disguise and the great bag he had with him shewed. But he said, he must never do this more; for he was now resolved to have the Lord for his God.

Sunday, Oct. 5, I explained the difference between being called a Christian, and being so. And God over-ruled the madness of the people; so that after I had spoken a few words they were quiet and attentive to the end.

Monday 6, While I was preaching at Islington, and rebuking sharply those that had made shipwreck of the faith, a woman dropped down, struck as was supposed with death, having the use of all her limbs quite taken from her. But she knew the next day she should not die, but live, and declare the loving-kindness of the Lord.

Tuesday 14, I met with a person who was to be pitied indeed. He was once a zealous Papist, but being convinced he was wrong, cast off Popery and Christianity together. He told me at once, "Sir, I scorn to deceive you, or any man living. Do not tell me of your Bible; I value it not; I do not believe a word of it." I asked,—"Do you believe there is a God? And what do you believe concerning him?" He replied, "I know there is a God, and I believe him to be the Soul of all, the *Anima Mundi:* If he be not rather, as I sometimes think is more probable, the To Παν, the whole compages of body and spirit, every where diffused. But farther than this, I know not. All is dark; my thought is lost. Whence I come, I know not; nor what, or why I am; nor whither I am going. But this I know: I am unhappy; I am weary of life; I wish it were at an end." I told him I would pray to the God in whom I believed, to shew him more light before he went hence; and to convince him how much advantage every way a believer in Christ has over an infidel.

Sunday 19, I found one who was a fresh instance of that strange truth, *the servants of God suffer nothing:* his body

was well nigh torn asunder with pain. But God made all his bed in his sickness. So that he was continually giving thanks to God, and making his boast of his praise.

At five, I besought all that were present to *be followers of God, as dear children, and to walk in love as Christ also loved us, and gave himself for us.* Many who were gathered together for that purpose, endeavoured by shouting to drown my voice; but I turned upon them immediately, and offered them deliverance from their hard master. The Word sunk deep into them, and they opened not their mouths. Satan, thy kingdom hath suffered loss. Thou fool! how long wilt thou contend with him that is mightier than thou?

Monday 20, I began declaring that Gospel of Christ, which is the power of God unto salvation, in the midst of the publicans and sinners, at Short's Gardens, Drury-lane.

Wednesday 22, I spent an hour with Mr. S—. O what πιθανολογια, persuasiveness of speech is here! Surely all the deceivableness of unrighteousness. Who can escape, except God be with him?

Thursday 23, I was informed of an awful providence:—A poor wretch, who was here last week, cursing and blaspheming, and labouring with all his might to hinder the Word of God, had afterwards boasted to many, that he would come again on Sunday, and no man should stop his mouth then. But on Friday God laid his hand upon him, and on Sunday he was buried.

Yet on Sunday the 26th, while I was enforcing that great question, with an eye to the spiritual resurrection, *Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?* The many-headed beast began to roar again. I again proclaimed deliverance to the captives. And their deep attention shewed that the word sent to them did not return empty.

Monday 27, The surprising news of poor Mr. S——d's death was confirmed. Surely God will maintain his own cause. Righteous art thou, O Lord!

Saturday, Nov. 1, While I was preaching at Long-lane, the storm was so exceeding high, that the house we were in shook continually. But so much the more did many rejoice in him whom the winds and the seas obey, finding they were ready to obey his call, if he should then require their souls of them.

Monday 3, We distributed, as every one had need, among the numerous poor of our Society, the clothes of several kinds, which many who could spare them had brought for that purpose.

Monday 10, Early in the morning I set out, and the next evening came to Bristol.

I found my brother (to supply whose absence I came) had been in Wales for some days. The next morning I enquired particularly into the state of the little flock. In the afternoon we met together, to pour out our souls before God, and beseech him to bring back into the way those who had erred from his commandments.

I spent the rest of the week in speaking with as many as I could, either comforting the feeble-minded, or confirming the wavering, or endeavouring to find and save that which was lost.

Sunday 16, After communicating at St. James's, our parish Church, with a numerous congregation, I visited several of the sick. Most of them were ill of the spotted fever: which, they informed me, had been extremely mortal, few persons recovering from it. But God had said, *Hitherto shalt thou come.* I believe, there was not one with whom we were, but recovered.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, I visited many more, partly of those that were sick or weak, partly of the lame that had been turned out of the way; having a confidence in God, that he would yet return unto every one of these, and leave a blessing behind him.

Thursday 20, My brother returned from Wales. So, early on Friday 21, I left Bristol, and on Saturday, in the afternoon, came safe to London.

Tuesday 25, After several methods proposed for employing those who were out of business, we determined to make a trial of one, which several of our Brethren recommended to us. Our aim was, with as little expence as possible, to keep them at once from want and from idleness, in order to which we took twelve of the poorest, and a teacher, into the society room, where they were employed for four months, till spring came on, in carding and spinning of cotton. And the design answered, they were employed, and maintained, with very little more than the produce of their own labour.

Friday 28, A gentleman came to me full of good-will, to exhort me, "not to leave the church; or which was the same thing, in his account, to use extemporary prayer, which, said he, I will prove to a demonstration to be no prayer at all. For you cannot do two things at once. But thinking how to pray, and praying, are two things. *Ergo*, you cannot both think and pray at once." Now, may it not be proved by the self-same demonstration, that praying by a form is no prayer at all? *e. g.* "You cannot do two things at once. But reading and praying are two things. *Ergo*, you cannot both read and pray at once." *Q. E. D.*

In the afternoon, I was with one of our sisters, who, for two days, was believed to be in the agonies of death, being then in travail with her first child. "But the pain, she declared, was as nothing to her; her soul being filled all that time with joy unspeakable."

Monday, Dec. 1, Finding many of our brethren and sisters offended at each other, I appointed the several accusers to come and speak face to face with the accused. Some of them came almost every day this week. And most of the offences vanished away. Where any doubt remained, I could only advise them each to look to his own heart; and to suspend their judgments of each other, until God should bring to light the hidden things of darkness.

Friday 12, Having received many unpleasing accounts concerning our little Society in Kingswood, I left London, and after some difficulty and danger, by reason of much ice

in the road, on Saturday evening came to my brother at Bristol, who confirmed to me what I did not desire to hear.

Sunday 14, I went to Kingswood, intending, if it should please God, to spend some time there, if haply I might be an instrument in his hand, of repairing the breaches which had been made: that we might again, with one heart and one mouth, glorify the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Monday 15, I began expounding, both in the morning and evening, our Lord's Sermon upon the Mount. In the day-time, I laboured to heal the jealousies and misunderstandings which had arisen, warning every man, and exhorting every man, "See that ye fall not out by the way."

Tuesday 16, In the afternoon I preached on, *Let patience have her perfect work.* The next evening Mr. Cennick came back from a little journey into Wiltshire. I was greatly surprised, when I went to receive him, as usual, with open arms, to observe him quite cold, so that a stranger would have judged he had scarce ever seen me before. However, for the present I said nothing, but did him honour before the people.

Friday 19, I pressed him to explain his behaviour. He told me many stories which he had heard of me. Yet it seemed to me something was still behind. So I desired we might meet again in the morning.

Saturday 20, A few of us had a long conference together. Mr. Cennick now told me plainly, "He could not agree with me, because I did not preach the truth, in particular, with regard to election." We then entered a little into the controversy; but without effect.

Sunday 21, In the morning I enforced those words, *Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought to love one another.* Three of our sisters I saw in the afternoon, all supposed to be near death, and calmly rejoicing in hope of speedily going to him whom their souls loved.

At the love feast which we had in the evening at Bristol, seventy or eighty of our brethren and sisters from Kingswood were present, notwithstanding the heavy snow. We all walked home together, through the most violent storm

of sleet and snow which I ever remember; the snow also lying above knee deep in many places. But our hearts were warmed, so that we went on rejoicing and praising God for the consolation.

Wednesday 24, My brother set out for London. Thursday 25, I met with such a case, as I do not remember either to have known or heard of before. L———a Sm———, after many years of mourning, was filled with peace and joy in believing. In the midst of this, without any discernible cause, such a cloud suddenly overwhelmed her, that she could not believe her sins were ever forgiven at all; nor that there was any such thing as forgiveness of sins. She could not believe that the Scriptures were true, nor that there was any heaven or hell, or angel, or spirit, or any God. One more I have since found in the same state. So sure it is, that all faith is the gift of God, which the moment he withdraws, the evil heart of unbelief will poison the whole soul.

Friday 26, I returned early in the morning to Kingswood, in order to preach at the usual hour. But my congregation was gone to hear Mr. C——, so that, except a few from Bristol, I had not above two or three men, and as many women, the same number I had had once or twice before.

In the evening I read nearly through a treatise of Dr. John Edwards, on the Deficiency of Human Knowledge and Learning. Surely, never man wrote like this man! at least none of all whom I have seen. I have not seen so haughty, over-bearing, pedantic a writer! Stiff and trifling in the same breath: positive and opiniated to the last degree, and of course treating others with no more good manners than justice. But above all, sour, ill-natured, morose without a parallel, which, indeed, is his distinguishing character. Be his opinion right or wrong, if Dr. Edwards's temper were the christian temper, I would abjure Christianity for ever.

Tuesday 30, I was sent for by one, who had been a zealous opposer of this way. But the lover of souls now opened her eyes, and cut her off from trusting in the multitude of

her good works: so that finding no other hope left, she fled, poor and naked, to the blood of the covenant; and, a few days after, gladly gave up her soul into the hands of her faithful Redeemer.

At six, the body of Alice Philips being brought into the room, I explained, *To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.* This was the person whom her master turned away the last year, "for receiving the Holy Ghost." And she had then scarce where to lay her head. But she hath now a house of God, eternal in the heavens.

Wednesday 31, Many from Bristol came over to us, and our love was greatly confirmed toward each other. At half an hour after eight the house was filled from end to end, where we concluded the year, wrestling with God in prayer, and praising Him for the wonderful work which He had already wrought upon earth.

January 1, 1741, I explained, *If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.* But many of our brethren, I found, had no ears to hear; having disputed away both their faith and love. In the evening, out of the fulness that was given me, I expounded those words of St. Paul (indeed of every true believer), *To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.*

Saturday 3, The bodies of Anne Cole and Elizabeth Davis were buried. I preached before the burial, on, *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Even so saith the Spirit. For they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.* Some time after Eliz. Davis was speechless, being desired to hold up her hand if she knew she was going to God, she looked up, and immediately held up both her hands. On Wednesday I had asked Anne Cole, whether she chose to live or die? She said, "I do not choose either, I choose nothing, I am in my Saviour's hands, and I have no will but His. Yet I know, He will restore me soon." And so He did, in a few hours, to the Paradise of God.

Sunday 4, I shewed the absolute necessity of forgetting the things that are behind, whether works, sufferings, or

gifts, if we would press toward the mark for the prize of our high calling. In the evening, all the bands being present, both of Bristol and Kingswood, I simply related what God had done by me, for them of Kingswood in particular: and what return many of them had made for several months last past, by their continual disputes, divisions, and offences, causing me to go heavily all the day long.

Wednesday 7, I found another believer, patiently waiting for the salvation of God, desiring neither health, nor ease, nor life, nor death, but only that his will should be done.

Thursday 8, I expounded the twenty-third Psalm, and many were *led forth by the waters of comfort:* two especially, who never knew until then, that their iniquities were forgiven and their sin covered.

Sunday 11, I met with a surprising instance of the power of the devil. While we were at the room, Mrs. J——'s, sitting at home, took the bible to read; but on a sudden threw it away, saying, "I am good enough. I will never read or pray more." She was in the same mind when I came; often repeating, "I used to think I was full of sin, and that I sinned in every thing I did. But now I know better. I am a good Christian. I never did any harm in my life. I do not desire to be any better than I am." She spoke many things to the same effect, plainly shewing, that the spirit of pride, and of lies, had the full dominion over her. Monday 12, I asked, "Do you desire to be healed?" She said, "I am whole." But do you desire to be saved? She replied, "I am saved. I ail nothing. I am happy." Yet it was easy to discern she was in the most violent agony, both of body and mind: sweating exceedingly, notwithstanding the severe frost, and not continuing in the same posture a moment. Upon our beginning to pray, she raged beyond measure, but soon sunk down as dead. In a few minutes she revived, and joined in prayer. We left her, for the present, in peace.

Monday 12, In the evening our souls were so filled with the spirit of prayer and thanksgiving, that I could scarce

tell how to expound, till I found where it is written, *My song shall be always of the loving-kindness of the Lord. With my mouth will I ever be shewing thy truth, from one generation to another.*

All this day Mrs. J——s was in a violent agony, till starting up in the evening, she said, "Now they have done. They have just done. C—— prayed, and Humphreys preached." And, indeed, so they did. "And they are coming hither as fast as they can." Quickly after they came in. She immediately cried out, "Why, what do you come for? You cannot pray. You know you cannot." And they could not open their mouths; so that after a short time, they were constrained to leave her as she was.

Many came to see her on Tuesday; to every one of whom she spoke, concerning either their actual or their heart sins, and that so closely, that several of them went away in more haste than they came. In the afternoon, Mr. J—— sent to Kingswood for me. She told him, "Mr. Wesley will not come to night. He will come in the morning. But God has begun, and he will end the work by himself. Before six in the morning I shall be well." And about a quarter before six next morning, after lying quiet awhile, she broke out, "Peace be unto thee (her husband). Peace be unto this house. The peace of God is come to my soul. I know that my Redeemer liveth." And for several days her mouth was filled with his praise, and her talk was wholly of his wondrous works.

Thursday 15, I went to one of our brothers, who being as was supposed, struck with death, was rejoicing with joy unspeakable. His mouth overflowed with praise, and his eyes with tears, in hope of going soon to him he loved.

Monday 18, I found, from several accounts, it was absolutely necessary for me to be at London. I therefore desired the Society to meet in the evening, and having settled things in the best manner I could, on Tuesday set out, and on Wednesday evening met our brethren at the Foundery.

Thursday 22, I began expounding where my brother had left off, viz. at the 4th chapter of the first epistle of St.

John. He had not preached the morning before; not intended to do it any more. *The Philistines are upon thee, Sampson.* But the Lord is not *departed from thee.* He shall strengthen thee yet again, and thou shalt be *avenged of them, for the loss of thy eyes.*

Sunday 25, I enforced that great command, *As we have opportunity let us do good unto all men:* and in the evening those solemn words, *Take heed, brethren, that there be not in any one of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God.*

Wednesday 28, Our old friends, Mr. Gambold and Mr. Hall, came to see my brother and me. The conversation turned wholly on silent prayer and quiet waiting for God, which they said was the only possible way to attain living, saving faith.

Sirenum Cantus, & Circes pocula nosti?

Was there ever so pleasing a scheme? But where is it written? Not in any of those books which I account the Oracles of God. I allow, if there is a better way to God than the Scriptural way, this is it. But the prejudice of education so hangs upon me, that I cannot think there is. I must therefore still wait in the bible-way, from which this differs as darkness from light.

Sunday, February 1, A private letter, wrote to me by Mr. Whitefield, having been printed without either his leave or mine, great numbers of copies were given to our people, both at the door and in the Foundery itself. Having procured one of them, I related, after preaching, the naked fact to the congregation, and told them, "I will do just what I believe Mr. Whitefield would, were he here himself." Upon which I tore it in pieces before them all. Every one who had received it, did the same. So that, in two minutes, there was not a whole copy left. Ah, poor Ahithophel!

Ibi omnis effusus labor!

Wednesday 4, Being the general fast day, I preached in the morning on those words, *Shall I not visit for these things, saith the Lord? Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?* Coming from the service at St.

Luke's, I found our house so crowded, that the people were ready to tread one upon another. I had not designed to preach; but seeing such a congregation, I could not think it right to send them empty away: and therefore expounded the parable of the barren fig-tree. O that it may at length bear fruit!

From hence I went to Deptford, where many poor wretches were got together, utterly void both of common sense and common decency. They cried aloud, as if just come from among the tombs. But they could not prevail against the Holy One of God. Many of them were altogether confounded, and I trust will come again with a better mind.

Tuesday 10, (Being Shrove Tuesday), before I began to preach, many men of the baser sort, having mixed themselves with the women, behaved so indecently, as occasioned much disturbance. A constable commanded them "to keep the peace." In answer to which they knocked him down. Some who were near, seized on two of them, and by shutting the doors, prevented any farther contest. Those two were afterwards carried before a magistrate, and, on their promise of better behaviour, discharged.

Thursday 12, My brother returned from Oxford, and preached, on *the true way of waiting for God;* thereby dispelling at once the fears of some, and the vain hopes of others; who had confidently affirmed, "That Mr. Charles Wesley was *still* already, and would come to London no more."

Monday 16, While I was preaching in Long-lane, the host of the aliens gathered together. And one large stone (many of which they threw) went just over my shoulder. But no one was hurt in any degree. For thy kingdom ruleth over all.

All things now being settled according to my wish, on Tuesday 17, I left London. In the afternoon I reached Oxford, and leaving my horse there, set out on foot for Stanton-Harcourt. The night overtook me in about an hour, accompanied with heavy rain. Being wet and weary, and

and not well knowing my way, I could not help saying in my heart, (though ashamed of my want of resignation to God's will), O that thou wouldst stay the bottles of heaven! Or at least give me light, or an honest guide, or some help in the manner thou knowest! Presently the rain ceased: the moon broke out, and a friendly man overtook me, who set me upon his own horse, and walked by my side, till we came to Mr. Gambold's door.

Wednesday 18, I walked on to Burford, on Thursday, to Malmsbury, and the next day to Bristol. Saturday 21, I enquired, as fully as I could, concerning the divisions and offences, which, notwithstanding the earnest cautions I had given, began afresh to break out in Kingswood. In the afternoon I met a few of the bands there; but it was a cold, uncomfortable meeting. Sunday 22, I endeavoured to shew them the ground of many of their mistakes, from those words, *Ye need not that any man teach you, but as that same anointing teacheth you:* a text which had been frequently brought in support of the rankest enthusiasm. Mr. Cennick, and fifteen or twenty others, came up to me after sermon. I told them, "they had not done right in speaking against me behind my back." Mr. Cennick, A—— A——, and T—— Bissick, as the mouth of the rest, replied, "They had said no more of me behind my back, than they would say to my face; which was, that I did preach up man's faithfulness, and not the faithfulness of God."

In the evening was our love-feast in Bristol: in the conclusion of which, there being mention made, that many of our brethren at Kingswood had formed themselves into a separate society; I related to them at large the effects of the separations which had been made from time to time in London. And likewise the occasion of this, viz. Mr. C——'s preaching other doctrine than that they had before received. The natural consequence was, that when my brother and I preached the same which we had done from

the beginning, many censured and spoke against us both; whence arose endless strife and confusion.

T—— B—— replied, "Why, you preach false doctrine; you preach that there is righteousness in man." I said, "So there is, after the righteousness of Christ is imputed to him through faith. But who told you, that what we preached was false doctrine? Whom would you have believed this from, but Mr. C——?" Mr. C—— answered, "You *do* preach righteousness in man. I did say this. And I say it still. However, we are willing to join with you. But we will also meet, apart from you. For we meet to confirm one another in those truths, which you speak against."

I replied, "You should have told me this before, and not have supplanted me in my own house, stealing the hearts of the people, and by private accusations, separating very friends. He said, "I have never privately accused you." I said, "My brethren judge," and read as follows:

"TO THE REVEREND MR. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

"MY DEAR BROTHER, January 17, 1741.

"That you might come quickly, I have written a second time.

"I sit solitary, like Eli, waiting what will become of the ark. And while I wait and fear the carrying of it away from among my people, my trouble encreases daily. How glorious did the Gospel seem once to flourish in Kingswood!——I spake of the everlasting love of Christ with sweet power.——But now brother Charles is suffered to open his mouth against this truth, while the frighted sheep gaze and fly, as if no shepherd was among them.——It is just as though Satan was now making war with the saints in a more than common way. O pray for the distressed lambs yet left in this place, that they faint not. Surely they would, if preaching would do it. For they have nothing whereon to rest (who now attend on the sermons) but their own faithfulness.——

"With universal redemption, brother Charles pleases the world——brother John follows him in every thing. I believe no Atheist can more preach against predestination than they. And all who believe election are counted enemies to God, and called so.

"Fly, dear brother. I am as alone.——I am in the midst of the plague.——If God give thee leave, make haste."

Mr. C—— stood up and said, "That letter is mine. I sent it to Mr. Whitefield. And I do not retract any thing in it, nor blame myself for sending it."

Perceiving that some of our brethren began to speak with warmth, I desired he would meet me at Kingswood on Saturday, where each of us could speak more freely, and that all things might sleep till then.

Tuesday 24, The bands meeting at Bristol, I read over the names of the United Society, being determined that no disorderly walker should remain therein. Accordingly, I took an account of every person—1. To whom any reasonable objection was made. 2. Who was not known to and recommended by some, on whose veracity I could depend. To those who were sufficiently recommended, tickets were given on the following days. Most of the rest I had face to face with their accusers, and such as either appeared to be innocent, or confessed their faults and promised a better behaviour, were then received into the society. The others were put upon trial again, unless they voluntarily expelled themselves. About forty were by this means separated from us; I trust only for a season.

Saturday 28, I met the Kingswood bands again, and heard all who desired it at large: after which I read the following paper:

"By many witnesses it appears, that several members of the band society in Kingswood have made it their common practice to scoff at the preaching of Mr. John and Charles Wesley: that they have censured and spoken evil of them behind their backs, at the very time they professed love and

esteem to their faces: that they have studiously endeavoured to prejudice other members of that society against them; and in order thereto, have belied and slandered them in divers instances.

"Therefore, not for their opinions, nor for any of them, (whether they be right or wrong) but for the causes abovementioned, viz. for their scoffing at the word and ministers of God, for their tale-bearing, backbiting, and evil-speaking, for their dissembling, lying, and slandering,

"I, John Wesley, by the consent and approbation of the society in Kingswood, do declare the persons above-mentioned to be no longer members thereof. Neither will they be so accounted until they shall openly confess their fault, and thereby do what in them lies to remove the scandal they have given."

At this they seemed a little shocked at first; but Mr. C——, T—— B——, and A——, soon recovered, and said, "They *had* heard both my Brother and me, many times, preach popery. However, they would join with us if we would. But that they would not own they had done any thing amiss."

I desired them to consider of it yet again, and give us their answer the next evening.

The next evening, March 1, they gave the same answer as before. However, I could not tell how to part: but exhorted them to wait yet a little longer, and wrestle with God, that they might know his will concerning them.

Friday 6. Being still fearful of doing any thing rashly, or contrary to the great law of love, I consulted again with many of our brethren, concerning the farther steps I should take. In consequence of which, on Saturday 7, all who could of the society being met together, I told them, "Open dealing was best: and I would therefore tell them plainly, what I thought (setting all opinions aside) had been wrong in many of them, viz.

1. "Their despising the ministers of God and slighting his ordinances: 2. Their not speaking or praying when met together, till they were sensibly moved thereto: and,

3. Their dividing themselves from their brethren, and forming a separate society:

"That we could not approve of delaying this matter, because the confusion that was already, encreased daily:

"That, upon the whole, we believed the only way to put a stop to these growing evils, was for every one now to take his choice, and quit one society or the other."

T—— B—— replied, "It is our holding election is the true cause of your separating from us." I answered, "You know in your own conscience it is not. There are several predestinarians in our societies both at London and Bristol: nor did I ever yet put any one out of either, because he held that opinion."

He said, "Well, we will break up our society, on condition you will receive and employ Mr. C—— as you did before."

I replied, "My brother has wronged me much. But he does not say, 'I repent.'"

Mr. C—— said, "Unless in not speaking in your defence, I do not know that I have wronged you at all."

I rejoined, "It seems then nothing remains, but for each to choose which society he pleases."

"Then, after a short time spent in prayer, Mr. C—— went out, and about half of those who were present with him.

Sunday 8, After preaching at Bristol, on the Abuse and the right Use of the Lord's Supper, I earnestly besought them at Kingswood, to beware of offending in tongue, either against justice, mercy, or truth. After sermon, the remains of our society met, and found we had great reason to bless God, for that after fifty-two were withdrawn, we had still upwards of ninety left. O may these, at least, hold the unity of spirit in the bonds of peace!

I will shut up this melancholy subject with part of a letter wrote by my brother about this time.

"If you think proper, you may shew brother C—— what follows." (*N. B.* I did *not* think it proper then.)

"My dearest brother John C——, in much love and tenderness I speak. You came to Kingswood, upon my brother's sending for you. You served under him in the Gospel as a son. I need not say how well he loved you. You used the authority he gave you to overthrow his doctrine. You every where contradicted it. (Whether true or false is not the question.) But you ought first to have fairly told him, 'I preach contrary to you. Are you willing, notwithstanding, that I should continue *in your house*, gain-saying you? If you are not, I have no place in these regions. You have a right to this open dealing. I now give you fair warning. Shall I stay here opposing you, or shall I depart?'

"My brother, have you dealt thus honestly and openly with him? No. But you have stolen away the people's hearts from him. And when some of them basely treated their best friend, God only excepted, how patiently did you take it? When did you ever vindicate us, as we have you? Why did you not plainly tell them, 'You are eternally indebted to these men. Think not that I will stay among you, to head a party against my dearest friend, —— and brother, as he suffers me to call him, having humbled himself for my sake, and given me (no bishop, priest, or deacon) the right hand of fellowship. If I hear that one word more is spoken against him, I will leave you that moment, and never see your face more.'

"This had been just and honest, and not more than we have deserved at your hands. I say we, for God is my witness, how condescendingly loving I have been toward you. Yet did you so forget yourself, as both openly and privately to contradict my doctrine, while, in the mean time, I was as a deaf man that heard not, neither answered a word, either in private or public.

"Ah, my brother! I am distressed for you. I would—but you will not receive my saying. Therefore I can only commit you to Him who hath commanded us to forgive one another, even God, for Christ's sake hath forgiven us."

Sunday 15, I preached twice at Kingswood, and twice at Bristol, on those words of a troubled soul, *O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest.*

One of the notes I received to-day was as follows: "A person whom God has visited with a fever, and has wonderfully preserved seven days in a hay-mow, without any sustenance but now and then a little water out of a ditch, desires to return God thanks. The person is present and ready to declare, what God has done both for his body and soul. For the three first days of his illness he felt nothing but the terrors of the Lord, greatly fearing lest he should drop into hell; till after long and earnest prayer, he felt himself given up to the will of God, and equally content to live or die. Then he fell into a refreshing slumber, and awaked full of peace and the love of God."

Tuesday 17, From these words, *Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right*, I preached a sermon (which I have not done before in Kingswood school since it was built) directly on predestination. On Wednesday (and so every Wednesday and Thursday) I saw the sick in Bristol: many of whom I found were blessing God for his seasonable visitation. In the evening I put those of the women who were grown slack, into distinct bands by themselves: and sharply reproved many, for their unfaithfulness to the grace of God: who bore witness to his word by pouring upon us all the spirit of mourning and supplication.

Thursday 19, I visited many of the sick, and among the rest, J—— W——, who was in grievous pain both of body and mind. After a short time spent in prayer, we left her. But her pain was gone; her soul being in full peace, and her body also so strengthened, that she immediately rose, and the next day went abroad.

Saturday 21, I explained in the evening the 33d chapter of Ezekiel: in applying which I was suddenly seized with such a pain in my side that I could not speak. I knew my remedy, and immediately kneeled down. In a moment the

pain was gone: and the voice of the Lord cried aloud to the sinners, *Why will ye die, O house of Israel!*

Monday 23, I visited the sick in Kingswood: one of whom surprised me much. Her husband died of the fever some days before. She was seized immediately after his death; then her eldest daughter; then another and another of her children, six of whom were now sick round about her, without either physic, money, food, or any visible means of procuring it. Who but a Christian can at such a time say from the heart, *Blessed be the name of the Lord?*

Finding all things now, both at Kingswood and Bristol, far more settled than I expected, I complied with my brother's request, and setting out on Wednesday 25, the next day came to London.

Saturday 28, Having heard much of Mr. Whitefield's unkind behaviour, since his return from Georgia, I went to him to hear him speak for himself, that I might know how to judge. I much approved of his plainness of speech. He told me, "He and I preached two different Gospels, and therefore he not only would not join with, or give me the right-hand of fellowship, but was resolved publicly to preach against me and my brother, wheresoever he preached at all." Mr. Hall (who went with me) put him in mind of the promise he had made but a few days before, that "whatever his private opinion was, he would never publicly preach against us." He said, "That promise was only an effect of human weakness, and I am now of another mind."

Monday 30, I fixed an hour every day for speaking with each of the bands, that no disorderly walker might remain among them, nor any of a careless or contentious spirit. And the hours from ten to two, on every day but Saturday, I set apart for speaking with any who desired it.

Wednesday, April 1, At his earnest and repeated request, I went to see one under sentence of death in the New Prison. But the keeper told me, "Mr. Wilson (the curate

of the parish) had given charge I should not speak with him." I am clear from the blood of this man. Let Mr. Wilson answer for it to God.

Saturday 4, I believe both love and justice required that I should speak my sentiments freely to Mr. Wh——, concerning the letter he had published, said to be in answer to my sermon on *Free Grace*. The sum of what I observed to him was this, 1. That it was quite imprudent to publish it at all, as being only the putting of weapons into their hands, who loved neither the one nor the other. 2. That if he was constrained to bear his testimony (as he termed it) against the error I was in, he might have done it by publishing a treatise on this head, without ever calling my name in question: 3. That what he had published was a mere burlesque upon an answer, leaving four of my eight arguments untouched, and handling the other four in so gentle a manner, as if he were afraid they would burn his fingers: however, that, 4. He had said enough, of what was wholly foreign to the question, to make an open (and probably irreparable) breach, between him and me: seeing "for a treacherous wound, and for the betraying of secrets, every friend will depart."

Monday 6, I had a long conversation with Peter Bohler. I marvel how I refrain from joining these men. I scarce ever see any of them but my heart burns within me. I long to be with them. And yet I am kept from them.

Tuesday 7, I dined with one who had been a professed Atheist for upwards of twenty years. But coming some months since to make sport with the word of God, it cut him to the heart. And he could have no rest day or night, till the God whom he had denied spoke peace to his soul.

In the evening, having desired all the bands to meet, I read over the names of the United Society; and marked those who were of a doubtful character, that full enquiry might be made concerning them. On Thursday, at the meeting of that society I read over the names of these, and desired to speak with each of them the next day, as soon

as they had opportunity. Many of them afterwards gave sufficient proof, that they were seeking Christ in sincerity. The rest I determined to keep on trial, till the doubts concerning them were removed.

Tuesday 14, I was much concerned for one of our sisters, who having been but a few times with the *Still Brethren*, was on a sudden so much wiser than her teachers, that I could neither understand her, nor she me. Nor could I help being a little surprized at the profound indifference she shewed, who a few days before would have plucked out her eyes, had it been possible, and given them to me.

Wednesday 15, I explained at Greyhound-lane the latter part of the 4th chapter to the Ephesians. I was so weak in body, that I could hardly stand; but my spirit was much strengthened.

I found myself growing sensibly weaker all Thursday. So that on Friday 17, I could scarce get out of bed, and almost as soon as I was up, was constrained to lie down again. Nevertheless I made shift to drag myself on, in the evening, to Short's-Gardens. Having not without difficulty got up the stairs, I read those words, (though scarce intelligibly, for my voice too was almost gone), *Whom he did foreknow, he did also predestinate.* In a moment both my voice and strength returned. And from that time, for some weeks, I found such bodily strength, as I had never done before, since my landing in America.

Monday 20, Being greatly concerned for those who were tost about with divers winds of doctrine, many of whom were again entangled in sin, and carried away captive by Satan at his will; I besought God to shew me where this would end, and opened my Bible on these words, *And there was nothing lacking to them, neither small nor great, neither sons nor daughters, neither spoil nor any thing that they had taken to them.* David *recovered all.*

Tuesday 21, I wrote to my brother, then at Bristol, in the following words:

"As yet I dare in no wise join with the Moravians:

1. Because their general scheme is mystical, not scriptural, refined in every point above what is written, immeasurably beyond the plain Gospel. 2. Because there is darkness and closeness in all their behaviour, and guile in almost all their words: Because they not only do not practise, but utterly despise and decry self-denial and the daily cross: 4. Because they conform to the world, in wearing gold, and gay or costly apparel. 5. Because they are by no means zealous of good works, or at least only to their own people: for these reasons (chiefly) I will rather, God being my helper, stand quite alone than join with them: I mean, till I have full assurance, that they are better acquainted with the truth as it is in Jesus."

Friday, May 1, I was with one who told me, "She had been hitherto taught of man; but now she was taught of God only." She added, "That God had told her not to partake of the Lord's supper any more; since she fed upon Christ continually." O who is secure from Satan transforming himself into an angel of light!

In the evening I went to a little love-feast which Peter Bohler made for those ten, who joined together on this day three years, to confess our faults one to another. Seven of us were present; one being sick, and two unwilling to come. Surely the time will return, when there shall be again,

"Union of mind, as in us all one soul!"

Saturday 2, I had a conversation of several hours with P. Bohler and Mr. Spangenberg. Our subject was, a New Creature; Mr. Spangenberg's account of which was this:

"The moment we are justified, a New Creature is put into us. This is otherwise termed, the New Man.

"But notwithstanding, the old creature or the old man, remains in us till the day of our death.

"And in this old man there remains an old heart, corrupt and abominable. For inward corruption remains in the soul, as long as the soul remains in the body."

"But the heart which is in the new man is clean. And the new man is stronger than the old; so that though

corruption continually strives, yet while we look to Christ, it cannot prevail.

I asked him, "Is there still an old man in you?" He said, "Yes, and will be as long as I live." I said, "Is there then corruption in your heart?" He replied, "In the heart of my old man there is; but not in the heart of my new man." I asked, "Does the experience of your brethren agree with your's?" He answered, "I know what I have spoken is the experience of all the brethren and sisters throughout our church."

A few of our brethren and sisters sitting by, then spoke what they experienced. He told them, (with great emotion, his hand trembling much), "You all deceive your own souls. There is no higher state than that I have described. You are in a very dangerous error. You know not your own hearts. You fancy your corruptions are taken away, whereas they are only covered. Inward corruption never can be taken away, till our bodies are in the dust."

Was then inward corruption in our Lord? or, cannot the servant be as his master?

Sunday 3, I gave the scriptural account of one who is in Christ a new creature, from whom *old things are passed away*, and in whom *all things are become new*. In the afternoon, I explained at Marybone-Fields, to a vast multitude of people, *He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good. And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.* The devil's children fought valiantly for their master, that his kingdom should not be destroyed. And many stones fell on my right hand and on my left. But when I began to examine them closely, what reward they were to have for their labour? They vanished away like smoke.

Wednesday 6, Was a day on which we agreed to meet for prayer and humbling our souls before God, if haply He might shew us his will concerning our re-union with our brethren of Fetter-lane. And to this intent, all the men and women-bands met at one in the afternoon. Nor did

our Lord cast out our prayer, or leave himself without witness among us. But it was clear to all, even those who were before the most eagerly desirous of it, That the time was not come. 1. Because they had not given up their most essentially erroneous doctrines; and, 2. Because many of us had found so much guile in their words, that we could scarce tell what they really held, and what not?

Thursday 7, I reminded the United Society, That many of our brethren and sisters had not needful food; many were destitute of convenient clothing: many were out of business, and that without their own fault; and many sick and ready to perish: that I had done what in me lay to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to employ the poor, and to visit the sick: but was not alone sufficient for these things; and therefore desired all whose hearts were as my heart,

1. To bring what clothes each could spare, to be distributed among those that wanted most.

2. To give weekly a penny, or what they could afford, for the relief of the poor and sick:

"My design (I told them) is to employ, for the present, all the women who are out of business, and desire it, in knitting."

"To these we will first give the common price for what work they do, and then add, according as they need.

"Twelve persons are appointed to inspect these, and to visit and provide things needful for the sick.

"Each of these is to visit all the sick within their district every other day; and to meet on Tuesday evening, to give an account of what they have done, and consult what can be done farther."

This week the Lord of the harvest began to put in his sickle among us. On Tuesday our brother Price, our sister Bowes on Wednesday, to-day our sister Hawthorn died. They all went in full and certain hope to him whom their souls loved.

Friday 8, I found myself much out of order. However,

I made shift to preach in the evening. But on Saturday my bodily strength quite failed, so that for several hours I could scarce lift up my head. Sunday 10, I was obliged to lie down most part of the day, being easy only in that posture. Yet in the evening my weakness was suspended, while I was calling sinners to repentance. But at our love-feast which followed, beside the pain in my back and head, and the fever which still continued upon me, just as I began to pray, I was seized with such a cough, that I could hardly speak. At the same time came strongly into my mind, *These signs shall follow them that believe.* I called on Jesus aloud, to increase my faith, and to confirm the word of his grace. While I was speaking, my pain vanished away. The fever left me. My bodily strength returned. And for many weeks I felt neither weakness nor pain. *Unto Thee, O Lord, do I give thanks.*

Thursday 14, Hearing that one was in a high fever, of whom I had for some time stood in doubt, I went to her, and asked, "How she did?" She replied, "I am very ill—but I am very well. O! I am happy, happy, happy; for my spirit continually rejoices in God my Saviour. All the angels in heaven rejoice in my Saviour. And I will rejoice with them, for I am united to Jesus."

She added, "How the angels rejoice over an heir of salvation! How they now rejoice over me! And I am partaker of their joy. O, my Saviour, how happy am I in thee!"

Friday 15, I called again. She was saying as I came in, "My Beloved is mine. And he hath cleansed me from all sin. O how far is the heaven above the earth! so far hath He set my sins from me. O! how did he rejoice when he was heard in that he feared! He was heard, and he gained the possibility of salvation for me and all mankind. It is finished. His grace is free for all. I am a witness. I was the chief of sinners, a backsliding sinner, a sinner against light and love. But I am washed. I am cleansed."

I asked, "Do you expect to die now?" She said, "It is not shewn me that I shall. But life or death is all one

to me. I shall not change my company. Yet I shall more abundantly rejoice, when we stand before the Lord; you and I, and all the other children which he hath given you."

In the evening I called upon her again, and found her weaker, and her speech much altered. I asked her, "Do you *now* believe? Do not you find your soul in temptation? She answered, smiling and looking up, "There is the Lamb. And where he is, what is temptation? I have no darkness, no cloud. The enemy may come. But he hath no part in me." I said, "But does not your sickness hinder you?" She replied, "Nothing hinders me. It is the Spirit of my Father that worketh in me. And nothing hinders that Spirit. My body indeed is weak and in pain. But my soul is all joy and praise."

Saturday 16, I mentioned this to Peter Bohler. But he told me, "There is no such state on earth; sin *will* and *must* always remain in the soul. The *old man* will remain till death. The *old nature* is like an old tooth. You may break off one bit, and another and another. But you can never get it all away. The stump of it will stay as long as you live; and sometimes will ache too."

Monday 18, At the pressing instance of my brother I left London, and the next evening met him at Bristol. I was a little surprised when I came into the room, just after he had ended his sermon. Some wept aloud. Some clapped their hands; some shouted, and the rest sang praise; with whom (having soon recovered themselves) the whole congregation joined. So (I trust) if ever God were pleased that we should suffer for the Truth's sake, all other sounds would soon be swallowed up, in the voice of praise and thanksgiving.

Wednesday 20, I spent most of the morning in speaking with the new members of the society. In the afternoon I saw the sick; but not one in fear, neither repining against God.

Thursday 21, In the evening I published the great decree of God, eternal, unchangeable, (so miserably misunderstood and misrepresented by vain men that would be

wise). *He that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned.*

Saturday 23, At a meeting of the stewards of the society, (who receive and expend what is contributed weekly) it was found needful to retrench the expences, the contributions not answering thereto. And it was accordingly agreed, to discharge two of the school-masters at Bristol; the present Fund being barely sufficient, to keep two masters and a mistress here, and one master and a mistress at Kingswood.

Monday 25, Having settled all the business on which I came, I set out early, and on Tuesday called at Windsor. I found here also a few, who have peace with God, and are full of love both to Him and to one another. In the evening I preached at the Foundery yet again, on *Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.*

Friday 29, I spent an hour with poor Mr. M——. His usual frown was vanished away. His look was clear, open, and composed. He listened to the word of reconciliation, with all possible marks of deep attention, though he was too weak to speak. Before I went, we commended him to the grace of God, in confidence that our prayer was heard: to whom at two in the morning he resigned his spirit, without any sigh or groan.

Tuesday, June 2, I spoke plainly to Mr. Piers, who told me he had been much shaken by the *Still Brethren.* But the snare is broken: I left him rejoicing in hope, and praising God for the consolation.

Thursday 4, I exhorted a crowded congregation, *Not to receive the grace of God in vain.* The same exhortation I enforced on the society (about 900 persons:) and by their fruits it doth appear that they begin to love one another, *not in word only, but in deed and in truth.*

Friday 5, Hearing that a deaf and dumb man near Marienborn, had procured a remarkable letter to be wrote into England, I asked James Hutton, if he knew of that letter? And what the purport of it was? He answered, "Yes: He had read the letter: but had quite forgot what it was about." I then asked Mr. V——, who replied, "The

letter was short; but he did not remember the purport of it."

Sunday 7, I preached in Charles' Square, on, *The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live.* A violent storm of thunder and rain began about the middle of the sermon. But these things move not those who seek the Lord. So much the more was his power present to heal; insomuch that many of our hearts danced for joy, praising *the glorious God that maketh the thunder.*

Monday 8, I set out from Enfield Chace for Leicestershire. In the evening we came to Northampton: and the next afternoon to Mr. Ellis's at Markfield, five or six miles beyond Leicester.

For these two days, I had made an experiment, which I had been so often and earnestly pressed to do: "speaking to none concerning the things of God, unless *my heart was free to it.* And what was the event? Why, 1, That I spoke to none at all, for fourscore miles together: No, not even to him that travelled with me in the chaise, unless a few words at first setting out: 2, That I had *no cross* either to bear or to take up, and commonly in an hour or two fell fast asleep: 3, That I had much respect shewn me, wherever I came, every one behaving to me, as to a civil, good-natured gentleman. O how pleasing is all this to flesh and blood! Need ye *compass sea and land,* to make proselytes to this!

Wednesday 10, I preached in the morning, on, *The inward kingdom of God.* And many, I trust, found they were Heathens in heart, and Christians in name only.

In the afternoon we came to J—— C——n's, about ten miles beyond Markfield, a plain, open-hearted man, desirous to know and do the will of God. I was a little surprised at what he said. "A few months since there was a great awakening all round us But since Mr. S—— came, three parts in four are fallen as fast asleep as ever. I spoke to him, of drawing people from the church, and advising them to leave off prayer. He said, "there was no Church of

England left; and that there was no scripture for family-prayer, nor for praying in private at any particular times; which a believer need not do." I asked, "what our Saviour then meant by saying, *Enter into thy closet and pray?*" He said, "O! that means, enter into the closet of your heart."

Between five and six we came to Ogbrook, where Mr. S——n then was. I asked Mr. Greaves, what doctrine he taught here? He said, "The sum of all is this, 'If you will believe, be *still*. Do not pretend to *do good* (which you cannot do, until you believe) and leave off what you call the *means of grace*, such as prayer and running to Church and Sacrament."

About eight, Mr. Greaves offering me the use of his church, I explained the true Gospel-stillness: and in the morning, Thursday 11, to a large congregation, *By grace ye are saved, through faith.*

In the afternoon we went on to Nottingham, where Mr. Howe received us gladly. At eight the society met, as usual. I could not but observe, 1, That the room was not half full, which used, until very lately, to be crowded within and without. 2, That not one person who came in, used any prayer at all; but every one immediately sat down, and began either talking to his neighbour, or looking about to see who was there. 3, That when I began to pray, there appeared a general surprise, none once offering to kneel down, and those who stood, choosing the most easy, indolent posture which they conveniently could. I afterwards looked for one of our hymn-books upon the desk, (which I knew Mr. Howe had brought from London) but both that and the bible were vanished away. And in the room lay, the Moravian hymns and the Count's sermons.

I expounded, (but with a heavy heart) *Believe in the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved:* and the next morning described (if haply some of the secure ones might awake from the sleep of death) the fruits of true faith, *righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.*

In the evening we came to Markfield again, where the church was quite full, while I explained, *All we like sheep have gone astray, and God hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.*

Saturday 13, In the morning I preached on those words, *To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted to him for righteousness.* We then set out for Melbourn, where, finding the house too small to contain those who were come together, I stood under a large tree and declared *Him* whom *God hath exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel, and remission of sins.*

Thence I went to Hemmington; where also the house not being large enough to contain the people, they stood about the door and at both the windows, while I shewed, *What* we must *do to be saved.*

One of our company seemed a little offended when I had done, at "a vile fellow, notorious all over the country, for cursing, swearing, and drunkenness, though he was now grey-headed, being near fourscore years of age." He came to me, and catching me hold by the hands, said, "Whether thou art a good, or a bad man, I know not. But I know the words thou speakest are good. I never heard the like in all my life. O that God would set them home upon my poor soul!" He then burst into tears, so that he could speak no more.

Sunday 14, I rode to Nottingham again, and at eight preached at the market-place, to an immense multitude of people, on *The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live.* I saw only one or two who behaved lightly, whom I immediately spoke to, and they stood reproved. Yet soon after, a man behind me began aloud to contradict and blaspheme. But upon my turning to him, he stepped behind a pillar, and in a few minutes disappeared.

In the afternoon we returned to Markfield. The church was so excessive hot, being crowded in every corner, that

I could not, without difficulty, read the evening service. Being afterwards informed, that abundance of people were still without, who could not possibly get into the church, I went out to them, and explained that great promise of our Lord, *I will heal their backslidings, I will love them freely.* In the evening I expounded in the church, on her who *loved much, because she had much forgiven.*

Monday 15, I set out for London; and read over in the way, that celebrated book, Martin Luther's Comment on the Epistle to the Galatians. I was utterly ashamed. How have I esteemed this book, only because I had heard it so commended by others! Or, at best, because I had read some excellent sentences, occasionally quoted from it! But what shall I say, now I judge for myself? Now I see with my own eyes? Why, not only, that the Author makes nothing out, clears up not one considerable difficulty; that he is quite shallow in his remarks on many passages, and muddy and confused almost on all: but that he is deeply tinctured with Mysticism throughout, and hence often dangerously wrong. To instance only in one or two points. How does he (almost in the words of Tauler) decry *reason*, right or wrong, as an irreconcilable enemy to the Gospel of Christ! Whereas, what is *reason* (the Faculty so called) but the power of apprehending, judging, and discoursing? Which power is no more to be condemned in the gross, than seeing, hearing, or feeling. Again, how blasphemously does he speak of good works and of the law of God! Constantly coupling the law with sin, death, hell, or the devil! And teaching, that Christ *delivers us from* them all alike. Whereas it can no more be proved by Scripture, that Christ *delivers us from the law of God*, than that he delivers us *from holiness* or *from heaven*. Here (I apprehend) is the real spring of the grand error of the *Moravians*. They follow Luther, for better for worse. Hence their "No works, no law, no commandment." But who art thou that *speakest evil of the law, and judgest the law?*

Tuesday 16, In the evening I came to London, and preached on those words (Gal. v. 6.) *In Christ Jesus*

neither circumcision availeth any thing, nor uncircumcision, but faith which worketh by love. After reading Luther's miserable comment upon the text, I thought it my bounden duty openly to warn the Congregation against that dangerous Treatise, and to retract whatever recommendation I might ignorantly have given of it.

Wednesday 17, I set out, and rode slowly toward Oxford. But before I came to Wycombe my horse tired. There I hired another, which tired also before I came to Tetsworth. I hired a third here, and reached Oxford in the evening.

Thursday 18, I enquired concerning the exercises previous to the degree of Batchelor in Divinity, and advised with Mr. Gambol concerning the subject of my sermon before the University. But he seemed to think it of no moment: "for (said he) all here are so prejudiced, that they will mind nothing you say." I know not that. However, I am to deliver my own soul, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear.

I found a great change among the poor people here. Out of twenty-five or thirty weekly communicants, only two were left. Not one continued to attend the daily prayers of the church. And those few that were once united together, were now torn asunder and scattered abroad.

Monday 22, The words on which my book opened at the society in the evening, were these; *Ye have forsaken my ordinances, and have not kept them. Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of Hosts.*——*Your words have been stout against me, saith the Lord. But ye say, wherein have we spoken against Thee? Ye have said, it is vain, that we worship God. And, what profit is it, that we keep his ordinances?* Mal. iii.

Wednesday 24, I read over, and partly transcribed, Bishop Bull's *Harmonia Apostolica.* The position with which he sets out is this, "That *all good works*, and *not faith alone*, are the necessarily-previous *condition of justification*," or the forgiveness of our sins. But in the middle of

the Treatise he asserts, "That *faith alone is the condition of justification;*" "For *faith*," says he, "referred to justification, *means all* inward and outward *good works*. In the latter end he affirms, "That there are *two justifications*; and that *only inward good works* necessarily precede the *former*, but both *inward and outward*, the *latter*."

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Monday 13, I returned to Oxford, and on Wednesday rode to Bristol. My brother, I found, was already gone to Wales. So that I came just in season; and that indeed, on another account also; for a spirit of enthusiasm was breaking in upon many, who charged their own imaginations on the *will of God*, and that not written, but impressed on their hearts. If these impressions be received as the rule of action, instead of the written word, I know nothing so wicked or absurd, but we may fall into, and that without remedy.

Friday 17, The school at Kingswood was thoroughly filled between eight and nine in the evening. I shewed them from the example of the Corinthians, what need we have to bear one with another, seeing we are not to expect *many fathers in Christ*, no, nor young men among us, as yet. We then poured out our souls in prayer and praise, and our Lord did not hide his face from us.

Sunday 19, After preaching twice at Bristol, and twice at Kingswood, I earnestly exhorted the society, to continue in the faith, *enduring hardship, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ*. On Monday (my brother being now returned from Wales) I rode back to Oxford.

Wednesday 22, At the repeated instance of some that were there, I went over to Abingdon. I preached on, *What must I do to be saved?* Both the yard and house were full. But so stupid, senseless a people, both in a spiritual and natural sense, I scarce ever saw before. Yet God is able, of *these stones, to raise up children to Abraham.*

Friday 24, Several of our friends from London, and some from Kingswood and Bristol came to Oxford. Alas! How long shall they *come from the East and from the West, and sit down in the kingdom of God*, while the children of the kingdom will not come in, but remain in utter darkness.

Saturday 25, It being my turn (which comes, about once in three years) I preached at St. Mary's before the University. The harvest truly is plenteous. So numerous a congregation (from whatever motives they came) I have seldom seen at Oxford. My text was, the confession of poor

Agrippa, *Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.*— *I have cast my bread upon the waters.* Let me *find it again after many days!*

In the afternoon I set out (having no time to spare) and on Sunday 26, preached at the Foundery on the *Liberty* we have *to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus.*

Monday 27, Finding notice had been given, that I would preach in the evening at Hackney, I went thither, and openly declared those glad tidings, *By grace ye are saved, through faith.* Many, we heard, had threatened terrible things. But no man opened his mouth. Perceive ye not yet, that *greater is he that is in us, than he that is in the world?*

Tuesday 28, I visited one that was going heavily and in fear through the valley of the shadow of death. But God heard the prayer, and soon lifted up the light of his countenance upon her. So that she immediately broke out into thanksgiving, and the next day quietly fell asleep.

Friday 31, Hearing that one of our sisters (Jane Muncy) was ill, I went to see her. She was one of the first women-bands at Fetter-lane: and when the controversy concerning the *Means of Grace* began, stood in the gap, and contended earnestly for the ordinances once delivered to the saints. When soon after it was ordered, "That the unmarried men and women should have no conversation with each other," she again withstood to the face those who were *teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.* Nor could all the sophistry of those who are, without controversy, of all men living the wisest in their generation, induce her either to deny the faith she had received, or to use less plainness of speech, or to be less zealous in recommending, and careful in practising good works. Insomuch, that many times, when she had been employed in the labour of love till eight or nine in the evening, she then sat down and wrought with her hands till twelve or one in the morning: not that she wanted any thing herself, but that she might have to give to others for necessary uses.

From the time that she was made leader of one or two

bands, she was more eminently a pattern to the flock: in self-denial of every kind, in openness of behaviour, in simplicity and godly sincerity, in steadfast faith, in constant attendance on all the public and all the private ordinances of God. And as she had *laboured* more than they all, so God now called her forth to suffer. She was seized at first with a violent fever, in the beginning of which they removed her to another house. Here she had work to do which she knew not of. The master of the house was one who cared for none of these things. But he observed her, and was convinced. So that he then began to understand and lay to heart, the things that bring a man peace at the last.

In a few days the fever abated, or settled, as it seemed, into an inward imposthume; so that she could not breathe without violent pain, which increased day and night. When I came in, she stretched out her hand and said, "Art thou come, thou blessed of the Lord? Praised be the name of my Lord for this." I asked, "Do you faint, now you are chastened of Him?" She said, "O no, no, no. I faint not. I murmur not. I rejoice evermore." I said, "But can you in every thing give thanks?" She replied, "Yes, I do, I do." I said, "God will make all your bed in your sickness." She cried out, "He does, he does. I have nothing to desire. He is ever with me, and I have nothing to do but to praise him."

In the same state of mind, though weaker and weaker in body, she continued until Tuesday following; when several of those who had been in her band being present, she fixed her eyes upon them, and fell into a kind of agonizing prayer, "That God would keep them from the evil one." But in the afternoon when I came, she was quite calm again, and all her words were prayer and praise. The same spirit she breathed, when Mr. Maxfield called the next day. And soon after he went, she slept in peace.——*A mother in Israel* hast thou been, and *thy works shall praise thee in the gates!*

Saturday, August 1, I had a long conversation with Mr. Ingham. We both agreed, 1, That none shall finally be saved, who have not, as they had an opportunity, done all good works; and, 2, That if a justified person does not do good, as he has opportunity, he will lose the grace he has received, and if he *repent* not *and do the former works*, will perish eternally. But with regard to the unjustified, (if I understand him) we wholly disagreed. He believed, it is not the will of God, that they should wait for faith in doing good. I believe this is the will of God, and that they will never find him, unless they seek Him in his way.

Sunday 2, I went, after having been long importuned by Dr. Deleznot, to the chapel, in Great Hermitage-street, Wapping. Mr. Meriton, (a clergyman from the Isle of Man) read prayers. I then preached on those words in the former lesson, *Seest thou how Ahab humbleth himself? Because he hath humbled himself, I will not bring this evil in his days:* and took occasion thence to exhort all unbelievers to use the grace God had already given them, and in keeping his law, according to the power they now had, to wait for the faith of the Gospel.

Friday 7, The body of our sister Muncy being brought to Short's-Gardens, I preached on those words, *Write! From henceforth, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Even so, saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.* From thence we went with it to the grave, in St. Giles's church-yard, where I performed the last office, in the presence of such an innumerable multitude of people as I never saw gathered together before. O what a sight it will be when God saith to the grave, "Give back!" And all the dead, small and great, shall stand before him!

Wednesday 12, I visited one whom God is purifying in the fire, in answer to the prayers of his wife, whom he was just going to beat (which he frequently did) when God smote him in a moment, so that his hand dropped, and he fell down upon the ground, having no more strength than

a new-born child. He has been confined to his bed ever since; but rejoices in hope of the glory of God.

Friday 14, Calling on a person near Grosvenor-square, I found there was but too much reason here for crying out of the increase of popery, many converts to it being continually made, by the gentleman who preaches in Swallow-Street, three days in every week. Now, why do not the champions, who are continually crying out, "Popery, Popery," in Moorfields, come hither, that they may not always be fighting, *as one that beateth the air?* Plainly, because they have no mind to fight at all; but to shew their valour without an opponent. And they well know, they may defy popery at the Foundery, without any danger of contradiction.

Wednesday 19, The scripture which came in turn to be expounded, was the 9th chapter to the Romans. I was then constrained to speak an hour longer than usual, and am persuaded most, if not all who were present, saw that this chapter has no more to do with personal, irrespective predestination, than the 9th of Genesis.

Thursday 20, A clergyman having sent me word, that if I would preach in the evening on the text he named, he would come to hear me, I preached on that text, Matt. xxiv. 26. And strongly enforced the caution of our Lord, to *beware of false prophets*, i. e. all preachers, who do not speak as the oracles of God.

Tuesday 25, I explained at Chelsea, the nature and necessity of the new birth. One who, I afterwards heard, was a dissenting teacher, asked me when I had done, *Quid est tibi nomen?* And on my not answering, turned in triumph to his companions, and said, "Ay, I told you, he did not understand Latin!"

Wednesday 26, I was informed of a remarkable conversation, at which one of our sisters was present a day or two before: wherein a gentleman was assuring his friends, "that he himself was in Charles'-Square, when a person told Mr. Wesley to his face, that he (Mr. Wesley) had paid twenty

pounds already, on being convicted for selling Geneva, and that he now kept two popish priests in his house." This gave occasion to another to mention what he had himself heard, at an eminent dissenting teacher's, viz. "That it was beyond dispute, Mr. Wesley had large remittances from Spain, in order to make a party among the poor: and that as soon as the Spaniards landed, he was to join them with twenty thousand men."

Monday 31, I began my course of preaching on the Common Prayer. Tuesday, September 1, I read over Mr. Whitefield's account of God's dealings with his soul. Great part of this I know to be true. *O let not mercy and truth forsake thee! Bind them about thy neck! Write them upon the table of thy heart!*

Thursday 3, James Hutton having sent me word, that Count Zinzendorf would meet me at three in the afternoon, I went at that time to Gray's Inn Walks. The most material part of our conversation, (which I dare not conceal) was as follows:

Z. Cur religionem tuam mutâsti?

W. Nescio me religionem meam mutâsse. Cur id sentis? Quis hoc tibi retulit?

Z. Planè tu. Id ex epistolâ tuâ ad nos video. Ibi, religione, quam apud nos professus es, relictâ, novam profiteris.

W. Quî sic? Non intelligo.

Z. Imò, istic dicis, verè Christianos non esse miseros peccatores. Falsissimum. Optimi hominum ad mortem usque miserabilissimi sunt peccatores. Siqui aliud dicunt, vel penitùs impostores sunt, vel diabolicè seducti. Nostros fratres meliora docentes impugnâsti. Et pacem volentibus, eam denegâsti.

W. Nondum intelligo quid velis.

Z. Ego, cum ex Georgiâ ad me scripsisti, te dilexi plurimum. Tum corde simplicem te agnovi. Iterum scripsisti. Agnovi corde simplicem, sed turbatis ideis. Ad nos venisti. Ideæ tuæ tum magis turbatæ erant & confusæ. In

Angliam redïisti. Aliquandiu post, audivi fratres nostros tecum pugnare. Spangenbergium misi ad pacem inter vos conciliandam. Scripsit mihi, Fratres tibi injuriam intulisse. Rescripsi, ne pergerent, sed & veniam à te peterent. Spangenberg scripsit iterum, eos petiisse: sed te gloriari de iis, pacem nolle. Jam adveniens, idem audio.

W. Res in eo cardine minimè vertitur. Fratres tui (verum hoc) me malè tractarunt. Posteà veniam petierunt. Respondi, id supervacaneum; me nunquam iis succensuisse: sed vereri, 1. Ne falsa docerent, 2. Ne pravè viverent.

Ista unica est, & fuit, inter nos quæstio.

Z. Apertiùs loquaris.

W. Veritus sum, ne falsa docerent, 1. De fine fidei nostræ (in hac vita) scil. Christiana perfectione, 2. De mediis gratiæ, sic ab ecclesia nostra dictis.

Z. Nullam inhærentem perfectionem in hac vita agnosco. Est hic error errorum. Eum per totum orbem igne & gladio persequor, conculco, ad internecionem do. Christus est sola perfectio nostra. Qui perfectionem inhærentem sequitur, Christum denegat.

W. Ego verò credo, Spiritum Christi operari perfectionem in verè Christianis.

Z. Nullimodo. Omnis nostra perfectio est in Christo. Omnis Christiana perfectio est, fides in sanguine Christi. Est tota Christiana perfectio, imputata, non inhærens. Perfecti sumus in Christo, in nobismet nunquam perfecti.

W. Pugnamus, opinor, de verbis. Nonne omnis verè credens sanctus est?

Z. Maximè. Sed sanctus in Christo, non in se.

W. Sed, nonne sanctè vivit?

Z. Imò, sanctè in omnibus vivit.

W. Nonne, & cor sanctum habet?

Z. Certissimè.

W. Nonne, ex consequenti, sanctus est *in se?*

Z. Non, non. In Christo tantùm. Non sanctus *in se.* Nullam omnino habet sanctitatem *in se.*

W. Nonne habet in corde suo amorem Dei & proximi, quin & totam imaginem Dei?

Z. Habet. Sed hæc sunt sanctitas legalis, non evangelica. Sanctitas evangelica est fides.

W. Omnino lis est de verbis. Concedis, credentis cor totum esse sanctum & vitam totam: eum amare deum toto corde, eique servire totis viribus. Nihil ultrà peto. Nil aliud volo per perfectio vel sactitas Christiani.

Z. Sed hæc non est sanctitas ejus. Non magìs sanctus est, si magìs amat, neque minùs sanctus, si minùs amat.

W. Quid? Nonne credens, dum crescit in amore, crescit pariter in sanctitate?

Z. Nequaquam. Eo momento quo justificatur, sanctificatur penitùs. Exin, neque magìs sanctus est, neque minùs sanctus, ad mortem usque.

W. Nonne igitur pater in Christo sanctior est infante recèns nato?

Z. Non. Sanctificatio totalis ac Justificatio in eodem sunt instanti; & neutra recipit magìs aut minùs.

W. Nonne verò credens crescit indies amore Dei? Num perfectus est amore simulac justificatur?

Z. Est. Non unquam crescit in amore Dei. Totalitèr amat eo momento, sicut totalitèr sanctificatur.

W. Quid itaque vult apostolus Paulus, per renovamur de die in diem?

Z. Dicam. Plumbum si in aurum mutetur, est aurum primo die & secundo & tertio. Et sic renovatur de die in diem. Sed nunquam est magìs aurum, quàm primo die.

W. Putavi, crescendum esse in gratia!

Z. Certè. Sed non in sanctitate. Simulac justificatur quis, Pater, Filius & Spiritus sanctus habitant in ipsius corde. Et cor ejus eo momento æquè purum est ac unquam erit. Infans in Christo tam purus corde est quàm pater in Christo. Nulla est discrepantia.

W. Nonne justificati erant apostoli ante Christi mortem?

Z. Erant.

W. Nonne vero sanctiores erant post diem Penteoostés, quàm ante Christi mortem?

Z. Neutiquam.

W. Nonne eo die impleti sunt spiritu sancto?

Z. Sunt. Sed istud donum Spiritûs, sanctitatem ipsorum non respexit. Fuit donum miraculorum tantùm.

W. Fortasse te non capio. Nonne nos ipsos abnegantes, magìs magisque mundo morimur, ac Deo vivimus?

Z. Abnegationem omnem respuimus, conculcamus. Facimus credentes omne quod volumus & nihil ultrà. Mortificationem omnem ridemus. Nulla purificatio præcedit perfectum amorem.

W. Quæ dixisti, Deo adjuvante, perpendam.

The letter referred to by the Count was written August 8, preceding. It was as follows, excepting two or three paragraphs, which I have omitted as less material.

JOHN WESLEY, *a Presbyter of the Church of* GOD *in England, to the Church of* GOD *at Hernhuth, in Upper Lusatia.*

1. IT may seem strange, that such an one as I am should take upon me to write to you. You, I believe to be *dear children of God, through faith which is in Jesus.* Me you believe (as some of you have declared) to be *a child of the devil, a servant of corruption.* Yet whatsoever I am, or whatsoever you are, I beseech you to weigh the following words: if haply God, who *sendeth by whom he will send,* may give you light thereby; although *the mist of darkness* (as one of you affirms) should be reserved for me for ever.

2. My design is, freely and plainly to speak whatsoever I have seen or heard among you, in any part of your church, which seems not agreeable to the Gospel of Christ. And my hope is, that the God whom you serve will give you throughly to weigh what is spoken; and if in any thing *ye have been otherwise minded than the truth is, will reveal even this unto you.*

3. And first, with regard to christian salvation, even the

present salvation which is through faith, I have heard some of you affirm, 1, That it does not imply the proper taking away our sins, the cleansing our souls from all sin, but only the tearing the system of sin in pieces. 2, That it does not imply liberty from evil thoughts, neither from wanderings in prayer.

4. I have heard some of you affirm, on the other hand, 1, That it does imply liberty from the commandments of God, so that one who is saved through faith, is not obliged or bound to obey them, does not do any thing as a commandment, or as a duty. To support which they have affirmed, that there is *no command in the New Testament but to believe: that there is no duty required therein, but that of believing, and that to a believer there is no commandment at all. 2, That it does imply liberty to conform to the world, † by talking on useless, if not trifling subjects, by joining in worldly diversions in order to do good, by ‡ putting on of gold and costly apparel, or by continuing

* In an answer to this letter, which I received some weeks after, this is explained as follows: "All things which are a commandment to the natural man, are a promise to all that have been justified.—The thing itself is not lost, but the notion, which people are wont to have of commandments, duties, &c."

I reply, 1, If this be all you mean, why do you not say so, explicitly to all men? 2, Whether this be all, let any reasonable man judge, when he has read what is here subjoined.

† The brethren answer to this, "We believe it much better to discourse out of the newspapers, than to chatter about holy things to no purpose." Perhaps so. But what is this to the point? I believe both the one and the other to be useless, and therefore an abomination to the Lord.

This objection then stands in full force, the fact alleged being rather defended than denied.

The joining in worldly diversions in order to do good, (another charge which cannot be denied) I think would admit of the same defence, viz. That "there are other things as bad."

‡ "We wear (say the brethren) neither gold nor silver." You forget. I have seen it with my eyes. "But we judge nobody that does." How! Then you must judge both St. Peter and St. Paul false witnesses before God. "And because those professions that minister thereto [to sin, to what God

in those professions, the gain of which depends on ministering hereto. 3, That it does imply liberty to avoid persecution, by * not reproving even those who sin in your sight; by not letting your light shine before those men, who love darkness rather than light; by not using plainness of speech, and a frank, open carriage to all men. Nay, by a close, dark, reserved conversation and behaviour, especially toward strangers. And in many of you I have more than once found (what you called, being wise as serpents) much subtlety, much evasion and disguise, much guile and dissimulation. You appeared to be what you were not, or not to be what you were. You so studied *to become all things to all men*, as to take the colour and shape of any that were near you. So that your practice was indeed no proof of your judgment; but only an indication of your design, *nulli lædere os;* and of your conformity to that (not scriptural) maxim *sinere mundum vadere ut vult: nam vult vadere.*

5. Secondly, with regard to that faith through which we are saved, I have heard many of you say, "A man may have justifying faith and not know it." Others of you, who are now in England, (particularly Mr. Molther) I have heard affirm †, that there is no such thing as weak faith; that there are no degrees in faith; that there is no justify-

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has flatly forbidden] relate to trade, and trade is a thing relating to the magistrate, we therefore let all these things alone, entirely suspending our judgment concerning them."

What miserable work is here! Because trade relates to the magistrate, am I not to consider, whether my trade be innocent or sinful? Then, the keeper of a Venetian brothel is clear. The magistrate shall answer for him to God!

* This fact also you grant, and defend thus. "The power of reproving relates either to outward things, or to the heart. No body has any right to the former, but the magistrate." (Alas! alas! what casuistry is this!) "And if one will speak to the heart, he must be first sure that the Saviour has already got hold of it." What then must become of all other men? O how pleasing is all this to flesh and blood!

† In the preface to the second Journal, the Moravian Church is cleared from this mistake.

ing faith, where there is ever any doubt; that there is no justifying faith, without the plerophory of faith, the clear, abiding witness of the Spirit: that there is no justifying faith, where there is not, in the full, proper sense, a new or clean heart: and, that those who have not these two gifts, are only awakened, not justified.

6. Thirdly, as to the way to faith, here are many among us, whom your brethren have advised (what it is not to be supposed they would as yet speak to me, or in their public preaching)* not to use those ordinances which our church terms *means of grace*, till they have such a faith, as implies a clean heart, and excludes all possibility of doubting. They have advised them, till then, not to search the Scriptures, not to pray, not to communicate: and have often affirmed, that to do these things, is seeking salvation by works; and that till these works are laid aside, no man can receive faith; for "no man (say they) can do these things, without trusting in them. If he do not trust in them, why does he do them?"

7. To those who answered, It is our duty to use the ordinances of God; they replied, "There are no ordinances of Christ, the use of which is now bound upon Christians as a duty, or which we are commanded to use. As to those you mention in particular, (viz. prayer, communicating, and searching the Scripture:) if a man have faith, he need not; if he have not, he must not use them. A believer may use them, though not as enjoined; but an unbeliever (as before defined) may not."

8. To those who answered, "I hope God will, through these means, convey his grace to my soul;" they replied,

* The substance of the answer to this and the following paragraphs is, 1, That "none ought to communicate till he has faith, i. e. a sure trust in the mercy of God through Christ." This is granting the charge. 2, That "if the Methodists hold this sacrament is a mean of getting faith, they must act according to their persuasion." We do hold it, and know it to be so, to many of those who are previously convinced of sin.

"There is no such thing as means of grace; Christ has not ordained any such in his church. But if there were, they are nothing to you; for you are dead. You have no faith. And you cannot work, while you are dead. Therefore let these things alone, till you have faith."

9. And some of our English brethren, who are joined with yours, have said openly, "You will never have faith till you leave running about to church and sacrament, and societies." Another of them has said (in his public expounding), "As many go to hell by praying as by thieving." Another, "I knew one, who leaning over the back of a chair, received a great gift. But he must kneel down to give God thanks, so he lost it immediately. And I know not whether he will ever have it again." And yet another, "You have lost your first joy. Therefore you pray. That is the devil. You read the Bible. That is the devil. You communicate. That is the devil."

10. Let not any of you, my brethren, say, "We are not chargeable with what they speak." Indeed you are. For you can hinder it, if you will. Therefore, if you do not, it must be charged upon you. If you do not use the power which is in your hands, and thereby prevent their speaking thus, you do, in effect, speak thus yourselves. You make their words your own. And are accordingly chargeable with every ill consequence which may flow therefrom.

11. Fourthly, with regard to your church *, you greatly, yea, above measure, exalt yourselves and despise others.

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* "A religion (you say) and a church, are not all one. A religion is an assembly wherein the Holy Scriptures are taught after a prescribed rule." This is too narrow a definition. For there are many Pagan (as well as a Mahometan) religions. Rather, a religion is, A method of worshipping God, whether in a right or a wrong manner.

"The Lord has such a peculiar hand in the several constitutions of religion, that one ought to respect every one of them." I cannot possibly: I cannot respect, either the Jewish (as it is now) or the Romish religion. You add,

"A church (I will not examine, whether there are any in this present age, or whether there is no other beside ours) is, a congregation of sinners who

I have scarce heard one Moravian brother in my life own his church to be wrong in any thing.

I have scarce heard any of you (I think not one in England) own himself to be wrong in any thing.

Many of you I have heard speak of your church, as if it were infallible; or, so led by the Spirit, that it was not possible for it to err in any thing.

Some of you have set it up (as indeed you ought to do, if it be infallible) as the Judge of all the earth, of all persons (as well as doctrines) therein: and you have accordingly past sentence upon them at once, by their agreement or disagreement with your church.

Some of you have said, That there is no true church on earth but yours; yea, that there are no true Christians out of it. And your own members you require to have implicit faith in her decisions, and to pay implicit obedience to her directions.

12. Fifthly, You receive not the Antients, but the modern mystics, as the best interpreters of Scripture: and in conformity to these, you mix much of man's wisdom with the wisdom of God: you greatly refine the plain religion taught by the letter of the Holy Writ, and philosophize on almost every part of it, to accommodate it to the mystic theory. Hence you talk much, in a manner wholly unsupported by Scripture, against mixing nature with grace, against imagination, and concerning the animal spirits, mimicking the power of the Holy Ghost. Hence your brethren zealously caution us against animal joy, against natural love of one another, and against selfish love of God, against which (or any of them) there is no one caution in all the Bible. And they have, in truth, greatly lessened, and had well nigh destroyed brotherly love from among us.

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have obtained forgiveness of sins. That such a congregation should be in an error, cannot easily happen."

I find no reason, therefore, to retract any thing which is advanced on this or any of the following heads.

13. In conformity to the *Mystics*, you likewise greatly check joy in the Holy Ghost, by such cautions against sensible comforts, as have no tittle of Scripture to support them. Hence also your brethren here damp the zeal of babes in Christ, talking much of false zeal, forbidding them to declare what God hath done for their souls, even when their hearts burn within them to declare it, and comparing those to uncorked bottles, who simply and artlessly speak, of the ability which God giveth.

14. Hence, lastly, it is, that you undervalue good works, (especially works of outward mercy) never publicly insisting on the necessity of them, nor declaring their weight and excellency. Hence, when some of your brethren have spoken of them, they put them on a wrong foot, viz. "*If you find yourself moved*, if your heart be *free* to it, then reprove, exhort, relieve." By this mean you wholly avoid the taking up your cross, in order to do good; and also substitute an uncertain, precarious, inward motion, in the place of the plain written word. Nay, one of your members has said of good works in general (whether works of piety or of charity) "A believer is no more obliged to do these works of the law, than a subject of the king of England is obliged to obey the laws of the king of France."

15. My brethren, whether ye will hear, or whether ye will forbear, I have now delivered my own soul. And this I have chosen to do in an artless manner, that if any thing should come home to your hearts, the effect might evidently flow not from the wisdom of man, but from the power of God.

August 8, 1740.

Thus have I declared, and in the plainest manner I can, the real controversy between us and the Moravian Brethren: an unpleasing task, which I have delayed, at least, as long as I could with a clear conscience. But I am constrained at length nakedly to speak the thing as it is, that I may not hinder the work of God.

I am very sensible of the objection which has so often been made, viz. "You are inconsistent with yourself. You did tenderly love, highly esteem and zealously recommend these very men. And now you do not love or esteem them at all. You not only do not recommend them, but are bitter against them: nay, and rail at them, before all the world."

This is partly true, and partly false. That the whole case may be better understood, it will be needful to give a short account of what has occurred between us from the beginning.

My first acquaintance with the Moravian brethren began in my voyage to Georgia. Being then with many of them in the same ship, I narrowly observed their whole behaviour. And I greatly approved of all I saw. Therefore I unbosomed myself to them without reserve.

From February 14, 1735, to Dec. 2, 1737, being with them (except when I went to Frederica or Carolina) twice or thrice every day, I loved and esteemed them more and more. Yet a few things I could not approve of. These I mentioned to them from time to time, and then commended the cause to God.

In February following I met with Peter Bohler. My heart clave to him as soon as he spoke. And the more we conversed, so much the more did I esteem both him and all the Moravian church. So that I had no rest in my spirit until I executed the design, which I had formed long before: until, after a short stay in Holland, I hastened forward, first to Marienborn, and then to Hernhuth.

In September, 1738, soon after my return to England, I began the following letter to the Moravian church. But being fearful of trusting my own judgment, I determined to wait yet a little longer, and so laid it by unfinished.

"MY DEAR BRETHREN,

"I cannot but rejoice in your steadfast faith, in your love to our blessed Redeemer, your deadness to the world; your meekness, temperance, chastity, and love of one an-

other. I greatly approve of your conferences and bands; of your method of instructing children; and, in general, of your great care of the souls committed to your charge.

But of some other things I stand in doubt, which I will mention in love and meekness. And I wish that, in order to remove those doubts, you would on each of those heads, first, plainly answer, whether the fact be as I suppose; and, if so, secondly, consider whether it be right.

Do you not wholly neglect joint fasting?

Is not the Count all in all? Are not the rest mere shadows? Calling him *Rabbi?* Almost implicitly both believing and obeying him?

Is there not something of levity in your behaviour? Are you, in general, serious enough?

Are you zealous and watchful to redeem time? Do you not some times fall into trifling conversation?

Do you not magnify your own Church too much?

Do you believe any who are not of it, to be in Gospel liberty?

Are you not straitened in your love? Do you love your enemies and wicked men as yourselves?

Do you not mix human wisdom with divine? Joining worldly prudence to heavenly?

Do you not use cunning, guile, or dissimulation, in many cases?

Are you not of a close, dark, reserved temper and behaviour?

Is not the spirit of secresy the spirit of your communion?

Have you that childlike openness, frankness, and plainness of speech, so manifest to all in the Apostles and first Christians?

It may easily be seen, that my objections then, were nearly the same as now. Yet I cannot say my affection was lessened at all, until after September, 1739, when certain men among us began to trouble their brethren, and *subvert their souls*. However, I cleared the Moravians still, and laid the whole blame on our English brethren.

But from November the first, I could not but see (unwilling as I was to see them) more and more things which I could in no wise reconcile with the Gospel of Christ. And these I have set down with all simplicity, as they occurred in order of time: believing myself indispensably obliged so to do, both in duty to God and man.

Yet do I this because I love them not? God knoweth; yea and in part I esteem them still: because I verily believe, they have a sincere desire to serve God; because many of them have tasted of his love, and some retain it in simplicity; because they love one another; because they have so much of the truth of the Gospel, and so far abstain from outward sin; and, lastly, because their discipline is, in most respects, so truly excellent.

"But why then are you bitter against them?" I do not know that I am. Let the impartial reader judge. And if any bitter word has escaped my notice, I here utterly retract it. "But do not you rail at them?" I hope not. God forbid that I should rail at a Turk, Infidel, or Heretic. To one who advanced the most dangerous errors, I durst say no more than, *The Lord rebuke thee!* But I would point out what those errors were: and, I trust, in the spirit of meekness.

In this spirit, my brethren, I have read and endeavoured to consider, all the books you have published in England, that I might inform myself, whether on farther consideration, you had retracted the errors which were advanced before. But it does by no means appear that you have retracted any of them: for waving the odd and affected phrases therein, the weak, mean, silly, childish expressions; the crude, confused, and indigested notions, the whims, unsupported either by Scripture or sound reason: yea, waving these assertions, which, though contrary to Scripture and matter of fact, are however of no importance: those three grand errors run through almost all those books, viz. *Universal Salvation*, *Antinomianism*, and a kind of new-reformed *Quietism!*

1. Can *Universal Salvation* be more explicitly asserted, than it is in these words:

"By this his Name, *All* can and *shall* obtain life and salvation." *Sixteen Discourses*, p. 30. This *must* include all *men*, at least; and may include all *devils* too.

Again; "The name of the wicked will not be so much as mentioned on the Great Day." *Seven Discourses*, p. 22. And if they are not so much as mentioned, they cannot be condemned.

2. How can * *Antinomianism*, i. e. *making void the law through faith*, be more expressly taught than it is in these words.

"To believe certainly, that Christ suffered death for us—This is the true means to be saved at once:"

"We want no more. For the History of Jesus, coming into the world, is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth: the bare historical knowledge of this." *Sixteen Disc.* p. 57.

"There is but one duty, which is that of believing." *Ibid.* p. 193.

"From any demand of the law, no man is obliged now, to go one step, to give away one farthing, to eat or omit one morsel." *Seven Disc.* p. 11.

"What did our Lord do with the law? He abolished it." *Ibid.* p. 33.

"Here one may think, this is a fine sort of Christianity, where nothing good is commanded, and nothing bad is forbid. But thus it is." *Ibid.* p. 34.

"So one ought to speak now. All commands and prohibitions are unfit for our times." *Ibid.*

3. Is not the very essence of *Quietism* (though in a new shape) contained in these words:

"The whole matter lies in this, that we should *suffer ourselves to be relieved.*" *Sixteen Disc.* p. 17.

* N. B. I speak of Antinomian doctrine, abstracted from practice good or bad.

"One must *do nothing*, but *quietly attend* the voice of the Lord." *Ibid.* p. 29.

"To tell men who have not experienced the power of grace, what they should do, and how they ought to behave, is as if you should send a lame man upon an errand." *Ibid.* p. 70.

"The beginning is not to be made with doing what our Saviour has commanded. For whosoever will begin with doing, when he is dead, he can do nothing at all: but whatever he doth *in his own activity*, is but a cobweb, *i. e.* good for nothing." *Ibid.* p. 72, 81.

"As soon as we *remain passive* before him as the wood which a table is to be made from, then something comes of us." *Seven Disc.* p. 22.

O my brethren, let me conjure you yet again, in the name of our common Lord, *if there be any consolation of love, if any bowels and mercies*, remove *the fly* out of *the pot of ointment*, separate *the precious from the vile!* Review, I beseech you, your whole work, and see if Satan hath gained no advantage over you. *Very excellent things* have been *spoken of thee, O thou City of God.* But may not *He who hath the sharp sword with two edges*, say, *Yet I have a few things against thee.* O that ye would *repent* of these, that ye might be *a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing!*

Three things above all permit me, even me, to press upon you, with all the earnestness of love. First, with regard to your doctrine, that ye purge out from among you, the leaven of *Antinomianism*, wherewith you are so deeply infected, and no longer *make void the law through faith:* Secondly, with regard to your discipline, that ye *call no man Rabbi, Master*, Lord of your faith *upon earth.* Subordination, I know, is needful, and I can shew you such a subordination, as in fact answers all Christian purposes; and is yet as widely distant from that among you, as the heavens are from the earth. Thirdly, with regard to your practice, that ye renounce all craft, cunning, subtlety, dissimulation; *wis-*

dom, falsely so called; that ye put away all disguise, all guile out of your mouth: that in all *simplicity and godly sincerity*, ye *have your conversation in this world*: That ye use *great plainness of speech* to all, whatever ye suffer thereby; seeking only, *by manifestation of the truth*, to *commend* yourselves *to every man's conscience in the sight of God.*

June 24, 1744.

AN

EXTRACT

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S

JOURNAL,

No. V.

FROM SEPTEMBER 6, 1741, TO OCTOBER 27, 1743.

SUNDAY, Sept. 6, 1741, observing some, who were beginning to *use their liberty as a cloak for* licentiousness, I enforced in the morning those words of St. Paul, (worthy to be written in the heart of every believer) *All things are lawful for me; but all things are not expedient.* And in the evening that necessary advice of our Lord, *That men ought always to pray, and not to faint.*

Monday 7, I visited a young man in St. Thomas's Hospital, who in strong pain, was praising God continually. At the desire of many of the patients, I spent a short time with them, in exhortation and prayer. O what a harvest might there be, if any lover of souls, who has time upon his hands, would constantly attend these places of distress, and with tenderness and meekness of wisdom, instruct and exhort those on whom God has laid his hands, to know and improve the day of their visitation!

Wednesday 9, I expounded in Greyhound-lane, Whitechapel, part of the 107th Psalm. And they did *rejoice whom the Lord had redeemed and delivered from the hand of the enemy.*

Saturday 12, I was greatly comforted by one, whom God had lifted up from the gates of death, and who was continually telling, with tears of joy, what God had done for his soul. Sunday 13, I met about two hundred persons, with whom severally I had talked the week before, at the French chapel, in Hermitage-street, Wapping, where they gladly joined in the service of the Church: and particularly, in the Lord's Supper.

Friday 18, I buried the only child of a tender parent, who having soon finished her course, after a short sickness went to Him her soul loved, in the fifteenth year of her age.

Sunday 20, I preached in Charles's-square, Hoxton, on these awful words, *This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.* I trust, God blessed his word. The scoffers stood abashed, and opened not their mouths.

Monday 21, I set out, and the next evening met my brother at Bristol, with Mr. Jones, of Fonmon-Castle in Wales: now convinced of the truth as it is in Jesus, and labouring with his might, to *redeem the time* he had lost, to *make his calling sure, and to lay hold on eternal life.*

Thursday 24, In the evening we went to Kingswood. The house was filled from end to end. And we continued in ministering the word of God, and in prayer and praise until the morning.

Sunday 27, I expounded at Kingswood (morning and afternoon) at Bristol and at Baptist-Mills, the message of God to the Church of Ephesus: particularly, that way of recovering our first love, which God hath prescribed and not man: *Remember from whence thou art fallen, and repent and do the first works.*

Tuesday 29, I was pressed to visit Nicholas Palmer, one who had separated from us, and behaved with great bitterness, until God laid his hand upon him. He had sent for me several times, saying, "He could not die in peace until he had seen me." I found him in great weakness of body and heaviness of spirit. We wrestled with God on his be-

half. And our labour was not in vain. His soul was comforted; and a few hours after, he quietly fell asleep.

Thursday, October 1, We set out for Wales. But missing our passage over the Severn in the morning, it was sun-set before we could get to Newport. We inquired there, if we could hire a guide to Cardiff. But there was none to be had. A lad coming in quickly after, who was going, he said, to Lanissan, a little village, two miles to the right of Cardiff, we resolved to go thither. At seven we set out. It rained pretty fast, and there being neither moon nor stars, we could neither see any road nor one another, nor our own horses' heads. But the promise of God did not fail. He gave his angels charge over us. And soon after ten we came safe to Mr. Williams's house at Lanissan.

Friday 2, We rode to Fonmon-Castle. We found Mr. Jones's daughter ill of the small-pox. But he could cheerfully leave her and all the rest, in the hands of Him in whom he now believed. In the evening I preached at Cardiff, in the Shire-hall, a large and convenient place, on *God hath given unto us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.* There having been a feast in the town that day, I believed it needful to add a few words upon Intemperance. And while I was saying, "As for you drunkards, you have no part in *this* life: you abide in death; you choose death and hell:" A man cried out vehemently, "I am one: and thither I am going." But I trust God, at that hour, began to shew him and others, a more excellent way.

Saturday 3, About noon we came to Ponty-pool. A clergyman stopped me in the first street; and a few more found me out soon after, whose love I did not find to be cooled at all, by the bitter adversaries who had been among them. True pains had been taken to set them against my brother and me, by men who *know not what manner of spirit they are of.* But instead of disputing, we betook ourselves to prayer. And all our hearts were knit together as at the first.

In the afternoon we came to Abergavenny. Those who are bitter of spirit had been here also. Yet Mrs. James

(now Mrs. Whitefield) received us gladly as she had done aforetime. But we could not procure even two or three to join with us in the evening beside those of her own household. Sunday 4, I had an unexpected opportunity of receiving the Holy Communion. In the afternoon we had a plain, useful sermon, on the *Pharisee and the Publican praying in the temple:* which I explained at large in the evening, to the best dressed congregation I have ever yet seen in Wales. Two persons came to me afterwards, who were (it seemed) convinced of sin and groaning for deliverance.

Monday 5, I preached in the morning at Ponty-pool, to a small, but deeply attentive congregation. Mr. Price conducted us from hence to his house at Watford. After resting here an hour, we hastened on and came to Fonmon, where I explained and enforced those words, *What must I do to be saved?* Many seemed quite amazed, while I shewed them the nature of salvation, and the gospel-way of attaining it.

Tuesday 6, I read prayers and preached in Porth-kerry church. My next text was, *By grace ye are saved, through faith.* In the evening at Cardiff I expounded Zechariah iv. 7, *Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain.* The next morning we set out, and in the evening praised God, with our brethren, in Bristol.

Thursday 8, I dined with C—— T——, greatly praising God for having done his own wise and holy will, in taking away the desire of his eyes: in the evening I preached on *Looking unto Jesus.* And many were filled with consolation.

Friday 9, The same spirit helped our infirmities at the hour of Intercession: and again at Kingswood in the evening. I was just laid down, when one came and told me, Howel Harris desired to speak with me at Bristol, being just come from London, and having appointed to set out for Wales at three in the morning. I went, and found him with Mr. Humphreys and Mr. S——. They immediately fell upon their favourite subject: on which when we had

disputed two hours, and were just where we were at first, I begged we might exchange controversy for prayer. We did so, and then parted in much love, about two in the morning.

Saturday 10, His journey being deferred till Monday, H. Harris came to me at the New Room. He said, "As to the decree of reprobation, he renounced and utterly abhorred it. And as to the not falling from grace, 1, He believed, That it ought not to be mentioned to the unjustified, or to any that were slack and careless, much less that lived in sin, but only to the earnest and disconsolate mourners. 2, He did himself believe, it was possible for one to fall away, who had been enlightened with some knowledge of God, who had *tasted of the heavenly gift*, and *been made a partaker of the Holy Ghost:* and wished we could all agree, to keep close, in the controverted points, to the very words of the Holy Writ: 3, That he accounted no man so justified as not to fall, till he had a thorough, abiding hatred to all sin, and a continual hunger and thirst after all righteousness." Blessed be thou of the Lord, thou man of peace! Still follow after peace and holiness.

Thursday 15, I was preparing for another journey to Wales, which I had designed to begin on Friday, when I received a message from H. Harris, desiring me to set out immediately, and meet him near the New Passage: I accordingly set out at noon; but being obliged to wait at the water-side, did not reach Will-Creek, the place he had appointed for our meeting, till an hour or two after night. But this was soon enough. For he had not been there. Nor could we hear any thing of him. So we went back to Mather, and thence in the morning, to Lanmartin, a village two miles off, where we heard Mr. Daniel Rowlands was to be, whom accordingly we found there. Evil surmisings presently vanished away, and our hearts were knit together in love. We rode together to Machan (five miles beyond Newport) which we reached about twelve o'clock. In an hour after, H. Harris came, and many of his friends from

distant parts. We had no dispute of any kind, but the spirit of peace and love was in the midst of us. At three we went to church. There was a vast congregation, though at only a few hours warning. After prayers, I preached first on those words in the second lesson, *The life which I now live, I live by faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me.* Mr. Rowlands then preached in Welch, on Matt. xxviii. 8, *Fear ye not; for ye seek Him that was crucified.*

We rode afterwards to St. Bride's in the Moors, where Mr. Rowlands preached again. Here we were met by Mr. Humphreys and Thomas Bissicks, of Kingswood. About eleven a few of us retired, in order to provoke one another to love and to good works. But T. Bissicks immediately introduced the dispute, and others seconded him. This H. Harris and Mr. Rowlands strongly withstood; but finding it profited nothing, Mr. Rowlands soon withdrew. H. Harris kept them at bay, till about one o'clock in the morning. I then left them and Capt. T—— together: about three they left off just where they began.

Saturday 17, Going to a neighbouring house, I found Mr. H. and T. Bissicks, tearing open the sore with all their might. On my coming in all was hushed. But Mrs. James of Abergavenny (a woman of candour and humanity) insisted, That "those things should be said to my face." There followed a lame piece of work. But although the accusations brought were easily answered, yet I found they left a soreness on many spirits. When H. Harris heard of what had past, he hasted to stand in the gap once more, and with tears besought them all, "To follow after the things that make for peace." And God blessed the healing words which he spoke, so that we parted in much love, being all determined to let controversy alone, and to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

I preached at Cardiff at three, and about five set out thence for Fonmon-Castle. Notwithstanding the great darkness of the night, and our being unacquainted with the road, before eight we came safe to the congregation, which had

been some time waiting for us. I preached on our Lord's words to the rich young man, *If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.* Blessed be God, that we have a better covenant, established upon better promises.

Sunday 18, I rode to Wenvo. The church was thoroughly filled with attentive hearers, while I preached on those words, *Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you.* In the afternoon I read prayers and preached at Porthkerry; in the evening there was a great concourse of people at the castle to whom I strongly declared the hope of righteousness which is through faith.

Monday 19, I preached once more at Porthkerry, and in the afternoon returned to Cardiff, and explained to a large congregation, *When they had nothing to pay, He frankly forgave them both.*

Tuesday 20, At eleven I preached at the prison, on *I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.* In the afternoon I was desired to meet one of the honourable women, whom I found a mere sinner, groaning under the mighty hand of God. About six, at Mr. W.'s desire, I preached once more on those words, *Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you.*

Wednesday 21, I set out soon after preaching, and about nine came to Newport. A clergyman, soon after I was set down, came into the next room, and asked aloud, with a tone unusually sharp, "Where those vagabond fellows were?" Capt. T., without any ceremony, took him in hand. But he soon quitted the field and walked out of the house. Just as I was taking horse, he returned and said, "Sir, I am afraid you are in a wrong way. But if you are right, I pray God to be with you, and prosper your undertakings."

About one I came to Callicut, and preached to a small, attentive company of people, on *Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.* Between seven and eight we reached Bristol.

Thursday 22, I called upon Edward W——, who had

been ill for several days. I found him in deep despair. Since he had left off prayer, *all the waves and storms were gone over him.* We cried unto God, and his soul revived. A little light shone upon him, and just as we sung,

> "Be thou his strength and righteousness,
> His Jesus and his all:"

his spirit returned to God.

Friday 23, I saw several others who were ill of the same distemper. Surely our Lord will do much work by this sickness. I do not find that it comes to any house, without leaving a blessing behind it. In the evening I went to Kingswood, and found Ann Steed also praising God in the fires, and testifying, That all her weakness and pain wrought together for good.

Saturday 24, I visited more of the sick, both in Kingswood and Bristol. And it was pleasant work; for I found none of them *sorrowing as men without hope.* At six I expounded, *God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.* And his light broke in upon us in such a manner, that we were even lost in praise and thanksgiving.

Sunday 25, After the sacrament at All-Saints, I took horse for Kingswood. But before I came to Lawrence-Hill, my horse fell, and attempting to rise, fell down again upon me. One or two women ran out of a neighbouring house, and when I rose, helped me in. I adore the wisdom of God. In this house were three persons, who began to run well; but Satan had hindered them. But they resolved to set out again. And not one of them has looked back since.

Notwithstanding this delay, I got to Kingswood by two. The words God enabled me to speak there, and afterwards at Bristol, so I must express myself still, for I dare not ascribe them to my own wisdom, were as a hammer and a flame. And the same blessing we found, at the meeting of the society. But more abundantly at the love-feast which followed. I remember nothing like it for many months. A cry was heard from one end of the congregation to the other: not of grief, but of overflowing joy and love. *O con-*

tinue forth thy loving-kindness unto them that know thee; and thy mercy to them that are true of heart.

The great comfort I found both in public and private almost every day of the ensuing week, I apprehend was to prepare me for what followed: a short account of which I sent to London soon after, in a letter, the copy of which I have subjoined; although I am not insensible, there are several circumstances therein which some may set down for mere enthusiasm and extravagance.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"All last week I found hanging upon me the effects of the violent cold I had contracted in Wales: not, I think, (as Mr. Turner and Walcam supposed) by lying in a damp bed at St. Bride's; but rather by riding continually in the cold and wet nights, and preaching immediately after. But I believed it would pass off, and so took little notice of it till Friday morning. I then found myself exceeding sick; and as I walked to Baptist-Mills, (to pray with Susanna Basil, who was ill of a fever) felt the wind pierce me, as it were, through. At my return I found myself something better. Only I could not eat any thing at all. Yet I felt no want of strength at the hour of intercession, nor at six in the evening, while I was opening and applying those words, *Sun, stand thou still in Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon.* I was afterwards refreshed and slept well; so that I apprehended no farther disorder; but rose in the morning as usual, and declared, with a strong voice and an enlarged heart, *Neither circumcision availeth any thing nor uncircumcision, but faith that worketh by love.* About two in the afternoon just as I was set down to dinner, a shivering came upon me, and a little pain in my back: but no sickness at all, so that I eat a little; and then growing warm, went to see some that were sick. Finding myself worse, about four I would willingly have lain down. But having promised to see Mrs. G——, who had been out of order for some days, I went thither first, and thence to Weavers'.

Hall. A man gave me a token for good as I went along, "Ay," said he, "-he will be a martyr too, by and by:" The scripture I enforced was, *My little children, these things I write unto you, that ye sin not. But if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.* I found no want either of inward or outward strength. But afterwards finding my fever increased, I called on Dr. Middleton. By his advice I went home, and took my bed: a strange thing to me who had not kept my bed a day, (for five-and-thirty years) ever since I had the small-pox. I immediately fell into a profuse sweat, which continued till one or two in the morning. God then gave me refreshing sleep, and afterwards such tranquillity of mind, that this day, Sunday, Nov. 1, seemed the shortest day to me I had ever known in my life.

"I think a little circumstance ought not to be omitted, although I know there may be an ill construction put upon it. Those words were now so strongly impressed upon my mind, that, for a considerable time, I could not put them out of my thoughts, *Blessed is the man that provideth for the poor and needy: the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble. The Lord shall strengthen him when he lieth sick upon his bed: make thou all his bed in his sickness.*

"On Sunday night, likewise, I slept well, and was easy all Monday morning. But about three in the afternoon the shivering returned, much more violent than before. It continued till I was put to bed. I was then immediately as in a fiery furnace. In a little space I began sweating: but the sweating seemed to increase rather than allay the burning heat. Thus I remained, till about eight o'clock: when I suddenly awaked out of a kind of doze, in such a sort of disorder (whether of body or mind, or both) as I know not how to describe. My heart and lungs, and all that was within me, and my soul too, seemed to be in perfect uproar. But I cried unto the Lord in my trouble, and he delivered me out of distress.

"I continued in a moderate sweat till near midnight, and then slept pretty well till morning. On Tuesday, Nov. 3,

about noon, I was removed to Mr. Hooper's. Here I enjoyed a blessed calm for several hours, the fit not returning till six in the evening: and then in such a manner as I never heard or read of. I had a quick pulse, attended with violent heat: but no pain either in my head, or back, or limbs; no sickness, no stitch, no thirst. Surely God is a present help in time of trouble. And He does make all my bed in my sickness.

"Wednesday 4, Many of our brethren agreed to seek God to day by fasting and prayer. About twelve my fever began to rage. At two I dozed a little, and suddenly awaked in such disorder (only more violent) as that on Monday. The silver cord appeared to be just then loosing, and the wheel breaking at the cistern. The blood whirled to and fro, as if it would immediately force its way through all its vessels, especially in the breast: and excessive burning heat parched up my whole body, both within and without. About three, in a moment the commotion ceased, the heat was over, and the pain gone. Soon after, it made another attack; but not near so violent as the former. This lasted till half an hour past four, and then vanished away at once. I grew better and better till nine. Then I fell asleep, and scarce awaked at all till morning.

"Thursday 5, The noisy joy of the people in the streets did not agree with me very well: though I am afraid it disordered their poor souls, much more than it did my body. About five in the evening my cough returned, and soon after the heat and other symptoms: but with this remarkable circumstance, that for fourteen or fifteen hours following, I had more or less sleep in every hour. This was one cause why I was never light headed at all, but had the use of my understanding, from the first hour of my illness to the last, as fully as when in perfect health.

"Friday 6, Between ten and twelve the main shock began. I can give but a faint account of this, not for want of memory, but of words. I felt in my body nothing but storm and tempest, hail stones and coals of fire. But I do not remember that I felt any fear, (such was the mercy of

God!) nor any murmuring. And yet I found but a dull, heavy kind of patience, which I knew was not what it ought to be. The fever came rushing upon me as a lion, ready to break all my bones in pieces. My body grew weaker every moment; but I did not feel my soul put on strength. Then it came into my mind, 'Be still, and see the salvation of the Lord. I will not stir hand or foot; but let Him do with me what is good in his own eyes.' At once my heart was at ease. My mouth was filled with laughter, and my tongue with joy. My eyes overflowed with tears, and I began to sing aloud. One who stood by said, 'Now he is light-headed.' I told her, 'O no. I am not light-headed: but I am praising God. God is come to my help, and pain is nothing. Glory be to God on high. I now found, why it was not expedient for me to recover my health sooner: because then I should have lost this experimental proof, how little every thing is which can befall the body, so long as God carries the soul aloft, as it were on the wings of an eagle.

"An hour after I had one more grapple with the enemy, who then seemed to collect all his strength. I essayed to shake myself, and praise God as before. But I was not able: the power was departed from me. I was shorn of my strength, and became weak, and like another man. Then I said, 'Yet here I hold: lo I come to bear thy will, O God.' Immediately He returned to my soul, and lifted up the light of his countenance. And I felt, 'He rideth easily enough, whom the grace of God carrieth.'

"I supposed the fit was now over, it being about five in the afternoon, and began to compose myself for sleep; when I felt first a chill, and then a burning all over, attended with such an universal faintness and weariness, and utter loss of strength, as if the whole frame of nature had been dissolved. Just then my nurse, I know not why, took me out of bed, and placed me in a chair. Presently a purging began, which I believe saved my life. I grew easier from that hour, and had such a night's rest, as I had not had before, since it pleased God to lay his hand upon me."

From Saturday, November 7, to Sunday 15, I found my strength gradually increasing, and was able to read Turretin's History of the Church (a dry, heavy, barren treatise), and the life of that truly good and great man, Mr. Philip Henry. On Monday and Tuesday I read over the life of Mr. Matthew Henry; a man not to be despised, either as a scholar or a christian, though (I think) not equal to his father. On Wednesday I read over once again *Theologia Germanica*. O how was it, that I could ever so admire the affected obscurity of this unscriptural writer! Glory be to God, that I now prefer the plain apostles and prophets, before him and all his mystic followers.

Thursday 19, I read again, with great surprise, part of the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius. But so weak, credulous, thoroughly-injudicious a writer, have I seldom found. Friday 20, I began Mr. Laval's History of the Reformed Churches in France, full of the most amazing instances of the wickedness of men, and of the goodness and power of God. About noon the next day, I went out in a coach as far as the school in Kingswood; where one of the mistresses lay (as was believed) near death, having found no help from any of the medicines she had taken. We determined to try one remedy more. So we poured out our souls in prayer to God. From that hour she began to recover strength, and in a few days was out of danger.

Sunday 22, Being not suffered to go to church as yet, I communicated at home. I was advised to stay at home some time longer. But I could not apprehend it necessary; and therefore on Monday 23, went to the New Room, where we praised God for all his mercies. And I expounded, (for about an hour), without any faintness or weariness), on *What reward shall I give unto the Lord for all the benefits that he hath done unto me? I will receive the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.*

I preached once every day this week, and found no inconvenience by it. Sunday 29, I thought I might go a

little farther. So I preached both at Kingswood and Bristol: and afterwards spent near an hour with the society, and about two hours at the love-feast. But my body could not yet keep pace with my mind. I had another fit of my fever the next day. But it lasted not long, and I continued slowly to recover my strength. On Thursday, Dec. 3, I was able to preach again, on *By their fruits ye shall know them:* and Friday evening, on *Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days thou shalt find it again.*

Monday 7, I preached on *Trust ye in the Lord Jehovah, for in the Lord is everlasting strength.* I was shewing, What cause we had to trust in the Captain of our salvation, when one in the midst of the room cried out, "Who was your captain the other day, when you hanged yourself? I know the man who saw you when you were cut down." This wise story, it seems, had been diligently spread abroad, and cordially believed by many in Bristol. I desired they would make room for the man to come nearer. But the moment he saw the way open, he ran away with all possible speed, not so much as once looking behind him.

Wednesday 9, God humbled us in the evening, by the loss of more than thirty of our little company, whom I was obliged to exclude, as no longer adorning the Gospel of Christ. I believed it best, openly to declare, both their names and the reasons why they were excluded. We then all cried to God, that this might be for their edification, and not for destruction.

Friday 11, I went to Bath. I had often reasoned with myself concerning this place, *Hath God left himself without witness?* Did He never raise up such as might be shining lights, even in the midst of this sinful generation? Doubtless he has: but they are either gone "to the desert," or hid under the bushel of prudence. Some of the most serious persons I have known at Bath, are either solitary Christians, scarce known to each other, unless by name: or prudent Christians, as careful not to give offence, as if that

were the unpardonable sin: and as zealous, to keep their religion to themselves, as they should be to *let it shine before men.*

I returned to Bristol the next day. In the evening one desired to speak with me. I perceived him to be in the utmost confusion, so that, for a while, he could not speak. At length he said, "I am he that interrupted you at the New Room on Monday. I have had no rest since, day or night, nor could have till I had spoken to you. I hope you will forgive me, and that it will be a warning to me all the days of my life."

Tuesday 15, It being a hard frost, I walked over to Bath, and had a conversation of several hours, with one who had lived above seventy, and studied divinity above thirty years. Yet remission of sins was quite a new doctrine to him. But I trust God will write it on his heart.

I returned to Bristol the next day. Thursday 17, We had a night of solemn joy, occasioned by the funeral of one of our brethren, who died with a hope full of immortality.

Friday 18, Being disappointed of my horse, I set out on foot in the evening for Kingswood. I catched no cold, nor received any hurt, though it was very wet, and cold, and dark. Mr. Jones, of Fonmon, met me there; and we poured out our souls before God together. I found no weariness, till a little before one, God gave me refreshing sleep.

Sunday 20, I preached once more at Bristol, on *Little children, keep yourselves from idols:* immediately after which, I forced myself away from those to whom my heart was now more united than ever. And I believe their hearts were even as my heart. O what poor words are those, "You abate the reverence and respect, which the people owe to their pastors." Love is all in all: and all who are alive to God must pay this to every true pastor: wherever a flock is duly fed with the pure milk of the word, they will be ready, were it possible, to pluck out their eyes, and give them to those that are over them in the Lord.

I took coach on Monday 21, and on Wednesday came to

London. Thursday 24, I found it was good for me to be here, particularly while I was preaching in the evening. The society afterwards met: but we scarce knew how to part, our hearts were so enlarged toward each other.

Saturday 26, The morning congregation was encreased to above thrice the usual number, while I explained, *Grace be unto you and peace, from God the Father and from our Lord Jesus Christ.* At Long-lane, likewise, in the evening I had a crowded audience, to whom I spoke from those words, *O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out!*

Sunday 27, After diligent enquiry made, I removed all those from the congregation of the faithful, whose behaviour or spirit was not agreeable to the Gospel of Christ: openly declaring the objections I had to each, that others might fear, and cry to God for them.

Thursday 31, By the unusual overflowing of peace and love to all which I felt, I was inclined to believe some trial was at hand. At three in the afternoon my fever came. But finding it was not violent, I would not break my word, and therefore went at four and committed to the earth the remains of one who had died in the Lord a few days before: neither could I refrain from exhorting the almost innumerable multitude of people, who were gathered together round her grave, to cry to God that they might die the death of the righteous, and their last end be like her's. I then designed to lie down; but Sir John G—— coming, and sending to speak with me, I went to him, and from him into the pulpit, knowing God could renew my strength. I preached according to her request, who was now with God, on those words with which her soul had been so refreshed, a little before she went hence, after a long night of doubts and fears: *Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself. For the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.*

At the society which followed, many cried after God, with a loud and bitter cry. About ten I left them, and

committed myself into his hands, to do with me what seemed him good.

Friday, January 1, After a night of quiet sleep, I waked n a strong fever, but without any sickness, or thirst, or pain. I consented however to keep my bed; but on condition, that every one who desired it, should have liberty to speak with me. I believe fifty or sixty persons did so this day, nor did I find any inconvenience from it. In the evening I sent for all of the bands who were in the house, that we might magnify our Lord together. A near relation being with me when they came, I asked her afterwards if she was not offended? "Offended!" said she: "I wish I could be always among you. I thought I was in heaven."

This night also, by the blessing of God, I slept well, to the utter astonishment of those about me, the apothecary, in particular, who said, "He had never seen such a fever in his life." I had a clear remission in the morning: but about two in the afternoon, a stronger fit than any before. Otherwise I had determined to have been at the meeting of the bands. But good is the will of the Lord.

Sunday 3, Finding myself quite free from pain, I met the leaders, morning and afternoon: and joined with a little company of them, in the great sacrifice of thanksgiving. In the evening, it being the men's love-feast, I desired they would all come up. Those whom the room would not contain, stood without: while we all with one mouth sang praise to God.

Monday 4, I waked in perfect health. Does not God both kill and make alive? This day (I understand) poor Charles Kinchin died!

Cui pudor, & justitiæ soror
Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas
Quando ullum inveniet parem?

I preached morning and evening every day, for the remaining part of the week. On Saturday, while I was preaching at Long-lane, a rude rout lift up their voice on high. I fell upon them without delay. Some pulled off their hats, and opened their mouth no more. The rest stole out, one

after another. All that remained were quiet and attentive.

Sunday 10, I got a little time to see Mr. Dolman. Two years ago he seemed to be dying of an asthma: being hardly able to rise at eight o'clock in a morning, after a struggling, as it were, for life. But from the time he came thither first, he rarely failed to be at the Foundery, by five o'clock. Nor was he at all the worse: his distemper being suspended, until within a very few days. I found him just on the wing, and full of love, and peace, and joy in believing. And in the same spirit (as I afterwards understood) he continued, until God took him to himself.

Monday 11, I went twice to Newgate, at the request of poor R—— R——, who lay there under sentence of death, but was refused admittance. Receiving a few lines from him on the day he was to die, I desired Mr. Richards to try, if he could be admitted then. But he came back with a fresh refusal.

It was above two years before, that being destitute and in distress, he applied to me at Bristol for relief. I took him in, and employed him for the present, in writing and keeping accounts for me. Not long after I placed him in the little school, which was kept by the United Society. There were many suspicions of him during that time, as well as of his companion, Gwillim Snowde. But no proof appeared: so that after three or four months, they quietly returned to London. But they did not deceive God, nor escape his hand. Gwillim Snowde was soon apprehended for a robbery, and when condemned sent for me, and said, nothing lay heavier upon him, than his having thus returned evil for good. I believe it was now the desire of poor R—— too, to tell me all that he had done. But the hour was past: I could not now be permitted to see or speak with him. So that he who before would not receive the word of God from my mouth, now desired what he could not obtain. And on Wednesday he fell a sacrifice to the justice of a long offended God. O consider this, ye that now forget God, and know not the day of your visitation!

In the afternoon I buried the body of James St. Angel,

who having long been tried in the fire, on Monday, in the full triumph of faith, gave up his spirit to God.

I heard of several to day who began to run well; but did not endure to the end. Men fond of their own opinions tore them from their brethren, and could not keep them when they had done: but they soon fell back into the world, and are now swallowed up in its pleasures or cares. I fear those zealots who took these souls out of my hands, will give but a poor account of them to God.

On Thursday and Friday I visited the sick, by many of whom I was greatly refreshed. Monday 18, we greatly rejoiced in the Lord at Long-lane, even in the midst of those that contradicted and blasphemed. Nor was it long before many of them also were touched, and blasphemies were turned to praise.

Thursday 21, I again visited many that were sick, but I found no fear either of pain or death among them. One (Mary Whittle) said, "I shall go to my Lord to-morrow. But before I go, He will finish his work." The next day she lay quiet for about two hours, and then opening her eyes, cried out, "It is done, it is done! Christ liveth in me! He lives in me!" And died in a moment.

Friday 22, I met the society at Short's-Gardens, Drury-lane, for the first time. Saturday 23, I called on another, who was believed to be near death, and greatly triumphing over it. "I know," said she, "that my Redeemer liveth, and will stand at the latter day upon the earth. I fear not death. It hath no sting for me. I shall live for evermore."

Monday 25, While I was explaining at Long-lane, *He that committeth sin is of the devil;* his servants were above measure enraged: they not only made all possible noise, (although, as I had desired before, no man stirred from his place, or answered them a word) but violently thrust many persons to and fro, struck others, and brake down part of the house. At length they began throwing large stones upon the house, which forcing their way wherever they came, fell down together with the tiles among the people, so that they were in danger of their lives. I then told them, "You

must not go on thus. I am ordered by the magistrate, who is in this respect to us the minister of God, to inform him of those who break the laws of God and the King. And I must do it, if you persist herein; otherwise I am a partaker of your sin." When I ceased speaking, they were more outrageous than before. Upon this I said, "Let three or four calm men, take hold of the foremost, and charge a constable with him, that the law may take its course." They did so, and brought him into the house, cursing and blaspheming in a dreadful manner. I desired five or six to go with him to Justice Copeland, to whom they nakedly related the fact. The Justice immediately bound him over to the next sessions at Guilford.

I observed, when the man was brought into the house, that many of his companions were loudly crying out, "Richard Smith! Richard Smith!" Who, as it afterward appeared, was one of their stoutest champions. But Richard Smith answered not; he was fallen into the hands of one higher than they. God had struck him to the heart, as also a woman, who was speaking words not fit to be repeated, and throwing whatever came to hand, whom he overtook in the very act. She came into the house with Richard Smith, fell upon her knees before us all, and strongly exhorted him, "Never to turn back, never to forget the mercy which God had now shewn to his soul." From this time we had never any considerable interruption or disturbance at Long-lane: although we withdrew our prosecution, upon the offender's submission and promise of better behaviour.

Tuesday 26, I explained at Chelsea, the faith which worketh by love. I was very weak when I went into the room. But the more *the beasts of the people* increased in madness and rage, the more was I strengthened, both in body and soul: so that I believe few in the house, which was exceeding full, lost one sentence of what I spoke. Indeed they could not see me, nor one another at a few yards distance, by reason of the exceeding thick smoke, which was occasioned by the wild fire and things of that kind, con-

tinually thrown into the room. But they who could praise God in the midst of the fires, were not to be affrighted by a little smoke.

Wednesday 27, I buried the body of Sarah Whiskin, a young woman late of Cambridge: a short account of whom follows, in the words of one that was with her, during her last struggle for eternity.

"The first time she went, intending to hear Mr. Wesley, was January 3; but he was then ill. She went again, Tuesday 5, and was not disappointed. From that time she seemed quite taken up with the things above, and could willingly have been always hearing, or praying, or singing hymns. Wednesday 13, She was sent for into the country: At which news she cried violently, being afraid to go, lest she should be again conformable to the world. With tears in her eyes she asked me, 'What shall I do? I am in a great strait.' And being advised, To commit her cause to God, and pray that his will might be done, not her own, she said, 'She would defer her journey three days, to wait upon God, that he might shew his will concerning her.' The next day she was taken ill of a fever. But being something better on Friday, she sent and took a place in the Cambridge coach, for the Tuesday following. Her sister asking her, If she thought it was the will of God she should go? She answered, 'I leave it to the Lord; and am sure He will find a way to prevent it, if it is not for my good.' Sunday 17, She was ill again, and desired me to write a note, That she might be prayed for. I asked, What I should write? She answered, 'You know what I want, a lively faith.' Being better on Monday 18, She got up, to prepare for her journey; though still desiring God to put a stop to it, if it was not according to his will. As soon as she rose from prayer, she fainted away. When she came to herself she said, 'Where is that scripture of Balaam journeying, and the angel of the Lord standing in the way? I can bring this home to myself. I was just going this morning, and see, God has taken away all my strength.'

"From this hour, she was almost continually praying to God, That He would reveal himself to her soul. On Tuesday 19, being in tears, She was asked, 'What was the matter?' She answered, 'The devil is very busy with me.' One asking, 'Who condemns you?' She pointed to her heart and said, 'This: And God is greater than my heart.' On Thursday after Mr. Richards had prayed with her, she was much more cheerful, and said, She could not doubt but God would fulfil the desire which he had given her.

"Friday 22, One of her sisters coming out of the country to see her, she said, 'If I had come to you, evil would have befallen me. But I am snatched out of the hands of the devil. Though God has not yet revealed Himself unto me, yet I believe, were I to die this night, before to-morrow I should be in heaven.' Her sister saying, 'I hope God will restore you to health:' she replied, 'Let Him do what seemeth Him good.'

"Saturday 23, She said, 'I saw my mother, and brother, and sister, in my sleep, and they all received a blessing in a moment.' I asked, if she thought she should die? And whether she believed, the Lord would receive her soul? Looking very earnestly, she said, 'I have not seen the Lord yet. But I believe I shall see Him and live. Although these are bold words, for a sinner to say. Are they not?'

"Sunday 24, I asked her, 'How have you rested?' She answered, 'Very well. Though I have had no sleep: and I wanted none: for I have had the Lord with me. O let us not be ashamed of Him, but proclaim Him upon the house-top. And I know, whatever I ask in the name of Jesus, according to his will, I shall have.' Soon after she called hastily to me, and said, 'I fear I have deceived myself. I thought the Amen was sealed in my heart; but I fear it is not. Go down and pray for me, and let Him not go, until He has given my heart's desire.' Soon after she broke out into singing and said, 'I was soon delivered of my fears. I was only afraid of a flattering hope: but if it had been so, I would not have let Him go.'

"Her sister that was come to see her was much upon her ind. 'You,' said she, 'are in pain for her. But I have ith for this little child. God has a favour unto her.' In e afternoon she desired me to write a bill for her. I asked, 'hat shall I write? She said, 'Return thanks for what God s done for me, and pray that he would manifest himself my relations also. Go to the preaching. Leave but one ith me.' Soon after we were gone she rose up, called to e person that was with her and said, 'Now it is done. I a assured my sins are forgiven.' The person answering, Death is a little thing, to them that die in the Lord:' She plied with, vehemence, 'A little thing! It is nothing.' he person then desiring, she would pray for her, she swered, 'I do: I pray for all. I pray for all I know, nd for them I do not know. And the Lord will hear the ayer of faith.' At our return, her sister kneeling by the d-side, she said, 'Are you not comforted, my dear, for e?' Her speech then failing, she made signs for her to be r her, and kissed her and smiled upon her. She then lay out an hour without speaking or stirring; until about ree o'clock on Monday morning, she cried out, 'My ord and my God!' fetched a double sigh, and died.

Friday 29, Hearing of one who had been drawn away r those who prophesy smooth things, I went to her house. ut she was purposely gone abroad. Perceiving there was human help, I desired the congregation at Short's-Garns, to join with me in prayer to God, That he would not ffer her to have any rest in her spirit, until she returned into e way of truth. Two days after she came to me of her wn accord, and confessed, in the bitterness of her soul, at she had no rest day or night, while she remained with em, out of whose hands God had now delivered her.

Monday, February 1, I found, after the exclusion of ne, who did not walk according to the Gospel, about eleven ndred, who are, I trust, of a more excellent spirit, remain- l in the society.

Thursday 4, A clergyman lately come from America,

who was at the preaching last night, called upon me, appeared full of good desires, and seemed willing to cast in his lot with us. But I cannot suddenly answer in this matter. I must first know, What spirit he is of. For none can labour with us, unless he *count all things dung and dross that he may win Christ.*

Friday 5, I set out, and, with some difficulty, reached Chippenham on Saturday evening; the weather being so extremely rough and boisterous, that I had much ado to sit my horse. On Sunday about noon I came to Kingswood, where were many of our friends from Bath, Bristol, and Wales. O that we may ever thus love one another, with a pure heart fervently!

Monday 8, I rode to Bath, and in the evening explained the latter part of the seventh of St. Luke. Observing many noisy persons at the end of the room, I went and stood in the midst of them. But the greater part slipped away to that end from which I came, and then took heart, and cried aloud again. I paused, to give them their full scope; and then began a particular application to them. They were very quiet in a short time, and, I trust, will not forget it so soon as some of them may desire.

Wednesday 10, And the following days of this week, I spoke severally with all those, who desired to remain in the United Society, and to watch over each other in love.

Monday 15, Many met together to consult on a proper method for discharging the public debt. And it was at length agreed, 1, That every member of the society who was able, should contribute a penny a week: 2, That the whole society should be divided into little companies or classes, about twelve in each class; and, 3, That one person in each class should receive the contribution of the rest, and bring it in to the stewards weekly.

Friday 19, I went to Bath. Many threatened great things. But I knew the strength of them and their god. I preached, on *He shall save his people from their sins:* none disturbing or interrupting me.

Saturday 20, I preached at Weavers' Hall. It was a glorious time. Several dropped to the ground as if struck by lightning. Some cried out in bitterness of soul: I knew not where to end, being constrained to begin anew, again and again. In this acceptable time we begged of God to restore our brethren, who are departed from us for a season; and to teach us all, to *follow after the things that make for peace* and the *things whereby one may edify another.*

Sunday 21, In the evening I explained the *exceeding great and precious promises* which are given us: a strong confirmation whereof I read, in a plain, artless account, of a child, whose body then lay before us. The substance of this was as follows:

"John Woolley was for some time in your school; but was turned out for his ill behaviour: soon after he ran away from his parents, lurking about for several days and nights together, and hiding himself in holes and corners, that his mother might not find him. During this time he suffered both hunger and cold. Once he was three whole days without sustenance, sometimes weeping and praying by himself, and sometimes playing with other loose boys.

"One night he came to the New Room. Mr. Wesley was then speaking of disobedience to parents. He was quite confounded, and thought there never was in the world, so wicked a child as himself. He went home, and never ran away any more. His mother saw the change in his whole behaviour, but knew not the cause. He would often go up stairs by himself to prayer, and often go alone into the fields, having done with all his idle companions.

"And now the devil began to set upon him with all his might, continually tempting him to self murder. Sometimes he was vehemently pressed to hang himself, sometimes to leap into the river. But this only made him the more earnest in prayer: in which after he had been one day wrestling with God, he saw himself, he said, surrounded in a sudden, with an inexpressible light, and was so filled

with joy and the love of God, that he scarce knew where he was, and with such love to all mankind, that he could have laid himself on the ground, for his worst enemies to trample upon.

"From this time his father and mother were surprised at him, he was so diligent to help them in all things. When they went to the preaching, he was careful to give their supper to the other children: and when he had put them to bed, hurried away to the room, to light his father or mother home. Mean time, he lost no opportunity of hearing the preaching himself, or of doing any good he could, either at home or in any place where he was.

"One day walking in the fields, he fell into talk with a farmer, who spoke very slightly of religion. John told him, he ought not to talk so; and enlarged upon that word of the apostle, (which he begged him to consider deeply) *Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.* The man was amazed; caught the child in his arms, and knew not how to part with him.

"His father and mother once hearing him speak pretty loud in the next room, listened to hear what he said. He was praying thus: 'Lord, I do not expect to be heard for my much speaking. Thou knowest my heart. Thou knowest my wants.' He then descended to particulars. Afterward he prayed very earnestly for his parents, and for his brothers and sisters by name: then for Mr. John and Charles Wesley, that God would set their faces as a flint, and give them to go on, conquering and to conquer: then for all the other ministers he could remember by name, and for all that were, or desired to be, true ministers of Christ.

"In the beginning of his illness, his mother asked him, if he wanted any thing? He answered, 'Nothing but Christ, and I am as sure of him, as if I had him already.' He often said, 'O mother, if all the world believed in Christ, what a happy world would it be! And they may. For Christ died for every soul of man. I was the worst of sinners, and he died for me. O thou that callest the worst of sinners, call

me. O, it is a free gift, I am sure I have done nothing to deserve it.'

"On Wednesday he said to his mother, 'I am in very great trouble for my father. He has always taken an honest care of his family. But he does not know God: if he dies in the state he is in now, he cannot be saved. I have prayed for him, and will pray for him.* If God should give him the true faith, and then take him to himself, do not you fear: do not you be troubled. God has promised to be a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow. I will pray for him and you in heaven: and I hope we shall sing hallelujah in heaven together.

"To his eldest sister he said, 'Do not puff yourself up with pride. When you receive your wages, which is not much, lay it out in plain necessaries. And if you are inclined to be merry, do not sing songs; that is the devil's diversion: there are many lies and ill things in those idle songs. Do you sing psalms and hymns. Remember your Creator in the days of your youth. When you are at work, you may lift up your heart to God. And be sure never to rise or go to bed, without asking his blessing.

"He added, 'I shall die; but do not cry for me. Why should you cry for me? Consider what a joyful thing it is, to have a brother go to heaven. I am not a man. I am but a boy. But is it not in the Bible, *Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength?* I know where I am going. I would not be without this knowledge for a thousand worlds. For though I am not in heaven yet, I am as sure of it, as if I were.

"'On Wednesday night, he wrestled much with God in prayer. At last, throwing his arms open, he cried, 'Come, come, Lord Jesus! I am thine. Amen and Amen.' He said, 'God answers me in my heart, Be of good cheer; thou hast overcome the world:' and immediately after, he was filled with love and joy unspeakable.

* N. B. His father died not long after.

"He said to his mother, 'That school was the saving of my soul: for there I began to seek the Lord. But how is it, that a person no sooner begins to seek the Lord, but Satan straight stirs up all his instruments against him?

"When he was in agony of pain he cried out, 'O Saviour, give me patience. Thou hast given me patience. But give me more. Give me thy love, and pain is nothing. I have deserved all this, and a thousand times more. For there is no sin but I have been guilty of it.

"A while after he said, 'O mother, how is this? If a man does not do his work, the masters in the world will not pay him his wages. But it is not so with God. He gives me good wages: and yet I am sure I have done nothing to gain them. O it is a free gift. It is free for every soul. For Christ has died for all.

"On Thursday morning his mother asked him, How he did? He said, 'I have had much struggling to-night. But my Saviour is so loving to me, I do not mind it: it is no more than nothing to me.

"Then he said, 'I desire to be buried from the room, and I desire Mr. Wesley would preach a sermon over me, on those words of David (unless he thinks any other to be more fit) *Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now I have kept thy word.*

"I asked him, 'How do you find yourself now? He said, 'In great pain, but full of love.' I asked, But does not the love of God overcome pain? He answered, 'Yes; pain is nothing to me. I did sing praises to the Lord in the midst of my greatest pain. And I could not help it.' I asked him, If he was willing to die? He replied, 'O yes; with all my heart.' I said, but if life and death were set before you, what would you choose then? He answered, 'To die and to be with Christ. I long to be out of this wicked world.'

"On Thursday night he slept much sweeter than he had done for some time before. In the morning he begged to see Mr. John Wesley. When Mr. Wesley came, and after some other questions, asked him, What he should

pray for? He said, 'That God would give him a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within him.' When prayer was ended, he seemed much enlivened, and said, 'I thought I should have died to-day. But I must not be in haste. I am content to stay. I will tarry the Lord's leisure.'

"On Saturday, one asked, If he still chose to die? He said, 'I have no will: my will is resigned to the will of God. But I shall die. Mother, be not troubled. I shall go away like a lamb.'

"On Sunday he spoke exceeding little. On Monday his speech began to faulter. On Tuesday it was gone; but he was fully in his senses, almost continually lifting up his eyes to heaven. On Wednesday his speech being restored, his mother said, 'Jacky, you have not been with your Saviour to-night.' He replied, 'Yes, I have.' She asked, 'What did he say?' He answered, 'He bid me not be afraid of the devil. For he had no power to hurt me at all, but I should tread him under my feet.' He lay very quiet on Wednesday night. The next morning he spent in continual prayer: often repeating the Lord's prayer, and earnestly commending his soul into the hands of God.

"He then called for his little brother and sister to kiss them; and for his mother, whom he desired to kiss him. Then, between nine and ten, he said, 'Now, let me kiss you:' which he did, and immediately fell asleep.

"He lived some months above thirteen years."

Sunday 28, In the evening, I set out for Wales. I lay that night about six miles from Bristol, and preached in the morning, March 1, to a few of the neighbours. We then hastened to the Passage; but the boat was gone, half an hour before the usual time. So I was obliged to wait till five in the afternoon: we then set out with a fair breeze. But when we were nearly half over the river, the wind entirely failed. The boat could not bear up against the ebbing tide, but was driven down among the rocks: on one of which we made shift to scrabble up, whence about seven we got to land.

That night I went forward about five miles, and the next morning came to Cardiff. There I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Jones, of Fonmon, still pressing on into all the fulness of God. I rode with him to Wenvo. The church was thoroughly filled, while I explained the former part of the Second Lesson, concerning the Barren Fig-tree; and the power of the Lord was present, both to wound and to heal.

I explained in the evening at Fonmon, though in weakness and pain, how Jesus saveth us from our sins. The next morning at eight I preached at Bolston, a little town four miles from Fonmon. Thence I rode to Lantrissent, and sent to the minister, to desire the use of his church. His answer was, "He should have been very willing, but the Bishop had forbidden him." By what law? I am not legally convict, either of heresy, or any other crime. By what authority then am I suspended from preaching? By barefaced arbitrary power.

Another clergyman immediately offered me his church. But it being too far off, I preached in a large room; spent a little time with the society in prayer and exhortation, and then took horse for Cardiff.

Thursday 4, About noon I preached at Lanissan, and was afterward much refreshed in meeting the little, earnest society. I preached at Cardiff at seven, on *Be not righteous overmuch*, to a larger congregation than before; and then exhorted the society, To fear only, the being over wicked, or the falling short of the full image of God.

Friday 5, I talked with one, who used frequently to say, "I pray God I may never have this New Faith. I desire, that I may not know my sins forgiven, till I come to die." But as she was some weeks since reading the Bible at home, the clear light broke in upon her soul. She knew, All her sins were blotted out, and cried aloud, "My Lord and my God."

In the evening I expounded, *This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.* We afterwards admitted several new members into the society, and were

greatly comforted together. Saturday 6, I left Cardiff about eight, and in the evening came to Bristol.

Wednesday 10, I was with a gentlewoman, whose distemper has puzzled the most eminent physicians for many years; it being such as they could neither give any rational account of, nor find any remedy for. The plain case is, She is tormented by an evil spirit, following her day and night. Yea, try all your drugs over and over; but at length it will plainly appear, That *this kind goeth not out, but by prayer and fasting.*

Friday 12, I read part of Dr. Cheyne's Natural Method of Curing Diseases; of which I cannot but observe, it is one of the most ingenious books which I ever saw. But what epicure will ever regard it? For "the man talks against good eating and drinking!"

Our Lord was gloriously present with us at the watch-night; so that my voice was lost in the cries of the people. After midnight about a hundred of us walked home together, singing, and rejoicing, and praising God.

Friday 19, I rode once more to Pensford, at the earnest request of several serious people. The place where they desired me to preach was a little green spot, near the town. But I had no sooner begun, than a great company of rabble, hired (as we afterwards found) for that purpose, came furiously upon us, bringing a bull which they had been baiting, and now strove to drive in among the people. But the beast was wiser than his drivers, and continually ran, either on one side of us or the other, while we quietly sang praise to God, and prayed for about an hour. The poor wretches finding themselves disappointed, at length seized upon the bull, now weak and tired, after having been so long torn and beaten both by dogs and men, and by main strength, partly dragged and partly thrust him in among the people. When they had forced their way to the little table on which I stood, they strove several times to throw it down, by thrusting the helpless beast against it, who of himself stirred no more than a log of wood. I once or twice put aside his head with my hand, that the blood

might not drop upon my clothes, intending to go on, as soon as the hurry should be a little over. But the table falling down, some of our friends caught me in their arms, and carried me right away on their shoulders. While the rabble wreaked their vengance on the table, which they tore bit from bit. We went a little way off, where I finished my discourse, without any noise or interruption.

Sunday 21, In the evening I rode to Marshfield, and on Tuesday in the afternoon came to London. Wednesday 24, I preached for the last time, in the French chapel at Wapping, on *If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed.*

Thursday 25, I appointed several earnest and sensible men to meet me, to whom I shewed the great difficulty I had long found, of knowing the people who desired to be under my care. After much discourse, they all agreed, There could be no better way, to come to a sure, thorough knowledge of each person, than to divide them into classes like those at Bristol, under the inspection of those in whom I could most confide. This was the origin of our classes at London, for which I can never sufficiently praise God: the unspeakable usefulness of the institution having ever since been more and more manifest.

Wednesday 31, My brother set out for Oxford. In the evening I called upon Ann Calcut. She had been speechless for some time. But almost as soon as we began to pray, God restored her speech. She then witnessed a good confession indeed. I expected to see her no more; but from that hour the fever left her, and in a few days she arose and walked, glorifying God.

Sunday, April 4, About two in the afternoon, being the time my brother was preaching at Oxford, before the University, I desired a few persons to meet with me and join in prayer. We continued herein much longer than we at first designed, and believed we had the petition we asked of God.

Friday 9, We had the first watch-night in London: we commonly choose for this solemn service, the Friday night,

nearest the full moon, either before or after, that those of the congregation who live at a distance may have light to their several homes. The service begins at half an hour past eight, and continues till a little after midnight. We have often found a peculiar blessing at these seasons. There is generally a deep awe upon the congregation, perhaps in some measure owing to the silence of the night; particularly in singing the hymn with which we commonly conclude:

"Hearken to the solemn voice!
The awful midnight cry!
Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
And feel the Bridegroom nigh."

April 16, Being Good-Friday, I was desired to call on one that was ill at Islington. I found there several of my old acquaintance, who loved me once as the apple of their eyes. By staying with them but a little, I was clearly convinced, That were I to stay but one week among them, (unless the providence of God plainly called me so to do) I should be as *still* as poor Mr. St——. I felt their words as it were thrilling through my veins. So soft! so pleasing to nature! it seemed our religion was but a heavy, coarse thing; nothing so delicate, so refined as theirs. I wonder any person of taste (that has not faith) can stand before them!

Sunday 18, In the afternoon, one who had tasted the love of God, but had turned again to folly, was deeply convinced, and torn as it were to pieces by guilt, and remorse, and fear. And even after the sermon was ended, she continued in the same agony, it seemed both of body and soul. Many of us were then met together in another part of the house; but her cries were so piercing, though at a distance, that I could not pray, nor hardly speak, being quite chilled every time I heard them. I asked, whether it were best to bring her in, or send her out of the house? It being the general voice, she was brought in, and we cried to God, to heal her backsliding. We soon found, we were asking according to his will. He not only bade her *depart*

in peace, but filled many others, until then heavy of heart, with peace and joy in believing.

Monday 19, At noon I preached at Brentford, and again about seven in the evening. Many who had threatened to do terrible things were present; but they made no disturbance at all.

Tuesday 20, Was the day on which our noisy neighbours had agreed to summon all their forces together; a great number of whom came early in the evening, and planted themselves as near the desk as possible. But He that sitteth in heaven laughed them to scorn. The greater part soon vanished away; and to some of the rest, I trust his word came with the demonstration of his Spirit.

Friday 23, I spent an agreeable hour with Mr. Wh——. I believe he is sincere in all he says, concerning his earnest desire of joining hand in hand, with all that love the Lord Jesus Christ. But if (as some would persuade me) he be not, the loss is all on his own side. I am just as I was. I go on my way, whether he go with me, or stay behind.

Sunday 25, At five I preached in Radcliff-square, near Stepney, on *I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance*. A multitude of them were gathered together before I came home, and filled the street above and below the Foundery. Some who apprehended we should have but homely treatment, begged me to go in as soon as possible. But I told them, "No; provide you for yourselves. But I have a message to deliver first." I told them, after a few words, "Friends, let every man do as he pleases. But it is my manner when I speak of the things of God, or when another does, to uncover my head:" which I accordingly did, and many of them did the same. I then exhorted them to repent and believe the Gospel. Not a few of them appeared to be deeply affected. Now, Satan, count thy gains.

Monday 26, I called on one who was sorrowing as without hope, for her son who was turned again to folly. I advised her to wrestle with God for his soul. And in two days,

he brought home the wandering sheep, fully convinced of the error of his ways, and determined to choose the better part.

Saturday, May 1, One called, whom I had often advised, "Not to hear them that preach smooth things." But she could not believe there was any danger therein, "Seeing we were all (she said) children of God." The effects of it which now appeared in her were these: 1, She was grown above measure wise in her own eyes. She knew every thing as well as any could tell her, and needed not to be taught of man. 2, She utterly despised all her brethren, saying, "They were all in the dark; they knew not what faith meant." 3, She despised her teachers as much, if not more than them, saying, "They knew nothing of the Gospel; they preached nothing but the law, and brought all into bondage who minded what they said." "Indeed," said she, "after I had heard Mr. Sp—— I was amazed; for I never since heard you preach one good sermon. And I said to my husband, 'My dear, did Mr. Wesley always preach so?' And he said, 'Yes, my dear; but your eyes were not opened.'"

Thursday 6, I described that falling away, spoken of by St. Paul to the Thessalonians, which we so terribly feel to be already come, and to have overspread the (so called) christian world. One of my hearers was highly offended at my supposing any of the Church of England to be concerned in this. But his speech soon betrayed him to be of no church at all, zealous and orthodox as he was. So that after I had appealed to his own heart, as well as to all that heard him, he retired with confusion of face.

Saturday 8, One of Fetter-lane mentioning a letter he had received from a poor man in Lincolnshire, I read and desired a copy of it: part of which is as follows:

"*May* 3, 1742.

"SAMUEL MEGGOT TO RICHARD RIDLEY.

"BROTHER,

"I have now much communion with thee, and desire to have more. But till now I found a great gulph between

us, so that we could not one pass to the other. Therefore thy letters were very death to me, and thou wast to me as a branch broke off and thrown by to wither. Yet I waited, if the Lord should please to let us into the same union we had before. So the Lord hath given it. And in the same I write, desiring it may continue until death.

"I wrote before to thee and John Harrison, 'Be not afraid to be found sinners,' hoping you would not separate the law from the spirit, until the flesh was found dead. For I think our hearts are discovered by the law, yea, every tittle, and condemned by the same. Then we are quickened in the spirit. Justice cannot be separated from mercy; neither can they be one greater than the other. *Keep the commandments and I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter.* Mark that! *Thy sins be forgiven thee. Arise, take up thy bed and walk.* Here is work before mercy, and mercy before work. So then, through the law by faith our heart is pure. Beware therefore of them, who, while they promise you liberty, are themselves the servants of corruption. O dead faith, that cannot always live pure! Treacherous Judas, that thus betrayest thy master!

"Let the law arraign you, till Jesus Christ bring forth judgment in your hearts unto victory. Yea, let your hearts be open wide, receiving both, that the one may confirm the other. So thou livest so much in the Son's righteousness, that the law saith, I have nought against thee. This is faith, that thus conquers the old man, in putting him off, and putting on Christ. Purify your hearts by faith: so shall the temple of God be holy and the altar therein, that spiritual sacrifices may be offered, acceptable to the Lord. Now if any man be otherwise minded let him be ashamed. For if there live any of our self in us, that one branch of nature, that one member, shall cause the whole man to burn everlastingly. Let as many as know not this perfection, which is by Jesus Christ, press forward by faith till they come to the experimental knowledge of it.

"But how many souls have I seen washed, and turned

again to the wallowing in their sins.—O that Lamb! How is he put to an open shame again, who had once reconciled them to the Father!

"Now I would write a little of the travail of my own soul. I thought myself right long since; but when the light of life came, I saw myself ready to die in my sins.—I had faith; but I had it by knowledge and not in power. Yet by this faith I had great liberty.—Nevertheless this faith kept my heart corrupt, and the whole man of sin alive.—My way of proceeding was thus: Sometimes I was overtaken in a fault, and so was put to a stand a little; but as soon as I could, I would wipe myself by knowledge, saying, 'Christ died for sinners.' I was right so far and no farther. He died for sinners; but not to save him that continues in his sins. For whomsoever he cleanses, they are clean indeed: first sinners, then saints, and so they remain. By and by I was overtaken again: and the oftener I was overtaken the stronger I thought myself in the Lord. Yea, for my corruptions' sake I was forced to get more knowledge, or else I should have been condemned. So I arrived at such a pitch of knowledge' (*i. e.* of notional faith) 'that I could crucify Christ with one hand, and take pardon with the other; so that I was always happy.—Here was the mystery of iniquity, conceived in my heart. For it led me to this; if I were to take of any man's goods, I would say or think, 'I am a sinner of myself; but Christ died for *me*: so his righteousness is mine.' And farther, I could not see, but if I were to kill a man, yet I should be pure. So great a friend to sin and the devil was I, that I would have made sin and the devil to become the righteousness of God in Christ: yea, that I began to love him whom the Lord hath reserved for everlasting fire.—

"So I held Christ without, and the devil within. This is a mystery, that I should feel myself safe and pure, and yet the devil to be in me. Judge who gave me this purity, and taught me to be *thus* perfect in Christ! But ere long that began to break forth in action, which I had conceived in my heart. But it was the Lord's will I should not go far,

before I was again brought under the law. Then did I stand stripped and naked of that knowledge. I wish all who are so deceived as I was, were brought under the law, that they might learn what it is to come to Jesus Christ. And I wish them not to pass from under the law, until they clearly see the end of the law come into their hearts.

"The law, being mixed with faith, makes it quick and powerful. For as the law will not leave one hair of our heads uncondemned, so faith will not leave one unreconciled. And blessed is he who lives in the same reconciliation, and turns not as a dog to his vomit. Then shall he be called the child of God, which cannot sin, because his seed remaineth in him.—

"Thou writest, 'Jesus makes it manifest to thee, that thou art a great sinner.' That is well; and if more, it would be better for thee. Again thou sayest, 'Since thou first receivedest a full and free pardon for all thy sins, thou hast received so many fresh pardons, that they are quite out of count.' And this thou sayest, is spoken 'to thy own shame and thy Saviour's praise.' Come, my brother, let us both be more ashamed. Let us see where we are, and what we are doing to the Lamb. We are not glorifying him: (let us not mistake ourselves thus) we are crucifying him afresh. We are putting him to an open shame, and bringing swift damnation on our own heads.

"Again thou sayest, 'Though thy sins be great and many, yet thy Saviour's grace is greater.' Thou sayest right: or else, how should we have been cleansed? But his great cleansing power does not design that we should become foul again; lest he call us away in our uncleanness, and we perish for ever. For it will not profit us, that we were once cleansed, if we be found in uncleanness.

"Take heed to thyself, that the knowledge that is in thee deceive thee not. For thou writest so to my experience, that I can tell thee as plain how thou art, or plainer, than thou canst thyself. Thou sayest, 'After thou hast done something amiss, thou needest not to be unhappy one moment, if thou wilt but go to thy Saviour. Is not this the

very state I have mentioned? O that that knowledge were cast out! So shouldest thou always do the things that please the Father. O my dear brother, how art thou bewitched by the deceiver of thy soul! Thou art a stranger to the Saviour, who is gone to heaven, to give repentance to his people and remission of sins. I am afraid, the devil is thy saviour: more of him is manifest in thee, than of Christ. He tells thee, Thou art pure and washed: but he couzens thee. Yea, his deceitfulness cries out for vengeance. Yet he would be a Christ or a God.

"Thou sayest, thou 'hast need of remission of sins every day.' Yes, so thou hast: and more. Thou hast need every moment; so shouldest thou be clean; for this *every moment* should be eternity to thy soul. Thou thankest God that 'He hath provided such an high-priest for thee.' Let him be thine; so shalt thou be ruled by him every moment. What? Is he such a Saviour as can cleanse us from sin, and not keep us in the same? Judge where thou art. Thou and I, and many more, were once made pure. And we were pure while we believed the same, and were kept by the Father for his own name's sake. But how long did we *thus* believe? Let every man judge himself?

"Now, my brother, answer for thyself. Dost thou believe, that thou must always have this thy heart which is corrupted through and through with sin? I say, dost thou believe thy heart must be thus impure? If thou dost, the same doctrine must be preached to thee which was at first, 'Ye must receive the Holy Ghost:' that is, thou must be brought to the first remission, and there thou wilt see Jesus laid slain in thy heart. This thy first purity I will acknowledge, and none else. I believe the foundation of life was once in thee. But many, together with thee, have fallen away. Thou hearest how I acknowledge thee, and where, and no where else. And herein I have communion with thee in my spirit, and hope it will continue to the end."

And is poor Samuel Meggot himself, now fallen into the very same snare, against which he so earnestly warned his friend? Lord, what is man!

Sunday 9, I preached in Charles'-Square, to the largest congregation I have ever seen there. Many of the baser people would fain have interrupted. But they found after a time, it was lost labour. One who was more serious, was (as she afterwards confessed) exceeding angry at them. But she was quickly rebuked, by a stone which lit upon her head, and struck her down to the ground. In that moment her anger was at an end, and love only filled her heart.

Wednesday 12, I waited on the Archbishop of Canterbury with Mr. Whitefield, and again on Friday: as also on the Bishop of London. I trust if we should be called to appear before princes, we should not be ashamed.

Monday 17, I had designed this morning to set out for Bristol; but was unexpectedly prevented. In the afternoon I received a letter from Leicestershire, pressing me to come without delay, and pay the last office of friendship to one whose soul was on the wing for eternity. On Thursday 20, I set out. The next afternoon, I stopped a little at Newport-Pagnell, and then rode on until I overtook a serious man, with whom I immediately fell into conversation. He presently gave me to know, what his opinions were; therefore I said nothing to contradict him. But that did not content him. He was quite uneasy to know, "Whether I held the doctrine of the decrees as he did?" But I told him over and over, "We had better keep to practical things, lest we should be angry at one another." And so we did for two miles, until he caught me unawares, and dragged me into the dispute before I knew where I was. He then grew warmer and warmer: told me, "I was rotten at heart, and supposed I was one of John Wesley's followers." I told him "No; I am John Wesley himself." Upon which

Improvisum aspris velut qui sentibus anguem
Pressit;

he would gladly have run away outright. But being the better mounted of the two, I kept close to his side, and endeavoured to shew him his heart, until we came into the street of Northampton. Saturday 22, about five in the afternoon, I reached Donnington-Park.

Miss Cowper was just alive. But as soon as we came in, her spirit greatly revived. For three days we rejoiced in the grace of God, whereby she was filled with a hope full of immortality; with meekness, gentleness, patience, and humble love, knowing in whom she had believed.

Tuesday 25, I set out early in the morning with John Taylor (since settled in London) and Wednesday 26, at eight or nine o'clock, reached Birstal, six miles beyond Wakefield.

John Nelson had written to me some time before: but at that time I had little thought of seeing him. Hearing he was at home, I sent for him to our inn: whence he immediately carried me to his house; and gave me an account of the strange manner wherein he had been led on, from the time of our parting at London.

He had full business there and large wages; but from the time of his finding peace with God, it was continually upon his mind, That he must return (though he knew not why) to his native place. He did so, about Christmas, in the year 1740. His relations and acquaintance soon began to enquire, "What he thought of this new faith?" And whether he believed, There was any such thing as a man's knowing that his sins were forgiven? John told them point blank, That "this new faith, as they called it, was the old faith of the Gospel; and that he himself was as sure his sins were forgiven, as he could be of the shining of the sun." This was soon noised abroad: more and more came to enquire, concerning these strange things. Some put him upon the proof of the great truths, which such enquiries naturally led him to mention. And thus he was brought unawares to quote, explain, compare, and enforce several parts of Scripture. This he did at first, sitting in his house, until the company increased, so that the house could not contain them. Then he stood at the door, which he was commonly obliged to do, in the evening, as soon as he came from work. God immediately set his seal to what was spoken: and several believed, and therefore declared, That God was merciful also to their unrighteousness, and had forgiven all their sins.

Mr. Ingham hearing of this, came to Birstal, enquired into the facts, talked with John himself, and examined him in the closest manner, both touching his knowledge and spiritual experience. After which he encouraged him to proceed, and pressed him as often as he had opportunity, to come to any of the places where himself had been, and speak to the people, as God should enable him.

But he soon gave offence, both by his plainness of speech, and advising people to go to church and sacrament. Mr. Ingham reproved him; but finding him incorrigible, forbade any that were in his societies to hear him. But being persuaded, this is the will of God concerning him, he continues to this hour working in the day, that he may be burthensome to no man, and in the evening *testifying the truth as it is in Jesus.*

I preached at noon, on the top of Birstal-hill, to several hundreds of plain people: and spent the afternoon, in talking severally with those, who had tasted of the grace of God. All of these, I found had been vehemently pressed, "Not to run about to church and sacrament," and to "keep their religion to themselves; to be still; not to talk about what they had experienced." At eight I preached on the side of Dewsbury-moor, about two miles from Birstal, and earnestly exhorted all who believed, To wait upon God in his own ways, and to let their light shine before men.

Thursday 27, We left Birstal, and on Friday 28, came to Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

I read with great expectation, yesterday and to-day, Xenophon's Memorable Things of Socrates. I was utterly amazed at his want of judgment. How many of these things would Plato never have mentioned! but it may be well, that we see the shades too of the brightest picture in all heathen antiquity.

We came to Newcastle about six, and after a short refreshment, walked into the town. I was surprised: so much drunkenness, cursing, and swearing (even from the mouths of little children) do I never remember to have seen and heard before, in so small a compass of time. Surely

this place is ripe for him, who *came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.*

Saturday 29, I was informed, that "One Mr. Hall had been there about a year before, and had preached several times;" but I could not learn, that there was the least fruit of his labour. Nor could I find any that desired to hear him again, nor any that appeared to care for such matters.

Sunday 30, At seven I walked down to Sandgate, the poorest and most contemptible part of the town, and standing at the end of the street with John Taylor, began to sing the hundredth psalm. Three or four people came out to see what was the matter, who soon encreased to four or five hundred. I suppose, there might be twelve or fifteen hundred before I had done preaching: to whom I applied those solemn words, *He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by his stripes we are healed.*

Observing the people when I had done, to stand gaping and staring upon me, with the most profound astonishment, I told them, "If you desire to know who I am, my name is John Wesley. At five in the evening, with God's help, I design to preach here again."

At five, the hill on which I designed to preach, was covered from the top to the bottom. I never saw so large a number of people together, either in Moorfields, or at Kennington-Common. I knew it was not possible for the one half to hear, although my voice was then strong and clear, and I stood so as to have them all in view, as they were ranged on the side of the hill. The word of God which I set before them was, *I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely.* After preaching, the poor people were ready to tread me under foot, out of pure love and kindness. It was some time before I could possibly get out of the press. I then went back another way than I came. But several were got to our inn before me; by whom I was vehemently importuned to stay with them, at least, a few days: or, however, one day more. But I could not consent; having

given my word to be at Birstal, with God's leave, on Tuesday night.

Some of these told me, "They were members of a Religious Society, which had subsisted for many years, and had always gone on in a prudent, regular manner, and been well spoken of by all men. They likewise informed me, what a fine library they had, and that the steward read a sermon every Sunday." And yet how many of *the publicans and harlots* will go into the kingdom of heaven before these!

Monday 31, About three I left Newcastle. I read over to-day, the famous Dr. Pitcairn's Works; but I was utterly disappointed by that dry, sour, controversial book! We came in the evening to Borough-bridge; where to my great surprise, the mistress of the house, though much of a gentlewoman, desired she and her father might join with us in prayer. They did so likewise between four and five in the morning. Perhaps even this seed may bring forth fruit.

Tuesday, June 1, As we were riding through Knaresborough, not intending to stop there, a young man stopped me in the street, and earnestly desired me to go to his house. I did so. He told me, "Our talking with a man, as we went through the town before, had set many in a flame, and that the sermon we gave him, had travelled from one end of the town to the other." While I was with him, a woman came and desired to speak with me. I went to her house, whither five or six of her friends came, one of whom had been long under deep convictions. We spent an hour in prayer, and all our spirits were refreshed.

About one we came to Mr. Moore's, at Beeston, near Leeds. His son rode with me after dinner to Birstal, where (a multitude of people being gathered from all parts) I explained to them the spirit of bondage and adoption. I began about seven, but could not conclude until half an hour past nine.

Wednesday 2, I was invited to Mrs. Holmes's, near Halifax; where I preached at noon, on *Ask and ye shall receive*. Thence I rode to Dr. L—'s, the vicar of Halifax; a can-

did enquirer after truth. I called again upon Mrs. Holmes, in my return; when her sister a little surprised me, by asking, "Ought not a minister of Christ to do three things; First, to preach his law, in order to convince of sin: then to offer free pardon through faith in his blood, to all convinced sinners: and, in the third place, to preach his law again, as a rule for those that believe?" I think, if any one does otherwise, he is no true minister of Christ. He divides what God has joined, and cannot be said to preach the whole Gospel.

I preached at eight near Dewsbury-Moor; and at eight the next morning, Thursday 3, at Mirfield, where I found Mr. L. had been an hour before. Great part of the day I spent in speaking with those, who have tasted the powers of the world to come. By whose concurrent testimony I find, That Mr. I.'s method to this day is, 1, To endeavour to persuade them that they are in a delusion, and have indeed no faith at all: If this cannot be done, then, 2, To make them keep it to themselves; and, 3, To prevent their going to the church or sacrament, at least, to guard them from having any reverence, or expecting to find any blessing in these ordinances of God.

In the evening I preached at Atherton, a mile from Birstal, in a broad part of the highway, the people being too numerous to be contained in any house in the town. After preaching, and the next day, I spoke with more, who had received, or sought for, redemption through Christ: all of whom I perceived had been advised also, to put their light under a bushel; or to forsake the ordinances of God, in order to find Christ.

Friday 4, At noon I preached at Birstal once more. All the hearers were deeply attentive: whom I now confidently and cheerfully committed to *the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls.*

Hence I rode to Beeston. Here I met once more with the works of a celebrated author, of whom many great men cannot speak without rapture, and the strongest expressions of admiration. I mean Jacob Behme. The book I now opened

was, his *Mysterium Magnum*, or the Exposition of Genesis. Being conscious of my ignorance, I earnestly besought God to enlighten my understanding. I seriously considered what I read, and endeavoured to weigh it in the balance of the sanctuary. And what can I say, concerning the part I read? I can and must say thus much, (and that with as full evidence as I can say, that two and two make four,) It is most sublime nonsense, inimitable bombast, fustian not to be paralleled! All of a piece with his inspired interpretation of the word *Tetragrammaton:* on which (mistaking it for the unutterable name itself, whereas it means only a word consisting of four letters) he comments with such exquisite gravity and solemnity, telling you the meaning of every syllable of it!

Saturday 5, I rode for Epworth. Before we came thither, I made an end of Madam Guyon's Short Method of Prayer, and *Les Torrents* Spirituals. Ah, my brethren! I can answer your riddle, now I have ploughed with your heifer. The very words I have so often heard some of you use, are not your own, no more than they are God's. They are only retailed from this poor quietist; and that with the utmost faithfulness. O that ye knew how much God is wiser than man! Then would you drop quietists and mystics together, and at all hazards keep to the plain, practical, written word of God.

It being many years since I had been in Epworth before, I went to an inn, in the middle of the town, not knowing whether there were any left in it now, who would not be ashamed of my acquaintance. But an old servant of my father's, with two or three poor women, presently found me out. I asked her, "Do you know any in Epworth who are in earnest to be saved?" She answered, "I am, by the grace of God; and I know I am saved through faith." I asked, "Have you then the peace of God? Do you know that he has forgiven your sins?" She replied, "I thank God, I know it well. And many here can say the same thing."

Sunday 6, A little before the service began, I went to Mr. Romley, the curate, and offered to assist him either by

preaching or reading prayers; but he did not care to accept of my assistance. The church was exceeding full in the afternoon, a rumour being spread that I was to preach; but the sermon, on *Quench not the Spirit*, was not suitable to the expectation of many of the hearers. Mr. Romley told them, "One of the most dangerous ways of quenching the Spirit was by enthusiasm:" and enlarged on the character of an enthusiast, in a very florid and oratorical manner. After sermon John Taylor stood in the church-yard, and gave notice, as the people were coming out, "Mr. Wesley, not being permitted to preach in the church, designs to preach here at six o'clock."

Accordingly at six I came, and found such a congregation, as I believe Epworth never saw before. I stood near the east end of the church, upon my father's tombstone, and cried, *The kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.*

At eight I went to Edward Smith's, where were many not only of Epworth, but of Burnham, Haxey, Ouston, Belton, and other villages round about, who greatly desired, That I would come over to them and help them. I was now in a strait between two, desiring to hasten forward in my journey, and yet not knowing how to leave these poor bruised reeds, in the confusion wherein I found them. John Harrison, it seems, and Richard Ridley, had told them, in express terms, "All the ordinances are man's inventions; and if you go to church or sacrament, you will be damned." Many hereupon wholly forsook the church, and others knew not what to do. At last I determined to spend some days here, that I might have time both to preach in each town, and to speak severally with those in every place, who had found or waited for salvation.

Monday 7, I preached at Burnham, a mile from Epworth, on *The Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins*. At eight in the evening I stood again on my father's tomb, (as I did every evening this week), and cried aloud to the earnestly-attentive congregation, *By grace ye are saved, through faith.*

Tuesday 8, I walked to Hibbaldstow, about ten miles from Epworth, to see my brother and sister. The minister of Ouston, (two miles from Epworth) having sent me word, "I was welcome to preach in his church," I called there in my return; but his mind being changed, I went to another place in the town, and there explained, *Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins.* At eight I largely enforced at Epworth, the great truth (so little understood in what is called a Christian country), *Unto him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted to him for righteousness.* I went thence to the place where the little society met, which was sufficiently thronged both within and without. Here I found some from Hainton (a town twenty miles off,) who informed us, That God had begun a work there also, and constrained several to cry out, in the bitterness of their soul, "What must I do to be saved?"

Wednesday 9, I rode over to a neighbouring town, to wait upon a justice of peace, a man of candour and understanding; before whom (I was informed) their angry neighbours had carried a whole waggon-load of these new heretics. But when he asked, "What they had done?" There was a deep silence; for that was a point their conductors had forgot. At length one said, "Why, they pretend to be better than other people; and besides, they pray from morning to night." Mr. S—— asked, "But have they done nothing besides?" "Yes, Sir," said an old man. "An't please your worship, they have *converted* my wife. Till she went among them, she had such a tongue! And now she is as quiet as a lamb." "Carry them back, carry them back," replied the justice, "and let them convert all the scolds in the town."

I went from hence to Belton to H—— F——r's, a young man who did once run well; but who now said, "He saw the devil in every corner of the church, and in the face of every one who had been there." But he was easily brought to a better mind. I preached under a shady oak, on *The Son of Man hath power upon earth to forgive sins.* At Epworth,

in the evening, I explained the story of the Pharisee and the Publican. And I believe many began in that hour to cry out, *God, be merciful to me a sinner.*

Thursday 10, I spoke severally with all who desired it. In the evening I explained, *Ye have not received the spirit of bondage again unto fear, but the spirit of adoption whereby we cry, Abba, Father.* I had afterwards an hour's calm conversation with Samuel Meggot and James Herbury. What good did God do by these for a time! O let not their latter end be worse than the first!

Friday 11, I visited the sick, and those who desired, but were not able to come to me. At six I preached at Overthorp, near Haxey, a little village about two miles from Epworth, on that comfortable scripture, *When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both.* I preached at Epworth, about eight, on Ezekiel's vision of the resurrection of the dry bones. And great indeed was the shaking among them: lamentation and great mourning were heard, God bowing their hearts, so that on every side, as with one accord, they lift up their voice and wept aloud. Surely He who sent his Spirit to breathe upon them, will hear their cry and will help them.

Saturday 12, I preached on the righteousness of the law and the righteousness of faith. While I was speaking several dropped down as dead. And among the rest, such a cry was heard, of sinners groaning for the righteousness of faith, as almost drowned my voice. But many of these soon lifted up their heads with joy, and broke out into thanksgiving; being assured they now had the desire of their soul, the forgiveness of their sins.

I observed a gentleman there, who was remarkable for not pretending to be of any religion at all. I was informed he had not been at public worship of any kind for upwards of thirty years. Seeing him stand as motionless as a statue, I asked him abruptly, "Sir, are you a sinner?" He replied with a deep and broken voice, "Sinner enough," and continued staring upwards, till his wife and a servant or

two; who were all in tears, put him into his chaise and carried him home.

Sunday 13, At seven I preached at Haxey, on *What must I do to be saved?* Thence I went to Wroote, of which (as well as Epworth) my father was rector for several years. Mr. Whitelamb offering me the church, I preached in the morning, on *Ask, and it shall be given you.* In the afternoon, on the difference between *the righteousness of the law and the righteousness of faith.* But the church could not contain the people; many of whom came from far, and, I trust, not in vain.

At six I preached for the last time in Epworth churchyard (being to leave the town the next morning,) to a vast multitude gathered together from all parts, on the beginning of our Lord's Sermon on the Mount. I continued among them for near three hours; and yet we scarce knew how to part. O let none think his labour of love is lost, because the fruit does not immediately appear. Near forty years did my father labour here; but he saw little fruit of all his labour. I took some pains among this people too; and my strength also seemed to be spent in vain. But now the fruit appeared. There were scarce any in the town, on whom either my father or I had taken any pains formerly, but the seed sown so long since now sprung up, bringing forth repentance and remission of sins.

Monday 14, Having a great desire to see David Taylor, whom God had made an instrument of good to many souls, I rode to Sheffield: but not finding him there, I was minded to go forward immediately. However, the importunity of the people constrained me to stay, and preach both in the evening and in the morning. Tuesday 15, he came: I found he had occasionally exhorted multitudes of people in various parts. But after that he had taken no thought about them. So that the greater part were fallen asleep again.

In the evening I preached on the inward kingdom of God. In the morning, Wednesday 16, on the spirit of fear and the spirit of adoption. It was now first I felt that God

was here also: though not so much as at Barley-Hall, (five miles from Sheffield), where I preached in the afternoon. Many were here melted down and filled with love toward Him whom *God hath exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour.*

I talked with one here, who for about six months (from the hour that she knew the pardoning love of God) has been all peace and love. She rejoices evermore, and prays without ceasing. God gives her whatever petitions she asks of him, and enables her in every thing to give thanks. She has the witness in herself, that whatsoever she does, it is all done to the glory of God. Her heart never wanders from Him; no, not for a moment, but is continually before the throne. Yet whether she was sanctified throughout or not, I had not light to determine.

Thursday 17, I began preaching about five, on *The righteousness of faith.* But I had not half finished my discourse, when I was constrained to break off in the midst: our hearts were so filled with a sense of the love of God, and our mouths with prayer and thanksgiving. When we were somewhat satisfied herewith, I went on to call sinners to the salvation ready to be revealed.

The same blessing from God we found in the evening while I was shewing how He justifies the ungodly. Among the hearers was one, who some time before had been deeply convinced of her ungodliness, insomuch, that she cried out, day and night, "Lord, save, or I perish." All the neighbours agreeing that she was stark mad, her husband put her into a physician's hands, who blooded her largely, gave her a strong vomit, and laid on several blisters. But all this proving without success, she was in a short time judged to be incurable. He thought, however, he would speak to one person more, who had done much good in the neighbourhood. When Mrs. Johnson came, she soon saw the nature of the disease, having herself gone through the same. She ordered all the medicines to be thrown away, and exhorted the patient to *look unto Jesus:* which this

evening she was enabled to do by faith. And He healed the broken in heart.

Friday 18, I left Sheffield, and after preaching at Ripley, by the way, hastened on to Donnington Park. But Miss Cowper, I found, was gone to rest, having finished her course near three weeks before.

Sunday 20, I read prayers at Ogbrook, and preached on Acts xvii. 27, *Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you.* At six in the evening I preached at Melbourn. There were many hearers. But I see little fruit.

Tuesday 22, I had a long conversation with Mr. Simpson. And of this I am fully persuaded, That whatever he does, is in the uprightness of his heart. But he is led into a thousand mistakes by one wrong principle, (the same which many either ignorantly or wickedly ascribe to the body of the people, called Methodists,) The making inward impressions his rule of action, and not the written word.

About eight I left Donnington Park, and before noon came to Markfield. We lay at Coventry, and the next day, Wednesday 23, in the afternoon, came to Evesham. At eight I preached. There were many who came with a design to disturb the rest. But they opened not their mouths.

Thursday 24, I spent great part of the day in speaking with the members of the society; whom in the evening I earnestly besought, No more to tear each other in pieces by disputing, but to *follow after holiness*, and *provoke one another to love and to good works.*

Friday 25, I rode to Painswick; where in the evening I declared to all those, who had been fighting and troubling one another from the beginning hitherto, about rites and ceremonies, and modes of worship and opinions, *The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.*

Saturday 26, I was desired to call upon Mr. W——, the pillar of the church in these parts. As soon as I came in, he fell upon me with might and main, for saying, "People

might *know*, Their sins were forgiven." And brought a great book to confute me at once. I asked, If it was the bible? And upon his answering, "No," enquired no further, but laid it quietly down. This made him warmer still: upon which I held it best, to shake him by the hand, and take my leave.

I had appointed to preach in Stroud at noon; but about ten, observing it to rain faster and faster, I was afraid the poor people would not be able to come, many of whom lived some miles off. But in a quarter of an hour the rain ceased, and we had a fair, pleasant day; so that many were at the market-place, while I applied the story of the Pharisee and the Publican; the hard rain in the morning having disengaged them from their work in the grounds. There would probably have been more disturbance, but that a drunken man began too soon, and was so senseless impertinent, that even his comrades were quite ashamed of him.

In the evening I preached on Hampton-Common. Many of Mr. Whitefield's society were there: to whom, as well as to all the other sinners, (without meddling with any of their opinions) I declared, in the name of the great Physician, *I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely.*

Sunday 27, I preached at Painswick at seven, on *The spirit of fear and the spirit of adoption.* I went to church, at ten, and heard a remarkable discourse, asserting, "That we are justified by faith alone; but that this faith, which is the previous condition of justification, is the complex of all christian virtues, including all holiness and good works, in the very idea of it."

Alas! How little is the difference between asserting, either 1, That we are justified by works, which is Popery barefaced, (and indeed so gross that the sober Papists, those of the Council of Trent in particular, are ashamed of it) or, 2, That we are justified by faith and works; which is Popery refined or veiled: (but with so thin a veil, that every attentive observer, must discern it is the same still) or,

3, That we are justified by faith alone, but by such a faith as includes all good works. What a poor shift is this! "I will not say, we are justified by works, nor yet by faith and works; because I have subscribed Articles and Homilies, which maintain just the contrary. No: I say, We are justified by faith alone.—But then by faith I *mean* works!"

When the afternoon service was ended at Runwick, I stood and cried to a vast multitude of people, *Unto him that worketh not, but believeth, his faith is counted for righteousness.* I concluded the day on Hampton-Common, by explaining to a large congregation, the essential difference between the righteousness of the law and the righteousness of faith.

Monday 28, I rode to Bristol. I soon found disputing had done much mischief here also. I preached on those words: *From that time many of his disciples went back and walked no more with him. Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away?* Many were cut to the heart. A cry went forth; and great was the company of the mourners. But God did not leave them comfortless, some knew in the same hour, that He had the words of eternal life.

Tuesday 29, I was desired to visit one in Newgate. As I was coming out, poor Benjamin Rutter stood in my way, and poured out such a flood of cursing and bitterness, as I scarce thought was to be found out of hell.

From Thursday, July 1, till Monday, I endeavoured to compose the little differences which had arisen. On Monday I rode to Cardiff, and found much peace and love in the little society there. Tuesday 6, I rode over to Fonmon, and found Mrs. Jones thoroughly resigned to God, although *feeling* what it was to lose a husband, and *such* a husband, in the strength of his years!

Wednesday 7, I returned, and at five in the afternoon, preached to a small attentive congregation near Hanbury. Before eight I reached Bristol, and had a comfortable meeting with many who knew in whom they had believed.

Now at length I spent a week in peace, all disputes being laid aside. Thursday 15, I was desired to meet one who was ill, of a very uncommon disorder. She said, "For several years, I have heard, wherever I am, a voice continually speaking to me, cursing, swearing, and blaspheming in the most horrid manner, and inciting me to all manner of wickedness. I have applied to physicians, and taken all sorts of medicines, but am never the better."—No, nor ever will, till a better Physician than these, bruises Satan under her feet.

I left Bristol in the evening of Sunday 18; and on Tuesday came to London. I found my mother on the borders of eternity. But she had no doubt or fear: nor any desire but (as soon as God should call) *to depart and be with Christ.**

Sunday 8, I cried aloud, in Radcliff Square, *Why will ye die, O house of Israel?* Only one poor man was exceeding noisy and turbulent. But in a moment God touched his heart. He hung down his head. Tears covered his face; and his voice was heard no more.

I was constrained this evening to separate from the believers, some who did not *shew their faith by their works.* One of these, Samuel Prig, was deeply displeased, spoke many very bitter words, and went abruptly away. The next morning he called; told me, "Neither my brother nor I preached the Gospel, or knew what it meant." I asked, "What do we preach then?" He said, "Heathen morality: Tully's Offices, and no more. So I wash my hands of you both. We shall see what you will come to in a little time."

Wednesday 11, He sent me a note, demanding the payment of one hundred pounds, which he had lent me about a year before, to pay the workmen at the Foundery. On Friday morning at eight, he came and said, "He wanted

* For an account of her Affliction, Death, and Funeral. See Vol. I. page 41.

his money and could stay no longer." I told him, "I would endeavour to borrow it," and desired him to call in the evening. But he said, "He could not stay so long, and must have it at twelve o'clock." Where to get it, I knew not: between nine and ten, one came and offered me the use of a hundred pounds for a year. But two others had been with me before, to make the same offer. I accepted the bank note which one of them brought, and saw that God is over all!

Monday 16, I rode to Oxford, and the next day to Evesham. On Wednesday and Thursday, in riding from Evesham to Bristol, I read over that surprising book, The Life of Ignatius Loyola: surely one of the greatest men that ever was engaged in the support of so bad a cause! I wonder any man should judge him to be an enthusiast: No: but he knew the people with whom he had to do. And setting out (like Count Z——) with a full persuasion, that he might *use guile*, to promote the glory of God, or (which he thought the same thing) the interest of his Church, he acted in all things consistently with his principles.

In the evening I met my brother and Mr. Graves; who being able to delay it no longer, at length sent the following letter to the Fellows of St. Mary Magdalen-College, in Oxford.

"*Bristol, Aug.* 20, 1742.

"GENTLEMEN,

"IN December, 1740, I signed a paper containing the following words, 'I Charles Caspar Graves, do hereby declare, That I do renounce the modern practice and principles of the persons commonly called Methodists, namely, of preaching in fields, of assembling together and expounding the Holy Scriptures in private houses, and elsewhere, than in Churches, in an irregular manner; and their pretensions to an extraordinary inspiration and inward feeling of the Holy Spirit.

"'I do farther declare my conformity to the Liturgy of the Church of England, and my unfeigned assent and con-

sent to the Articles thereof, commonly called the Thirty-Nine Articles.

" 'Lastly, I do declare, that I am heartily sorry, that I have given offence and scandal, by frequenting the meetings and attending the expositions of the persons commonly called Methodists, and that I will not frequent their meetings, nor attend their expositions for the future; nor take upon me to preach and expound the Scriptures, in the manner preached by them.

'CHARLES CASPAR GRAVES.'

" I believe myself indispensably obliged openly to declare before God and the world, that the motives whereby I was induced to sign that paper were, partly a sinful fear of man, partly an improper deference to the judgment of those, whom I accounted wiser than myself, and lastly, a resolution that if my own judgment, should at any time be better informed, I would then openly retract, in the presence of God and man, whatever I should be convinced I had said or done amiss.

" Accordingly, having now had (besides a strong conviction immediately consequent thereon) many opportunities of informing my judgment better, and being fully convinced of my fault, I do hereby declare my sincere repentance for my wicked compliance with those oppressive men, who without any colour of law, divine or human, imposed such a condition of receiving a testimonial upon me.

" I do farther declare, That I know no *principles* of the Methodists (so called) which are contrary to the Word of God; nor any practices of them, but what are agreeable both to Scripture and to the laws of the Church of England; that I believe, in particular, their *preaching* the Gospel *in the fields* (being first forbid so to do in Churches, although *a dispensation of the Gospel is committed to them, and woe unto them if they preach not the Gospel*) or in *private houses*, or in any part of His dominion who filleth heaven and earth; can never be proved to be contrary to any written law, either of God or man: that I am not apprised,

of their preaching any where, in *an irregular, disorderly manner;* neither of their *pretending* to any *extraordinary* inspiration, or *extraordinary* feelings of the Holy Spirit: but to those *ordinary* ones only, which, if a man have not, he is *without hope and without God in the world.*

"I do yet farther declare, That (whatever indiscretion I may in other respects have been guilty of) I know of no just *offence or scandal* which I ever gave, by *frequenting the meetings or attending the expositions of the persons commonly called Methodists:* And that I verily believe no offence was ever taken thereat, unless either by persons loaded with prejudice, or by those who enter not into the kingdom of heaven themselves, and if others would enter in, suffer them not.

"I do lastly, declare, That I look upon myself to be under no kind of obligation, (except only, that I do still assent and consent to the Articles and Liturgy of the Church) to observe any thing contained in that scandalous paper, so unchristianly imposed upon me:

"Witness my Hand,

"CHARLES CASPAR GRAVES."

After having regulated the society here and at Kingswood, I set out again for London. On Monday 30, I read over that excellent tract, Mr. Middleton's Essay on Church Government, so nicely avoiding the two extremes of either exalting or depressing the regal power.

Tuesday 31, I read once more the Life of that good and wise (though much mistaken man) Gregory Lopez. Surely it must be a compliment made him by the biographer, (of which Gregory himself was in no wise worthy) That "he ascribed all his virtues to the merits and mediation of the queen of heaven."

We reached London in the afternoon. Friday, September 3, I preached on Phil. i. 9, *This I pray, that your love may abound more and more, in knowledge, and in all judgment:* or rather *feeling*, as it is in the margin. It pleased God to make this discourse, an occasion of disco-

vering such wiles of Satan, as it never entered into my heart to conceive.

Saturday 4, I was pressed to visit a poor murderer in Newgate, who was much afflicted both in body and soul. I objected, "It could not be; for all the turnkeys, as well as the keeper, were *such good Christians*, they abhorred the name of a Methodist: and absolutely refused to admit *me* even to one, who earnestly begged it, the morning he was to die." However, I went: and found, by a surprising turn, that all the doors were now open to me. I exhorted the sick malefactor to cry unto God with all his might, for grace to repent and believe the Gospel. It was not long, before the rest of the felons flocked round; to whom I spoke strong words, concerning the Friend of sinners: which they received with as great signs of amazement, as if it had been a voice from heaven. When I came down into the common hall, (I think they called it) one of the prisoners there asking me a question, gave me occasion to speak among them also: more and more still running together, while I declared, God was not willing any of them should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

Monday 6, Finding many had been offended, at the sermon I preached on Friday night, especially those who were supposed to be strong in faith, I determined to examine the matter thoroughly. Accordingly I desired M. C, M. F, E. H, and A. G, and a few others, to meet me with Sarah Cl, Jane J—n, and Ann P., to whom they had said most, concerning the point in question. I then heard each of them relate her experience at large: I afterwards examined them severally, touching the circumstances which I had not understood: on which I then talked with several others also. And thus far I approved of their experience, (because agreeable to the written word) as to their *feeling* the working of the Spirit of God, in peace, and joy, and love. But as to what some of them said farther, concerning "feeling the blood of Christ, running upon their arms, or going down their throat, or poured like warm water upon their breast or heart," I plainly told them, "The utmost I

could allow, without renouncing both Scripture and reason, was, that *some* of these circumstances might be from God, (though I could not affirm they were) working in an unusual manner, no way essential either to justification or sanctification: But that all the rest I must believe, to be the mere empty dreams of an heated imagination."

Wednesday 8, I observed, That the leaven of *stillness*, was not yet purged out from among us. One of our brethren saying, "He was uneasy, because he had wilfully neglected the Lord's-Supper;" another replied, "Then his faith was weak: else his peace could not be shaken by such little things." Yea, but I think such little things as these, will shake the peace of any true believer, viz. A wilful breach of any commandment of God. If it do *not* shake us, we are asleep in the devil's arms.

Thursday 9, I buried the body of Lucy Godshall, one of the first women bands at Fetter-lane. After pressing toward the mark for more than two years, since she had known the pardoning love of God, she was for some time weary and faint in her mind, till I put her out of the bands. God blessed this greatly to her soul, so that in a short time she was admitted again. Soon after, being at home, she felt the love of God, in an unusual manner, poured into her heart. She fell down upon her knees, and delivered up her soul and body into the hands of God. In that instant, the use of all her limbs was taken away, and she was in a burning fever. For three days she mightily praised God, and rejoiced in Him all the day long. She then cried out, "Now Satan hath desired to have me, that he may sift me as wheat." Immediately darkness and heaviness fell upon her, which continued till Saturday the fourth instant. On Sunday the light shone again upon her heart. About ten in the evening one said to her, "Jesus is ready to receive your soul;" she said, "Amen! Amen!" Closed her eyes and died.

Sunday 12, I was desired to preach in an open place, commonly called The Great Gardens, lying between Whitechapel and Coverlets-Fields, where I found a vast multitude

gathered together. Taking knowledge that a great part of them were little acquainted with the things of God, I called upon them in the words of our Lord, *Repent ye, and believe the Gospel.* Many of the beasts of the people laboured much to disturb those who were of a better mind. They endeavoured to drive in a herd of cows among them: but the brutes were wiser than their masters. They then threw whole showers of stones, one of which struck me just between the eyes. But I felt no pain at all, and when I had wiped away the blood, went on testifying with a loud voice, That God hath given to them that believe, *not the spirit of fear, but of power and love, and of a sound mind.* And by the spirit which now appeared through the whole congregation, I plainly saw what a blessing it is, when it is given us, even in the lowest degree, to suffer for his name's sake.

Monday 13, I preached about nine at Windsor, and the next evening came to Bristol. I spent the remainder of this, and the following week, in examining those of the society: speaking severally to each, that I might more perfectly know the state of their souls to God-ward.

Thursday 23, In the evening, almost as soon as I began to pray in the society, a voice of lamentation and bitter mourning was heard from the whole congregation. But in a while, loud thanksgivings were mixed therewith, which in a short space spread over all: so that nothing was to be heard on every side, but "Praise to God and the Lamb for ever and ever!"

Friday 24, I had notes from nineteen persons, desiring to return God thanks. Some of them follow:

"John Merriman, a blind man, desires to return thanks to Almighty God, for the discovery of his love to him, an old sinner.

"One desires to return God thanks, for giving her a token of his love, in removing all prejudices, and giving her love to all mankind.

"Edith W—— desires to return thanks, for great and unspeakable mercies, which the Lord was pleased to re-

veal to her heart; even telling me, I am He that blotteth out thy transgressions, and thy sins I will remember no more. And I desire, that the praise of the Lord, may be ever in my heart.

"Ann Simmonds desires to return hearty thanks to God, for the great mercies she received last night. For she has a full assurance of her redemption in the blood of Christ.

"Mary K—— desires to return thanks to God, for giving her a fresh sense of her forgiveness.

"Mary F—— desires to return thanks, for that the Lord hath made her triumph over sin, earth, and hell.

"Mary W——n desires to return thanks to Almighty God, for a fresh sense of forgiveness.

"Sir, I desire to return humble thanks to Almighty God, for the comfortable assurance of his pardoning love." E. C——.

Many others took an opportunity of speaking to me, and declaring what God had done for their souls. But one came to me, Mrs. Sp——, who was still torn in pieces with sorrow, and doubts, and fears. Her chief fear, she said, was, "That we were all Papists." I asked her, How she came to fear this, after she had heard us preach for near three years, and been more than a twelvemonth in the society! She said, "Why it is not long since I met with a gentleman, who told me, He was a Roman Catholic. And when I asked him, If Mr. Wesley was a Papist, he would not say, Yes or no: But only Mr. W. is a very good man, and you do well to hear him. Besides, it is but two or three nights since, as I was just setting out to come to the Room, Miss Gr—— met me and said, 'My dear friend, you shall not go: Indeed you shall not: You do not know what you do. I assure you, Mr. W. is a Papist: And so am I: He converted *me*. You know how I used to pray to saints and to the Virgin Mary. It was Mr. W. taught me when I was in the bands. And I saw him rock the cradle on Christmas-eve: You know I scorn to tell a lie.' Well, but (said I,) how comes it that none of the rest who

are in the bands, have found this out as well as you? 'O, (replied she,) they are not let into the secret yet. Perhaps, if you were in the bands, you might not hear a word of it for a year or more. O! you cannot imagine the depth of the design. The maid at her back then fell a crying and said, 'Indeed, Madam! Miss Gr—— talks so fine! Do! Madam, mind what she says.'" So between one and the other, poor Mrs. Sp—— was utterly confounded.

Perhaps I need observe no more upon this, than that the Popish priest knew well, how much it would be for the interest of *his* church, to have *me* accounted a member of it: And that Miss Gr—— had lately been raving mad, (in consequence of a fever) that as such, she was tied down in bed: and as soon as she was suffered to go abroad, went to Mr. Whitefield, to enquire of *him*, Whether *she* was not a Papist? But he quickly perceived she was only a lunatic, the nature of her disorder soon betraying itself. O that all who advance the same assertion with her, had as good a plea to urge in their excuse!

Sunday 26, In the evening I rode to Marshfield. The next evening I reached Whitchurch. Tuesday 28, In the morning I preached at Great Marlow, on the Pharisee and the Publican. Many were surprised, and perhaps, in some measure, convinced, (but how short-lived are most of these convictions!) That it is very possible a man may be a *Pharisee now*—yea, though he be not a Methodist.

A little before twelve, I came to Windsor. I was soon informed, that a large number of rabble, had combined together, and declared again and again, "There should be no preaching there that day." In order to make all sure, they had provided gunpowder enough, and some other things some days before. But Burnham Fair coming between, they agreed to go thither first, and have a little diversion there. Accordingly they went, and bestowed a few of their crackers, upon their brother mob at Burnham. But these, not being Methodists, did not take it well, turned upon them, and gave them chase. They took shelter in an house; but that would not serve. For those without, soon forced

a way in, and seized on as many as they could find, who, upon information made, were sent to gaol. The rest ran away: so that when I came, none hindered or interrupted. In the evening I came to London; I proposed spending a fortnight there, and then returning to Bristol.

I spent this time, partly in speaking severally to all the members of the society; partly in making a full enquiry into those devices of Satan, whereof I had scarce ever heard or read before. And I believe they are now thoroughly discovered and brought to nought. O may they never more deceive the hearts of the simple.

Monday, October 11, I had designed to leave London. But Mr. Richards being taken ill, I put off my journey. He was much better on Tuesday; so I set out next morning, and before seven in the evening reached the half-way-house, four miles short of Hungerford.

I now found it was well I did not set out on Monday, in order to be at Bristol on Tuesday night, as usual. For all the travellers that went that way on Tuesday were robbed. But on Thursday, the road was clear, so that I came safe to Kingswood in the afternoon, and in the evening preached at Bristol.

My chief business now was, To examine thoroughly the society in Kingswood. This found me full employment for several days. On Wednesday 27, having finished my work, I set out very early, and (though my horse fell lame) on Thursday evening came to London.

Friday 29, I largely explained, *Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty:* namely, liberty to obey the whole will of God; to *be* and *do* whatsoever He hath commanded: in a word, to love God with all our heart, and to serve Him with all our strength.

Sunday 31, Several of the leaders desired to have an hour's conversation with me. I found they were greatly perplexed about "Want of management, ill husbandry, encouraging idleness, improper distribution of money, being imposed upon by fair pretences," and "men who talked well, but had no grace in their hearts."—I asked, "Who

those men were?" But that they could not tell. "Who encouraged idleness? when and how?" "What money had been improperly distributed? By whom and to whom?" "In what instances *I* had been imposed on (as I presumed they meant *me*) and what were the particulars of that ill husbandry and mismanagement of which they complained?" They stared at one another, as men in amaze. I began to be amazed too, not being able to imagine what was the matter, till one dropped a word, by which all came out. They had been talking with Mr. Hall, who had started so many objections against all I said or did, that they were in the utmost consternation, till the fire thus broke out; which then at once vanished away.

Wednesday, November 3, Two of those who are called *prophets*, desired to speak with me. They told me, "They were sent from God, with a message to *me*, which was, That very shortly, I should be *born'd* again." One of them added, "They would stay in the house till it was done, unless I turned them out." I answered gravely, "I will not turn you out," and shewed them down into the society-room. It was tolerably cold, and they had neither meat nor drink. However, there they sat from morning to evening. They then went away quietly, and I have heard nothing from them since.

Sunday 7, I concluded the Epistle to the Hebrews, that strong barrier against the too prevailing imagination, That the privileges of Christian believers are to be measured by those of the Jews. Not so: That Christians are under a *better covenant*, established upon *better* promises; That although *the law made nothing perfect*, made none perfect either in holiness or happiness, yet *the bringing in of a better hope did, by which we* now *draw nigh unto God:* this is the great truth continually inculcated herein, and running through this whole epistle.

Monday 8, I set out at four, reached Northampton that night, and the next evening, Donnington-Park. Wednesday 10, I rode on to Rufworth-Inn, and on Saturday 13, reached Newcastle.

My brother had been here for some weeks before, and was but just returned to London. At eight I met the wild, staring, loving society. But not them alone, as I had designed. For we could not persuade the strangers to leave us. So that we only spent about an hour in prayer.

Sunday 14, I began preaching at five o'clock, (a thing never heard of before in these parts) on *I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.* And the victorious sweetness of the grace of God was present with his word. At ten we went to All-Saints, where was such a number of communicants, as I have scarce seen but at Bristol or London. At four I preached in the square of the Keelmen's hospital, on *By grace ye are saved, through faith.* It rained and hailed hard, both before and after; but there were only some scattered drops while I preached, which frighted away a few careless hearers. I met the society at six, and exhorted all, who had *set their hand to the plough*, not to *look back.*

Monday 15, I began at five expounding *The Acts of the Apostles.* In the afternoon (and every afternoon this week) I spoke severally with the members of the society. On Tuesday evening, I began the epistle to the Romans. After sermon the society met. I reproved some among them who walked disorderly; and earnestly besought them all to beware lest, by reason of their sins, the way of truth should be evil spoken of.

Thursday 18, I could not but observe, the different manner, wherein God is pleased to work in different places. The grace of God flows here with a wider stream than it did at first either in Bristol or Kingswood. But it does not sink so deep, as it did there. Few are thoroughly convinced of sin, and scarce any can witness, That the Lamb of God has taken away their sins.

Friday 19, I found the first witness of this good confession. Margaret H—— (O how fallen since then!) told me, that the night before, her sight (an odd circumstance) and her strength were taken away at once. At the same time the love of God so overflowed her soul, that she could not speak or move.

James R—— also gave me an account to-day, That in going home the day before, he lost his sight in a moment, and was forced to catch hold of some rails for fear of falling. He continues under strong convictions, longing for the salvation of God.

Sunday 21, After preaching in the Room at five, I began preaching about eight at the Hospital. It rained all the time; but that did not disturb either me or the congregation, while I explained, *Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins.*

Tuesday 23, There seemed in the evening to be a deeper work in many souls than I had observed before. Many trembled exceedingly: six or seven (both men and women) dropped down as dead. Some cried unto God out of the deep: others would have cried; but their voice was lost. And some have found that the Lord is *gracious and merciful, forgiving iniquity, and transgression, and sin.*

Thurday 25, In the evening, God was pleased to wound many more who were quiet and at ease. And I could not but observe, That here the very best people, so called, were as deeply convinced as open sinners. Several of these were now constrained to roar aloud, for the disquietness of their hearts: and these generally not young, (as in most other places) but either middle-aged, or well stricken in years.

I never saw a work of God in any other place, so evenly and gradually carried on. It continually rises step by step. Not so much seems to be done at any one time, as hath frequently been at Bristol or London: but something at every time. It is the same with particular souls. I saw none in that triumph of faith, which has been so common in other places. But the believers go on, calm and steady. Let God do as seemeth him good.

Friday 26, Between twelve and one, I preached in a convenient ground at Wickam, two or three miles from Newcastle. I spoke strong, rough words, but I did not perceive, that any regarded what was spoken. The people indeed were exceeding quiet, and the cold kept them from falling

asleep; until (before two) I left them, very well satisfied with the preacher, and with themselves.

Sunday 28, I preached both at five in the room, and at eight in the hospital, on *Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins.* We then walked over to Tanfield-Leigh, (about seven miles from Newcastle.) Here a large company of people were gathered together, from all the country round about: to whom I expounded the former part of the fifth chapter to the *Romans.* But so dead, senseless, unaffected a congregation, have I scarce seen, except at Wickam. Whether gospel or law, or English or Greek, seemed all one to them!

Yet the seed sown even here, was not quite lost. For on Thursday morning, between four and five, John Brown, then of Tanfield-Leigh, was waked out of sleep, by the voice that raiseth the dead. And ever since he has been full of love, and praise, and joy in the *Holy Ghost.*

At four I preached in the Hospital-Square, to the largest congregation I had seen since we left London, on *Jesus Christ our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.*

Wednesday, December 1, We had several places offered, on which to build a room for the society. But none was such as we wanted. And perhaps there was a providence in our not finding any as yet. For by this mean I was kept at Newcastle, whether I would or not.

Saturday 4, I was both surprised and grieved, at a genuine instance of enthusiasm. J—— B——, of Tanfield-Leigh, who had received a sense of the love of God a few days before, came riding through the town, hallowing and shouting, and driving all the people before him, telling them, "God had told him, he should be a king, and should tread all his enemies under his feet." I sent him home immediately to his work, and advised him to cry day and night to God, that he might be lowly in heart; lest Satan should again get an advantage over him.

To-day a gentleman called and offered me a piece of ground. On Monday an article was drawn, wherein he agreed to put me into possession on Thursday, upon payment of thirty pounds.

Tuesday 7, I was so ill in the morning, that I was obliged to send Mr. Williams to the Room. He afterwards went to Mr. Stephenson, a merchant in the town, who had a passage through the ground we intended to buy. I was willing to purchase that passage. Mr. Stephenson told him, "Sir, I do not want money; but if Mr. Wesley wants ground, he may have a piece of my garden, adjoined to the place you mention. I am at a word. For forty pounds he shall have sixteen yards in breadth, and thirty in length."

Wednesday 8, Mr. Stephenson and I signed an article, and I took possession of the ground. But I could not fairly go back from my agreement with Mr. Riddel. So I entered on his ground at the same time. The whole is about forty yards in length: in the middle of which we determined to build the house, leaving room for a small court-yard before, and a little garden behind the building.

Sunday 12, I expounded at five the former part of the parable of the sower. At eight I preached in the Square, on *I am the good Shepherd: the good Shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep*. The effect of what had been spoken in the morning, now evidently appeared. For one could not observe any in the congregation, to stir hand or foot. When the sermon was done, they divided to the right and left, none offering to go until I was past. And then they walked quietly and silently away, lest Satan should catch the seed out of their hearts.

Monday 13, I removed into a lodging adjoining to the ground where we were preparing to build; but the violent frost obliged us to delay the work. I never felt such intense cold before. In a room where a constant fire was kept, though my desk was fixed within a yard of the chimney, I could not write for a quarter of an hour together, without my hands being quite benumbed.

Wednesday 15, I preached at Horsely-upon-Tyne, eight (computed) miles from Newcastle. It was about two in the afternoon. The house not containing the people, we stood in the open air, in spite of the frost. I preached again in the evening, and in the morning. We then chose to walk home, having each of us catched a violent cold, by riding the day before. Mine gradually wore off. But Mr. Meyrick's increased, so that on Friday he took his bed. I advised him to bleed: but he imagined he should be well without it, in a few days.

Sunday 19, I cried to all who felt themselves lost, *Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved:* and in the afternoon, *Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.* At that hour one, who was bitterly mourning after Christ, (Mary Emerson) was filled with joy unspeakable.

Monday 20, We laid the first stone of the house. Many were gathered from all parts to see it: but none scoffed or interrupted, while we praised God, and prayed that He would prosper the work of our hands upon us. Three or four times in the evening, I was forced to break off preaching, that we might pray and give thanks to God.

When I came home, they told me, the physician said, he did not expect Mr. Meyrick would live until the morning. I went to him; but his pulse was gone. He had been speechless and senseless for some time. A few of us immediately joined in prayer. (I relate the naked fact.) Before we had done, his sense and his speech returned. Now he that will account for this by *natural causes*, has my free leave. But I choose to say, This is the power of God!

Thursday 23, It being computed that such a house as was proposed, could not be finished under seven hundred pounds, many were positive it would never be finished at all: others, that I should not live to see it covered. I was of another mind; nothing doubting but as it was begun for God's sake, He would provide what was needful for the finishing it.

Saturday 25, The physician told me, "he could do no

more: Mr. Meyrick could not live over the night." I went up and found them all crying about him; his legs being cold, and, as it seemed, dead already. We all kneeled down, and called upon God, with strong cries and tears. He opened his eyes, and called for me. And from that hour he continued to recover his strength, until he was restored to perfect health.—I wait to hear, Who will either disprove this fact, or philosophically account for it.

Sunday 26, From those words, *Sing we merrily unto God our strength; make a cheerful noise unto the God of Jacob*, I took occasion to shew the usual way of keeping these days holy in honour of the Birth of our Lord: namely, By an extraordinary degree of gluttony and drunkenness; by heathen, and worse than heathen diversions; (with their constant attendants, passion and strife, cursing, swearing, and blasphemy:) and by dancing and card-playing, equally conducive to the glory of God. I then described the right way of keeping a day holy to the Lord; by extraordinary prayer, public and private: by thanksgiving; by hearing, reading, and meditating on his word, and by talking of all his wonderous works.

Monday 27, I rode to Horseley. The house being too small, I was obliged again to preach in the open air. But so furious a storm have I seldom known. The wind drove upon us like a torrent, coming by turns from east, west, north, and south. The straw and thatch flew round our heads; so that one would have imagined, it could not be long, before the house must follow: but scarce any one stirred, much less went away, until I dismissed them with the peace of God.

Tuesday 28, I preached in an open place at Swalwell, two or three miles from Newcastle. The wind was high, and extremely sharp; but I saw none go away until I went. Yet I observed none that seemed to be much convinced, only stunned, as if cut in the head.

Wednesday 29, After preaching (as usual) in the Square, I took horse for Tanfield. More than once I was

only not blown off my horse. However, at three I reached the Leigh, and explained to a multitude of people the salvation which is through faith. Afterwards I met the society in a large upper room, which rocked to and fro with the violence of the storm. But all was calm within, and we rejoiced together in hope of a kingdom which cannot be moved.

Thursday 30, I carefully examined those, who had lately cried out in the congregation. Some of these, I found, could give no account at all, how or wherefore they had done so: only, that of a sudden they dropped down they knew not how; and what they afterwards said or did they knew not: others could just remember, they were in fear; but could not tell, what they were in fear of. Several said they were afraid of the devil: and this was all they knew. But a few gave a more intelligible account of the piercing sense they then had of their sins, both inward and outward, which were set in array against them round about: of the dread they were in, of the wrath of God, and the punishment they had deserved, into which they seemed to be just falling, without any way to escape. One of them told me, "I was as if I were just falling down from the highest place I had ever seen. I thought the devil was pushing me off, and that God had forsaken me." Another said, "I felt the very fire of hell already kindled in my breast: and all my body was in as much pain, as if I had been in a burning, fiery furnace." What wisdom is that, which rebuketh these, *that they should hold their peace?* Nay, let such an one cry after Jesus of Nazareth, until he saith, *Thy faith hath made thee whole!*

At eleven I preached my farewell sermon in the Hospital-square. I never saw such a congregation there before; nor did I ever speak so searchingly. I could not conclude until one, and then, both men, women, and children, hung upon me, so that I knew not which way to disengage myself. After some time I got to the gate, and took horse; but even then "a muckle woman" (as one called her in great anger) kept her hold, and ran by the horse's side,

through thick and thin, down to Sandgate. Jonathan Reeves rode with me. We reached Darlington that night, and Borough-bridge the next day.

What encouragement have we to speak for God! At our inn we met an ancient man, who seemed by his conversation, never to have thought, whether he had any soul, or not. Before we set out, I spoke a few words concerning his cursing and idle conversation. The man appeared quite broken in pieces. The tears started into his eyes. And he acknowledged, (with abundance of thanks to me) his own guilt and the goodness of God.

Saturday, January 1, 1743, Between Doncaster and Epworth, I overtook one who immediately accosted me, with so many, and so impertinent questions, that I was quite amazed. In the midst of some of them, concerning my travels and my journey, I interrupted him and asked, "Are you aware, that we are on a longer journey? That we are travelling toward eternity?" He replied instantly, "O, I find you, I find you! I know where you are. Is not your name Wesley? 'Tis pity! 'Tis great pity! Why could not your father's religion serve you? Why must you have a new religion?" I was going to reply; but he cut me short, by crying out in triumph, "I am a Christian! I am a Christian! I am a Church-man! I am a Church-man! I am none of your *Culamites*:" as plain as he could speak; for he was so drunk, he could but just keep his seat. Having then clearly won the day, or as his phrase was, "put them all down," he began kicking his horse on both sides, and rode off as fast as he could.

In the evening I reached Epworth. Sunday 2, At five, I preached on *So is every one who is born of the Spirit*. About eight I preached from my father's tomb, on Heb. viii. 11. Many from the neighbouring towns asked, if it would not be well, as it was the sacrament Sunday, for them to receive it? I told them, "By all means; but it would be more respectful first to ask Mr. Romley (the curate) leave." One did so, in the name of the rest. To whom he

said, "Pray tell Mr. Wesley, I shall not give him the sacrament, for he is not fit."

How wise a God is our God! There could not have been so fit a place under heaven, where this should befall me first, as my father's house, the place of my nativity, and the very place, where, according to the straitest sect of our religion, I had so long lived a pharisee! It was also fit in the highest degree, that he who repelled me from that very table, where I had myself so often distributed the bread of life, should be one who owed his all in this world to the tender love which my father had shewn to *his*, as well as personally to *himself*.

Monday 3, I rode to Birstal, where John Nelson gave a melancholy account of many that did run well. I told him, "I was as willing they should be with the Germans as with us, if they did but grow in grace." He said, "But that is not the case; they grow worse instead of better. They are changed both in their tempers and lives; but not for the better at all. They now do things without scruple, which they could not do before. They are light and trifling in their behaviour; they are easy and thoughtless, having now no holy fear, no earnest care to work out their own salvation."

Wednesday 5, I came wet and weary to Sheffield, and on Friday to Donnington Park, which I left before eight the next morning, in order to go to Wednesbury, in Staffordshire. I was immediately met by a vehement shower of rain, driven full in my face by a strong wind. But in an hour the day was clear and calm. About four in the afternoon I came to Wednesbury. At seven I preached in the town-hall. It was filled from end to end; and all appeared to be deeply attentive, while I explained, *This is the covenant which I will make with them after those days, saith the Lord.*

Sunday 9, The hall was filled again at five, and I proclaimed *The name of the Lord, the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth.* At eight we met in the place where

my brother preached, made, as it were, for the great congregation. It is a large hollow, scarcely a mile from the town, capable of containing four or five thousand people. They stood in a half circle one above another, and seemed all to receive with joy, that great truth, *The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.*

In the afternoon, Mr. Egginton preached a plain, useful sermon. Almost the whole congregation then went down to the place, where abundance of people were already waiting for us: so that the hollow could not contain them, but was edged round with those who came from all parts. My subject was, *By grace ye are saved, through faith.* O that all who heard might experience this salvation!

Monday 10, I preached at five, at eight, and at three. In the intervals of preaching I spoke to all who desired it. Last night twenty-nine of them were joined together. Tuesday 11, about a hundred. O that none of these may *draw back to perdition!* Let these *believe, unto the saving of the soul!*

Wednesday 12, I took my leave of them in the morning, by shewing the difference between the righteousness of the law and that of faith; and in the evening, explained to a large congregation at Evesham, *So is every one that is born of the Spirit.*

Thursday 13, I rode to Stratford-upon-Avon. I had scarce sat down before I was informed, That Mrs. K——, a middle-aged woman, of Shattery, half a mile from Stratford, had been for many weeks last past, in a way which no body could understand: that she had sent for a minister, but almost as soon as he came, began roaring in so strange a manner, (her tongue at the same time hanging out of her mouth, and her face distorted into the most terrible form), that he cried out, "It is the devil doubtless! it is the devil!" And immediately went away.

I suppose this was some unphilosophical minister; else he would have said, "Stark mad! send her to Bedlam."

I asked, "What good do you think I can do?" One

answered, "We cannot tell; but Mrs. K—— (I just relate what was spoken to me, without passing any judgment upon it) earnestly desired you might come, if you were any where near; saying, she had seen you in a dream, and should know you immediately. 'But the devil said (those were her own expressions), 'I will tear thy throat out before he comes.' But afterwards (she said) his words were, 'If he do come, I will let thee be quiet; and thou shalt be as if nothing ailed thee till he is gone away.'"

A very odd kind of madness this! I walked over about noon; but when we came to the house, I desired all those who came with me to stay below. One shewing me the way, I went up strait to her room. As soon as I came to the bed-side, she fixed her eyes and said, "You are Mr. Wesley. I am very well now, I thank God. Nothing ails me; only I am weak." I called them up, and we began to sing,

"Jesu, thou hast bid us pray,
Pray always and not faint:
With the word a power convey
To utter our complaint."

After singing a verse or two we kneeled down to prayer. I had but just begun, (my eyes being shut) when I felt as if I had been plunged into cold water. And immediately there was such a roar, that my voice was quite drowned, though I spoke as loud as I usually do to three or four thousand people. However, I prayed on. She was then reared up in the bed, her whole body moving at once, without bending one joint or limb, just as if it were one piece of stone. Immediately after, it was writhed into all kinds of postures, the same horrid yell continuing still. But we left her not, till all the symptoms ceased, and she was (for the present at least) rejoicing and praising God.

Between one and two I preached at Stratford, on *The Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins.* Most of the hearers stood like posts. But some mocked, others blasphemed, and a few believed.

I preached at Evesham in the evening, rode to Pains-

wick the next day, and on Saturday 15, to Bristol; where, the following week, I spoke to each member of the society, and rejoiced over them, finding they had not been *barren or unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

Monday 24, I preached at Bath. Some of the rich and great were present: to whom, as to the rest I declared with all plainness of speech, 1, That, by nature, they were all children of wrath; 2, That all their natural tempers were corrupt and abominable; and, 3, All their words and works, which could never be any better but by faith; and that, 4, A natural man has no more faith than a devil, if so much. One of them, my Lord ——, stayed very patiently till I came to the middle of the fourth head. Then starting up, he said, "'Tis hot! 'tis very hot!" and got down stairs as fast as he could.

Several of the gentry desired to stay at the meeting of the society: to whom I explained the nature of inward religion, words flowing upon me faster than I could speak. One of them (a noted infidel) hung over the next seat in an attitude not to be described. And when he went, left half-a-guinea with Mary Naylor, for the use of the poor.

On the following days I spoke with each member of the society in Kingswood. I cannot understand how any minister can hope ever to give up his account with joy, unless (as Ignatius advises) he "know all his flock by name; not overlooking the men servants and maid servants."

I left Bristol on Friday 28, came to Reading on Saturday, and to Windsor on Sunday morning. Thence I walked over to Egham, where Mr. —— preached one of the most miserable sermons I ever heard; stuffed so full of dull, senseless, improbable lies, of those he complimented with the title of False Prophets.

I preached at one, and endeavoured to rescue the poor text (Matt. vii. 16,) out of so bad hands. About four I left Egham, and at eight in the evening met a joyful congregation at the Foundery.

Monday 31, One writing to desire, that I would preach on Isaiah lviii, I willingly complied with his request in

the evening. A day or two after I received a letter from a girl of sixteen or seventeen, whom I had often observed, as being in an eminent degree, of a meek and lowly spirit. Some of her words were, "I do not think there were above six or seven words of the true Gospel in your whole sermon. I think nothing ought to concern you, but the errand which the Lord gave you. But how far are you from this! You preach more the law than the Gospel!" Ah, my poor *still* sister! thou art an apt scholar indeed! I did not expect this quite so soon.

Wednesday, February 2, My brother and I began visiting the society together, which employed us from six in the morning every day, till near six in the evening. Sunday 6, I preached in the morning, on *While we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men;* and in the afternoon, on *By manifestation of the truth, commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God.* So rough a charity sermon was scarce ever heard. But God gave it his blessing; insomuch, that fifty pounds were contributed toward finishing the house at Newcastle.

Friday 11, I called on poor Joseph Hodges, who after so long withstanding all the wiles of the enemy, has been at last induced, by his fatal regard for Mr. Hall, to renounce my brother and me in form. But he had perfectly learned the exercise of his arms. He was so happy, so poor a sinner, that to produce either scripture or reason against him, was mere beating the air.

Monday 14, I left London, and (riding early and late) the next evening came to Newark. Here I met with a few who had tasted the good word: one of whom received me gladly, and desired me whenever I came to Newark, to make his house my home.

Wednesday 16, I reached Epworth. I was to preach at six; but the house not being able to contain half the congregation, I went out and declared, *We love Him because He first loved us.* In the morning, Thursday 17, I largely explained, *The Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.* And it was high time; for I soon found the spirit

of delusion was gone abroad here also: and some began to boast, that Christ had made them free, who were still the servants of sin. In the evening I preached on that bold assertion of St. John, (indeed of all who have the true Spirit of adoption), *We know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness.*

Friday 18, I rode forward for Newcastle. We enquired at Poplington, a little town three miles beyond York, and hearing there was no other town near, thought it best to call there. A bible lying in the window, my fellow-traveller asked the woman of the house, "If she had read that book?" She said, "Sir, I cannot read, the worse is my luck. But that great girl is a rare scholar, and yet she cares not if she never look in a book; she minds *nout* but play." I began soon after to speak to our landlord, while the old woman drew closer and closer to me. The girl spun on; but all on a sudden she stopped her wheel, burst out into tears, and, with all that were in the house, so devoured our words, that we scarce knew how to go away.

In the evening we came to Boroughbridge, and Saturday 19, to Newcastle.

Sunday 20, I went on in expounding the *Acts of the Apostles*, and *St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans*. In the following week I diligently enquired, who they were that did not walk according to the Gospel? In consequence of which I was obliged to put away above fifty persons. There remained about eight hundred in the society.

Saturday 26, I visited those that were sick. One of these had kept her room for many months, so that she had never heard the voice, or seen the face of any preacher of *this way*. But God had taught her in the school of affliction. She gave a plain and distinct account of the manner wherein she had received a sense of her acceptance with God more than a year before; and of a fuller manifestation of his love, of which she never after doubted for a moment.

Monday 28, I preached again at Horseley, and spoke severally with those of the society. The world now begins to take the alarm, and to cast out their names as evil. After

a very good woman (so called) had used abundance of arguments, to hinder her neighbour from going near these people, she told her at length, "Why, none but the wickedest people upon earth go there." "Nay, then," replied she, "I will go immediately; for I am sure none upon earth is wickeder than I." Such be the event of all worldly wisdom!

Tuesday, March 1, I preached at two in Pelton, five miles south of Newcastle. A multitude of people were gathered together from all the neighbouring towns, and (which I rejoiced at much more) from all the neighbouring pits. In riding home, I observed a little village, called Chowden, which they told me consisted of colliers only. I resolved to preach there as soon as possible; for these are sinners, and need repentance.

Sunday 6, I read over in the society the rules which all our members are to observe, and desired every one seriously to consider, whether he was willing to conform thereto or not? That this would shake many of them I knew well; and therefore, on Monday 7, I began visiting the classes again, lest *that which is lame should be turned out of the way.*

Tuesday 8, In the afternoon I preached on a smooth part of the fell, or common, near Chowden. I found we were got into the very Kingswood of the north. Twenty or thirty wild children ran round us, as soon as we came, staring as in amaze. They could not properly be said to be either clothed or naked. One of the largest, a girl about fifteen, had a piece of a ragged, dirty blanket, some way hung about her, and a kind of cap on her head, of the same cloth and colour. My heart was exceedingly enlarged towards them; and they looked as if they would have swallowed me up, especially while I was applying those words, *Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.*

Saturday 12, I concluded my second course of visiting, in which I enquired particularly into two things: 1, The case of those who had almost every night the last week

cried out aloud during the preaching: 2, The number of those who were separated from us, and the reason and occasion of it.

As to the former I found,

1. That all of them, I think not one excepted, were persons in perfect health, and had not been subject to fits of any kind, till they were thus affected:

2, That this had come upon every one of them in a moment, without any previous notice, while they were either hearing the word of God, or thinking on what they had heard.

3, That in that moment they dropped down, lost all their strength, and were seized with violent pain.

This they expressed in different manners. Some said, they felt just as if a sword were running through them; others, that they thought a great weight lay upon them, as if it would squeeze them into the earth. Some said, they were quite choked, so that they could not breathe; others, that their hearts swelled ready to burst; and others, that it was as if their heart, as if all their inside, as if their whole body were tearing all to pieces.

These symptoms I can no more impute to any natural cause than to the Spirit of God. I can make no doubt but it was Satan tearing them, as they were coming to Christ. And hence proceeded those grievous cries, whereby he might design both to discredit the work of God, and to affright fearful people from hearing that word, whereby their souls might be saved.

I found, 4, That their minds had been as variously affected as their bodies. Of this some could give scarce any account at all, which also I impute to that wise spirit, purposely stunning and confounding as many as he could, that they might not be able to betray his devices. Others gave a very clear and particular account from the beginning to the end. The word of God pierced their souls, and convinced them of inward as well as outward sin. They saw and felt the wrath of God abiding on them, and were afraid of his judgments. And here the accuser came with great

power, telling them, "there was no hope, they were lost for ever." The pains of body then seized them in a moment, and extorted those loud and bitter cries.

As to the latter, I observed the number of those who had left the society, since Dec. 30, was seventy-six:

Fourteen of these (chiefly dissenters) said, "They left it, because otherwise their ministers would not give them the sacrament:"

Nine more, "because their husbands or wives were not willing they should stay in it:"

Twelve, "because their parents were not willing:"

Five, "because their master and mistress would not let them come:"

Seven, "because their acquaintance persuaded them to leave it:"

Five, "because people said such bad things of the society:"

Nine, "because they would not be laughed at:"

Three, "because they would not lose the Poor's allowance:"

Three more, "because they could not spare time to come:"

Two, "because it was too far off:"

One, "because she was afraid of falling into fits:"

One, "because people were so rude in the street:"

Two, "because Thomas Naisbit was in the society:"

One, "because he would not turn his back on his baptism:"

One, "because we were mere Church of England men:" and

One, "because it was time enough to serve God yet."

The number of those who were expelled the society was sixty-four:

Two, for cursing and swearing:

Two, for habitual sabbath-breaking:

Seventeen, for drunkenness:

Two, for retailing spirituous liquors:

Three, for quarrelling and brawling:

One, for beating his wife:
Three, for habitual, wilful lying:
Four, for railing and evil-speaking:
One for idleness and laziness: And
Nine and twenty, for lightness and carelessness.

Sunday 13, I went in the morning in order to speak severally with the members of the society at Tanfield. From the terrible instances I met with here, (and indeed in all parts of England) I am more and more convinced, That the devil himself desires nothing more than this, That the people of any place, should be half awakened, and then left to themselves, to fall asleep again. Therefore I determine, by the grace of God, not to strike one stroke in any place where I cannot follow the blow.

Monday 14, I preached again near Chowden: and this I continued to do weekly, as well as at all the other places round Newcastle, (except Swalwell) where I had preached once.

Thursday 17, As I was preaching at Pelton, one of the old colliers, not much accustomed to things of this kind, in the middle of the sermon, began shouting amain for mere satisfaction and joy of heart. But their usual token of approbation (which somewhat surprised me at first) was clapping me on the back.

Friday 18, As I was meeting the leaders, a company of young men, having prepared themselves by strong drink, broke open the door, and came rushing in with the utmost fury. I began praying for them immediately. Not one opened his mouth or lifted up a finger against us. And after half an hour, we all went away together, in great quietness and love.

Tuesday 22, I went to South-Biddick, a village of colliers, seven miles south-east of Newcastle. The spot where I stood, was just at the bottom of a semi-circular hill, on the rising sides of which many hundreds stood; but far more on the plain beneath. I cried to them, in the words of the prophet, *O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord.* Deep

attention sat on every face. So that here also I believed it would be well, to preach weekly.

Wednesday 23, I met a gentleman in the streets, cursing and swearing in so dreadful a manner, that I could not but stop him. He soon grew calmer, told me, "He *must* treat me with a glass of wine; and that he would come and *hear* me: only he was afraid, I should say something against *fighting of cocks*."

Friday 25, At the pressing instance of a cursing, swearing, drunken Papist, who would needs bring me into a state of salvation, I spent some hours in reading an artful book, entitled, "The Grounds of the Old Religion." In the first thirty pages the author heaps up scriptures, concerning the privileges of the Church. But all this is beating the air, till he proves the Romanists to be the Church, i. e. That a part is the whole. In the second chapter he brings many arguments to shew, "That the Scripture is not the sole rule of faith; at least, not if interpreted by private judgment, because private judgment has no place in matters of religion!"—Why at this moment you are appealing to *my* private judgment: and you cannot possibly avoid it. The foundation of *your*, as well as *my* religion, must necessarily rest here. First you (as well as I) must judge for yourself, whether you are implicitly to follow the Church or not? And also which is the true Church? Else it is not possible to move one step forward.

This evening I preached in the shell of the new house, on the rich man and Lazarus. A great multitude were gathered together there, most of whom stayed with us and *watched* unto the Lord.

Saturday 26, I preached at Birtley, a village four miles south of Newcastle, surrounded by colliers on every side. The greater part of the congregation, earnestly attended to those solemn words, *The Spirit of the Lord is upon me; because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor.*

Monday 28, I was astonished to find it was a real fact (what I would not believe before) that three of the dissent-

g ministers, (Mr. A—rs, Mr. A—ns, and Mr. B—) had greed together, "To exclude all those from the holy communion, who would not refrain from hearing *us*." Mr. —ns publicly affirmed, "We were all Papists, and our octrine mere Popery." And Mr. B—, in the conclusion f a course of sermons, which he preached professedly against s, went a step farther still: for after he had confessed any texts in the Bible are *for them:*" he added, "But ou ought not to mind these texts: for the Papists have put em in!"

Wednesday 30, While I was *reasoning* (from the xxivth hapter of the Acts) on *righteousness, temperance, and dgment to come*, God constrained many of the stout-earted sinners to tremble. O that they may not put Him ff to *a more convenient season!*

April 1, Being Good-Friday, I had a great desire to visit little village called Placey, about ten measured miles north f Newcastle. It is inhabited by colliers only, and such as had en always in the first rank for savage ignorance and wickdness of every kind. Their grand assembly used to be on he Lord's-day, on which men, women, and children, met ogether, to dance, fight, curse and swear, and play at back, ball, span-farthing, or whatever came next to hand. felt great compassion for these poor creatures, from the me I heard of them first; and the more, because all men eemed to despair of them. Between seven and eight I set ut with John Heally, my guide. The north wind being nusually high, drove the sleet full in our face, which froze s it fell, and cased us over presently. When we came to lacey we could very hardly stand. As soon as we were a ittle recovered, I went into the square, and declared Him who *was bruised for our sins, and wounded for our iniquities*. The poor sinners were quickly gathered together, nd gave earnest heed to the things which were spoken. nd so they did in the afternoon again, in spite of the wind nd snow, when I besought them to receive Him for their King; to *repent and believe the Gospel.*

On Easter Monday and Tuesday I preached there again, the congregation continually increasing. And as most of these had never in their lives pretended to any religion of any kind, they were the more ready to cry to God as *mere sinners*, for the free *redemption which is in Jesus.*

Thursday 7, Having settled all things according to my desire, I cheerfully took leave of my friends at Newcastle, and rode that day to Sandhutton. At our inn I found a good-natured man, sitting and drinking in the chimney corner; with whom I began a discourse, suspecting nothing less, than that he was the minister of the parish. Before we parted I spoke exceeding plainly. And he received it in love; begging he might see me when I came that way again. But before I came, he was gone into eternity.

Friday 8, I preached at Knaresborough and at Leeds, on *By grace ye are saved, through faith.* The three following days I divided between Leeds and Birstal, and on Tuesday rode to Sheffield.

I found the society both here and at Barley-Hall, earnestly pressing on toward the mark: although there had not been wanting here also those, who by fair speeches, deceive the hearts of the simple.

Friday 15, I rode in two days to Wednesbury. I found things surprisingly altered here. The inexcusable folly of Mr. W——s, had so provoked Mr. E——n, that his former love was turned into bitter hatred. But he had not yet had time to work up the poor people into the rage and madness which afterwards appeared: So that they were extremely quiet both this and the following days, while I improved the present opportunity, and exhorted them, morning and evening, to believe on the Lord Jesus, and to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling.

Yet on Sunday 17, the scene began to open. I think I never heard so wicked a sermon, and delivered with such bitterness of voice and manner, as that which Mr. E——n preached in the afternoon. I knew what effect this must have in a little time, and therefore judged it expedient to prepare

the poor people for what was to follow, that when it came, they might not be offended. Accordingly on Tuesday 19, I strongly enforced those words of our Lord, *If any man come after me, and hate not his father and mother—yea, and his own life, he cannot be my disciple. And whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me, cannot be my disciple.*

While I was speaking, a gentleman rode up very drunk, and after many unseemly and bitter words, laboured much to ride over some of the people. I was surprised to hear he was a neighbouring clergyman. And this too is a man zealous for the Church! Ah poor Church! if it stood in need of such defenders!

Thursday 21, I spent an hour with some of my old friends, whom I had not seen for many years. I rejoiced to find them still loving and open of heart, just as they were before I went to Georgia. In the afternoon I called at Barkswell, near Coventry; where I had formerly spent many pleasant hours. And here likewise I found friendship and openness still. But the master of the house was under heavy affliction: and such affliction as I believe will never be removed, till he is filled with peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Friday 22, I rode to Painswick: and on Saturday 23, through heavy rain, to Bristol.

I had now a week of rest and peace, which was refreshing both to my soul and body. Sunday, May 1, I had an opportunity of receiving the Lord's Supper at St. James's, our parish Church. We had another comfortable hour in the afternoon, while I was explaining, *This is the covenant which I will make, saith the Lord, I will put my laws in their minds, and write them in their hearts, and I will be unto them a God, and they shall be unto me a people.*

Tuesday, May 3, I set out for Wales, in company with one who was my pupil at Oxford. We could get that night no farther than the Bull, five Welsh miles beyond Abergavenny. The next morning we came to Builth, just as the Church prayers began. Mr. Phillips, the rector of

Maesmennys, (at whose invitation I came) soon took knowledge of me, and we began a friendship which I trust shall never end. I preached on a tomb at the east end of the Church at four, and again at seven. Mr. Gwynne and Mr. Prothero (justices of peace) stood on either hand of me, and all the people before me, catching every word, with the most serious and eager attention.

Thursday 5, I rode over such rugged mountains, as I never saw before, to Cardiff. But it was late before we came in, so that I could not preach that night. Friday 6, I preached at eleven in the New Room, which the society had just built in the heart of the town. And our souls were sweetly comforted together. About two I preached at Lantrissent: and at Fonmon-Castle in the evening, to a loving and serious congregation.

Saturday 7, I was desired to preach at Cowbridge. We came into the town about eleven. And many people seemed very desirous to hear for themselves, concerning the way which is every where spoken against. But it could not be. The sons of Belial gathered themselves together, headed by one or two wretches, called gentlemen: and continued shouting, cursing, blaspheming, and throwing showers of stones, almost without intermission. So that after some time spent in prayer for them, I judged it best to dismiss the congregation.

Sunday 8, I preached in the Castle-yard at Cardiff, at five in the morning and seven in the evening: in the afternoon at Wenvo, where the Church was quite filled, with those who came from many miles round. And God answered many of them in the joy of their hearts: it was a solemn and refreshing season.

Monday 9, I returned to Bristol. Most of the week I spent in visiting the society in Kingswood; whom I now found quite clear of those vain janglings which had for a time well nigh torn them in pieces.

Tuesday 17, My brother set out for Cornwall: where (according to the accounts we had frequently received) abundance of those, who before neither feared God, nor

regarded man, began to enquire What they must do to be saved? But the same imprudence, which had laid the foundation for all the disturbances in Staffordshire, had broke out here also, and turned many of our friends into bitter and implacable enemies. Violent persecution was a natural consequence of this: but the power of God triumphed over all.

May 22, being Whitsunday, I preached both at Kingswood and Bristol, on those solemn words, *Jesus stood and cried, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.*

Tuesday 24, I rode to Cirencester, and preached in a green place, at a little distance from the town, on *The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.* Wednesday 25, I preached to a little company at Oxford. Thursday 26, I had a larger congregation at Wycombe: from whence I hastened to London, and concluded the day, by enforcing those awful words at the Foundery, *The Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold thy salvation cometh! Behold his reward is with Him, and his work before Him.*

Sunday 29, Being Trinity-Sunday, I began officiating at the Chapel in West-Street, near the Seven-Dials, of which (by a strange chain of providences) we have a lease for several years. I preached on the Gospel for the day, part of the third chapter of St. John: and afterwards administered the Lord's-Supper, to some hundreds of communicants. I was a little afraid at first, that my strength would not suffice for the business of the day, when a service of five hours (for it lasted from ten to three) was added to my usual employment. But God looked to that: so I must think, and they that will call it enthusiasm, may. I preached at the Great Gardens at five to an immense congregation, on *Ye must be born again.* Then the leaders met, (who filled all the time that I was not speaking in public:) and after

them the bands. At ten at night, I was less weary than at six in the morning.

The following week I spent in visiting the society. On Sunday, June 5, the service at the Chapel lasted till near four in the afternoon: so that I found it needful, for the time to come, to divide the communicants into three parts, that we might not have above six hundred at once.

Wednesday 8, I ended my course of visiting; throughout which I found great cause to bless God: so very few having *drawn back to perdition*, out of nineteen hundred and fifty souls.

Saturday 18, I received a full account of the terrible riots which had been in Staffordshire. I was not surprised at all: neither should I have wondered, if after the advices they had so often heard from the pulpit, as well as from the episcopal chair, the zealous high-churchmen had risen, and cut all that were Methodists in pieces.

Monday 20, Resolving to assist them as far as I could, I set out early in the morning, and after preaching at Wycombe about noon, in the evening came to Oxford. Tuesday 21, we rode to Birmingham; and in the morning, Wednesday 22, to Francis Ward's, at Wednesbury.

Although I knew all that had been done here, was as contrary to law, as it was to justice and mercy, yet I knew not how to advise the poor sufferers, or to procure them any redress. I was then little acquainted with the English course of law, having long had scruples concerning it. But as many of these were now removed, I thought it best to inquire whether there could be any help from the laws of the land. I therefore rode over to Counsellor Littleton, at Tamworth: who assured us, "We might have an easy remedy, if we resolutely prosecuted, in the manner the law directed, those rebels against God and the King."

Thursday 23, I left Wednesbury, and in the evening preached at Melbourn, in Derbyshire. I preached at Nottingham (where I met my brother coming from the north) on Friday, and on Saturday and Sunday at Epworth.

Monday 27, I preached at Awkborough, on the Trent side, to a stupidly attentive congregation. We then crossed over, and rode to Sykehouse: on Tuesday to Smeton, and on Wednesday to Newcastle.

Thursday 30, I immediately inquired into the state of those whom I left here, striving for the mastery. And some of them I found were grown faint in their minds; others had turned back as a dog to the vomit. But about six hundred still continued, striving together for the hope of the Gospel.

Monday, July 4, and the following days I had time to finish the *Instructions for Children*. Sunday 10, I preached at eight on Chowden-Fell, on *Why will ye die, O house of Israel?* Ever since I came to Newcastle the first time, my spirit had been moved within me, at the crowds of poor wretches, who were every Sunday in the afternoon, sauntering to and fro on the Sand-hill. I resolved, if possible, to find them a better employ, and as soon as the service at All-Saints was over, I walked straight from the Church to the Sand-hill, and gave out a verse of a psalm. In a few minutes I had company enough, thousands upon thousands crowding together. But the prince of this world fought with all his might, lest his kingdom should be overthrown. Indeed the very mob of Newcastle, in the height of their rudeness, have commonly some humanity left. I scarce observed that they threw any thing at all: neither did I receive the least personal hurt. But they continued thrusting one another to and fro, and making such a noise, that my voice could not be heard: so that after spending near an hour in singing and prayer, I thought it best to adjourn to our own house.

Monday 11, I had almost such another congregation in the High-street at Sunderland. But the tumult subsided in a short time; so that I explained, without any interruption, the one true religion, *Righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost*.

Thursday 14, I preached at the Lower-Spen, seven or eight (northern) miles from Newcastle. John Brown had

been obliged to remove hither from Tanfield-Leigh, (I believe by the peculiar providence of God.) By his rough and strong, though artless words, many of his neighbours had been much convinced; and began to search the Scriptures as they never had done before: so that they did not seem at all surprised, when I declared, *He that believeth, hath everlasting life.*

Sunday 17, I preached (as I had done the Wednesday before) to my favourite congregation at Placey, on *Him hath God exalted with his own right-hand to be a Prince and a Saviour.* I then joined a little company of them together who desired *repentance and remission of sins.*

Monday 18, I set out from Newcastle, with John Downes, of Horsley. We were four hours in riding to Ferry-Hill, about twenty measured miles. After resting there an hour, we rode softly on: and at two o'clock came to Darlington. I thought my horse was not well. He thought the same of his: though they were both young, and very well the day before. We ordered the hostler to fetch a farrier, which he did without delay. But before the men could determine what was the matter, both the horses lay down and died.

I hired a horse to Sandhutton and rode on, desiring John Downes to follow me. Thence I rode to Borough-Bridge on Tuesday morning, and then walked on to Leeds.

Wednesday 20, I preached at Birstal and High-Town. After I had visited all the societies in these parts, and preached at as many of the little towns as I could, on Monday 25, I rode to Barley-Hall. Many from Sheffield were there. We rejoiced greatly together, in *Him who justifieth the ungodly.* On Tuesday night and Wednesday morning I preached at Nottingham: on Wednesday evening, at Markfield. Friday 28, we rode to Newport-Pagnel, and Saturday 29, to London.

Saturday, August 6, A convenient Chapel was offered me in Snowsfields on the other side the water. It was built on purpose, it seems, by a poor Arian misbeliever, for the defence and propagation of her bad faith. But the wisdom of

God brought that device to nought, and ordered by his over-ruling providence, that it should be employed, not for *crucifying the Son of God afresh*, but for calling all to believe on his name.

Monday 28, Upon mention being made of my design to preach here, a zealous woman warmly replied, "What! at Snowsfields! Will Mr. W. preach at Snowsfields? surely he will not do it! Why, there is not such another place in all the town. The people there are not men but devils." However, I resolved to try, if God were not stronger than they. So this evening I preached there on that scripture, *Jesus said, they that be whole need not a physician: but they that are sick. I came, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.*

Sunday 14, Mr. G. assisted me at the Chapel, one who had *then* a deep sense of the goodness of God, in lifting him up from the gates of death, and delivering him out of all his troubles.

Monday 22, After a few of us had joined in prayer, about four I set out, and rode softly to Snow-hill, where the saddle slipping quite upon my mare's neck, I fell over her head, and she ran back into Smithfield. Some boys caught her, and brought her to me again, cursing and swearing all the way. I spoke plainly to them, and they promised to amend. I was setting forward, when a man cried, "Sir, you have lost your saddle-cloth." Two or three more would needs help me to put it on; but these two swore at almost every word. I turned to one and another and spoke in love. They all took it well and thanked me much. I gave them two or three little books which they promised to read over carefully.

Before I reached Kensington, I found my mare had lost a shoe. This gave me an opportunity of talking closely for near half an hour, both to the smith and his servant. I mention these little circumstances to shew, how easy it is to redeem every fragment of time (if I may so speak) when we feel any love to those souls for which Christ died.

Tuesday 23, I came to Kingswood in the afternoon, and

in the evening preached at Bristol. Wednesday 24, I made it my business to inquire, concerning the truth of a strange relation which had been given me. And I found there was no possibility of doubting it. The plain fact was this:

"The Rev. Mr. —— (I use the words of a gentleman of Bristol, whose manuscript lies by me) preached at two or three churches on these words, *Having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.* After shewing the different sorts of dissenters from the Church of England, who (as he said) had only the form of godliness, he inveighed very much against the novel sect, the *upstart Methodists,* (as he termed them) which indeed he was accustomed to do, more or less, in almost all his sermons. 'These are the men,' said he, 'whom St. Paul foretold, who have the form, the outside show of holiness, but not the power; for they are ravening wolves, full of hypocrisy within.' He then alleged many grievous things against them; but without all colour of truth: and warned his flock to *turn away from* them, and not to bid them God speed, lest they should be partakers of their evil deeds.

"Shortly after he was to preach at St. Nicholas' church. He had named the above-mentioned text twice, when he was suddenly seized with a rattling in his throat, attended with a hideous groaning. He fell backward against the door of the pulpit; burst it open, and would have fallen down the stairs, but that some people caught him, and carried him away, as it seemed, dead, into the vestry. In two or three days he recovered his senses, and the Sunday following, died!"

In the evening, the word of God was indeed quick and powerful. Afterwards I desired the men as well as women to meet. But I could not speak to them. The spirit of prayer was so poured upon us all, that we could only speak to God.

Having found, for some time, a strong desire to unite with Mr. Whitefield, as far as possible; to cut off needless dispute,

I wrote down my sentiments, as plainly as I could, in the following terms:

"There are three points in debate, 1, Unconditional Election; 2, Irresistible Grace; 3, Final Perseverance.

"With regard to the first, Unconditional Election, I believe, That God before the foundation of the world, did *unconditionally elect* certain persons to do certain works, as Paul to preach the Gospel:—That he has *unconditionally elected* some nations to receive peculiar privileges, the Jewish nation in particular:—That he has *unconditionally elected* some nations to hear the Gospel, as England and Scotland now, and many others in past ages:—That he has *unconditionally elected* some persons, to many peculiar advantages, both with regard to temporal and spiritual things:—And I do not deny (though I cannot prove it is so,) That he has *unconditionally elected* some persons to eternal glory. But I cannot believe, That all those who are *not* thus *elected* to glory, *must* perish everlastingly: or that there is one soul on earth, who has not, nor ever had, *a possibility* of escaping eternal damnation: With regard to the second, Irresistible Grace, I believe, That the grace which brings faith, and thereby salvation into the soul, is irresistible *at that moment*.—That most believers may remember some time when God did *irresistibly* convince them of sin:—That most believers do at some other times find God *irresistibly* acting upon their souls:—Yet I believe, that the grace of God both before and after those moments, may be and hath been resisted: and, that, in general it does not act *irresistibly*, but we *may* comply therewith, or *may not*.

"And I do not deny, that in some souls the grace of God is so far *irresistible*, that they cannot but believe and be finally saved.

"But I cannot believe, that all those *must* be damned, in whom it does not *thus irresistibly* work:—or, that there is one soul on earth, who has not, and never had any other grace, than such as does in fact encrease his damnation, and was designed of God so to do. With regard to the third, Final Perseverance, I incline to believe, that there

is a state attainable in this life, from which a man cannot finally fall :—That he has attained this, who can say, *Old things are passed away; all things* in me *are become new.*"

Thursday 25, My subject in the evening was, *As ye have received the Lord Jesus Christ, so walk ye in Him.* O what a season was this! I scarce remember such an hour, since the first stone of the house was laid.

Friday 26, I set out for Cornwall. In the evening I preached at the Cross in Taunton, on *The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.* A poor man had posted himself behind, in order to make some disturbance. But the time was not come. The zealous wretches who *deny the Lord that bought them*, had not yet stirred up the people. Many cried out. "Throw down that rascal there; knock him down; beat out his brains." So that I was obliged to entreat for him more than once, or he would have been but roughly handled.

Saturday 27, I reached Exeter in the afternoon; but as no one knew of my coming, I did not preach that night, only to one poor sinner at the inn; who after listening to our conversation for a while, looked earnestly at us and asked, "Whether it was possible for one who had in some measure known *the powers of the world to come*, and was *fallen away*, (which she said was her case) to be *renewed again to repentance?* We besought God on her behalf, and left her sorowing; yet not without hope.

Sunday 28, I preached at seven to a handful of people. The sermon we heard at Church, was quite innocent of meaning: what that in the afternoon was, I know not; for I could not hear a single sentence.

From Church I went to the Castle, where were gathered together (as some imagined) half the grown persons in the city. It was an awful sight. So vast a congregation in that solemn amphitheatre! And all were silent and still, while I explained at large and enforced that glorious truth, *Happy are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered.*

I went thence to poor Mr. V—, the clegyman, lying under sentence of death. He had for some time acted the lunatic: but I soon put him out of his play; and he appeared to have wit enough in his anger. I designed to close in with him immediately; but two cruelly-impertinent gentlemen, would needs come into the room, so that I could say no more, but was obliged to leave him in their hands.

The lad, who was to die the next day, was quite of another spirit. He appeared deeply affected while we were speaking, and yet more during our prayer. And no sooner were we gone, than he broke out into a bitter cry. Who knows but he might be heard by Him that made him?

Monday 29, We rode forward. About sunset we were in the middle of the first, great, pathless moor beyond Launceston. About eight we were got quite out of our way. But we had not gone far before we heard Bodmin bell. Directed by this, we turned to the left, and came to the town before nine.

Tuesday 30, In the evening we reached St. Ives. At seven I invited all guilty, helpless sinners, who were conscious, they *had nothing to pay*, to accept of free forgiveness. The room was crowded both within and without. But all were quiet and attentive.

Wednesday 31, I spoke severally with those of the society, who were about one hundred and twenty. Near a hundred of these had found peace with God. Such is the blessing of being persecuted for righteousness' sake! As we were going to Church at eleven, a large company at the market-place, welcomed us with a loud huzza: wit as harmless as the ditty sung under my window (composed, one assured me, by a gentlewoman of their own town)

> "Charley Wesley is come to town,
> To try if he can pull the churches down."

In the evening I explained "the promise of the Father." After preaching, many began to be turbulent. But John Nelson went into the midst of them, and spoke a little to the loudest, who answered not again, but went quietly away.

Thursday, September 1, We had a day of peace. Friday 2, I preached at Morva, about eight miles west of St. Ives, on the north sea. My text was, *The land of Zabulon and the land of* Nephthali, *by the way of the sea—The people which sat in darkness saw great light, and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up.*

I observed an earnest, stupid attention in the hearers, many of whom appeared to have good desires, but I did not find one who was convinced of sin, much less who knew the pardoning love of God.

Saturday 3, I rode to the Three-cornered-down (so called) nine or ten miles east of St. Ives, where we found two or three hundred tinners, who had been some time waiting for us. They all appeared quite pleased and unconcerned: and many of them ran after us to Gwynap, (two miles east) where their number was quickly increased to four or five hundred. I had much comfort here, in applying those words, *He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor.* One who lived near, invited us to lodge at his house, and conducted us back to the green in the morning. We came thither just as the day dawned, and I strongly applied those gracious words, *I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely,* to five or six hundred serious people. At Trezuthan-downs, five miles nearer St. Ives, we found seven or eight hundred waiting: to whom I cried aloud, *Cast away all your transgressions; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?* After dinner I preached again to about a thousand people, on *Him* whom *God hath exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour.* It was here first I observed a little impression made, on two or three of the hearers: the rest, (as usual) shewing huge approbation, and absolute unconcern.

At seven I met the society at St. Ives, where two women, who came from Penzance, fell down as dead, and soon after cried out, in the bitterness of their souls. But we continued crying to God in their behalf, until He put a new song in their mouths. At the same time, a young man of the same

place, who had once known the peace of God, but had sinned it away, had a fresh and clear manifestation of the love of God.

Tuesday 6, I preached at Morva, on *Righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.* But still I could not find the way into the hearts of the hearers: although they were earnest to hear what they understood not.

Wednesday 7, I preached to two or three hundred people at Zunnor, (four miles west of St. Ives) and found much goodwill in them, but no life. It was much the same on Thursday 8, while I preached at Cannegy-downs, five miles south of St. Ives, on *The resurrection of the dry bones.* There is not yet so much as a shaking among them: much less is there any breath in them.

Friday 9, I rode in quest of St. Hilary-downs, ten or twelve miles south-east of St. Ives. And the Downs I found, but no congregation, neither man, woman, nor child. But by that I had put on my gown and cassock, about a hundred gathered themselves together, whom I earnestly called *To repent and believe the Gospel.* And if but one heard, it was worth all the labour.

Saturday 10, There were prayers at St. Just in the afternoon, which did not end until four. I then preached at the Cross, to, I believe, a thousand people, who all behaved in a quiet and serious manner.

At six I preached in Sennan, near the Land's-end, and appointed the little congregation (consisting chiefly of old, grey-headed men) to meet me again at five in the morning. But on Sunday 11, great part of them were got together between three and four o'clock. So, between four and five, we began praising God; and I largely explained and applied, *I will heal their backslidings, I will love them freely.*

We went afterwards down, as far as we could go safely, toward the point of the rocks at the Land's-end. It was an awful sight! But how will these melt away, when God ariseth to judgment!—The sea between does indeed *boil like a pot. One would think the deep to be hoary.* But *though*

they swell, yet can they not prevail: He hath set their bounds, which they cannot pass.

Between eight and nine I preached at St. Just, on the green plain near the town, to the largest congregation (I was informed) that ever had been seen in these parts. I cried out, with all the authority of love, *Why will ye die, O house of Israel?* The people trembled and were still. I had not known such an hour before in Cornwall.

Soon after one, we had such another congregation, on the north-side of Morva-church. The Spirit of the great King was in the midst. And I was filled both with matter and words, even more abundantly than at St. Just. *My strength will I ascribe unto thee.*

At Zunnor I preached about five, and then hastened to St. Ives, where we concluded the day in praising God with joyful lips.

Monday 12, I preached at one on Trezuthan-downs, and in the evening at St. Ives. The dread of God fell upon us while I was speaking, so that I could hardly utter a word: but most of all in prayer, wherein I was so carried out, as scarce ever before in my life.

I had *had* for some time a great desire to go and publish the love of God our Saviour, if it were but for one day, in the isles of Scilly. And I had occasionally mentioned it to several. This evening three of our brethren came and offered to carry me thither, if I could procure the Mayor's boat, which (they said) "was the best sailer of any in the town." I sent, and he lent it me immediately. So the next morning, Tuesday 13, John Nelson, Mr. Shepherd, and I, with three men and a pilot, sailed from St. Ives. It seemed strange to me, to attempt going in a fisher-boat, fifteen leagues upon the main ocean: especially when the waves began to swell, and hang over our heads. But I called to my companions, and we all joined together, in singing lustily, and with a good courage,

When passing through the wat'ry deep,
I ask in faith his promis'd aid,

The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head.
Fearless their violence I dare:
They cannot harm; for God is here.

About half an hour after one, we landed on St. Mary's, the chief of the inhabited islands.

We immediately waited upon the Governor, with the usual present, viz. a news-paper. I desired him likewise to accept of an *Earnest Appeal*. The minister not being willing I should preach in the Church, I preached at six in the streets, to almost all the town, and many soldiers, sailors, and workmen, on *Why will ye die, O house of Israel?* It was a blessed time, so that I scarce knew how to conclude. After sermon I gave them some little books and hymns, which they were so eager to receive, that they were ready to tear both them and me to pieces.

For what *political reason* such a number of workmen were gathered together, and employed at so large an expence, to fortify a few barren rocks, which whosoever would take, deserves to have them for his pains, I could not possibly devise: but a *providential reason* was easy to be discovered. God might call them together to hear the Gospel, which perhaps otherwise they might never have thought of.

At five in the morning I preached again, on *I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely*. And between nine and ten, having talked with many in private, and distributed both to them and others, between two and three hundred hymns and little books, we left this barren, dreary place, and set sail for St. Ives, though the wind was strong, and blew directly in our teeth. Our pilot said we should have good luck, if we reached the land: but he knew not Him whom the wind and seas obey. Soon after three we were even with the Land's-end, and about nine we reached St. Ives.

Friday 16, I preached to four or five hundred on St. Hi-

lary-downs. And many seemed amazed. But I could find none as yet, who had any deep or lasting conviction.

In the evening, as I was preaching at St. Ives, Satan began to fight for his kingdom. The mob of the town, burst into the room, and created much disturbance: roaring and striking those that stood in their way, as though Legion himself possessed them. I would fain have persuaded our people to stand still; but the zeal of some, and the fear of others, had no ears: so that finding the uproar increase, I went into the midst, and brought the head of the mob up with me to the desk. I received but one blow on the side of the head: after which we reasoned the case; until he grew milder and milder, and at length undertook to quiet his companions.

Saturday 17, I preached at St. Just, and at the Land's-end, where in the morning, Sunday 18, I largely declared (what many shall witness in due time) *By grace ye are saved, through faith.*

The congregation at St. Just was greatly increased, while I proclaimed to every convicted sinner, *Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*

About one I preached at Morva, on Romans viii. 15, to the largest congregation I had seen in Cornwall. The society afterwards met, consisting of above a hundred members. Which of these will endure to the end?

At Zunnor I preached on Isaiah liii, feeling no weariness at all; and concluded the day with our brethren at St. Ives, rejoicing and praising God.

Monday 19, We were informed the rabble had designed, to make their general assault in the evening. But one of the Aldermen came, at the request of the Mayor, and stayed with us the whole time of the service. So that no man opened his mouth while I explained, *None is like unto the God of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the heavens unto thy help, and in his excellency upon the sky.*

Tuesday 20, I concluded my preaching here, by exhorting all who had *escaped the corruption that is in the world,*

add to their *faith, courage, knowledge, temperance, pa-nce, godliness, brotherly-kindness, and charity.* At eleven pent some time with our brethren in prayer, and com-nded them to the grace of God.

At Trezuthan-downs I preached to two or three thousand ple, on *The high-way of the Lord, the way of holiness.* e reached Gwynap a little before six, and found the plain ered from end to end. It was supposed there were ten usand people; to whom I preached *Christ our wisdom, hteousness, sanctification, and redemption.* I could not clude until it was so dark, we could scarce see one an-er. And there was on all sides the deepest attention, none aking, stirring, or scarce looking aside. Surely here, ugh in a temple not made with hands, was *God wor-pped in the beauty of holiness!*

One of those who were present, was Mr. P——, once a ent adversary. Before sermon began, he whispered to of his acquaintance, "Captain, stand by me, do not stir n me." He soon burst out into a flood of tears; and ckly after sunk down. His friend caught him and pre-ted his falling to the ground. O may the Friend of ners lift him up!

Wednesday 21, I was waked between three and four, by rge company of tinners, who fearing they should be too , had gathered round the house, and were singing and sing God. At five I preached once more on *Believe in Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.* They all ured the word. O may it be health to their soul, and row unto their bones.

We rode to Launceston that day. Thursday 22, as we riding through a village, called Sticklepath, one ped me in the street, and asked abrupt, "Is not thy e John Wesley?" Immediately two or three more e up, and told me, "I must stop there." I did so, before we had spoke many words, our souls took ac-ntance with each other. I found they were called kers; but that hurt not me, seeing the love of God was eir hearts.

In the evening I came to Exeter, and preached in the Castle; and again at five in the morning, to such a people as I have rarely seen, void both of anger, fear, and love.

We went by Axminster, at the request of a few there that feared God, and had joined themselves together some years since. I exhorted them so to seek after the power, as not to despise the form of godliness; and then rode on to Taunton, where we were gladly received by a little company of our brethren from Bristol.

I had designed to preach in the yard of our inn; but before I had named my text, having uttered only two words, *Jesus Christ*, a tradesman of the town (who it seems was mayor elect) made so much noise and uproar, that we thought it best to give him the ground. But many of the people followed me up into a large room, where I preached unto them *Jesus*. The next evening, Saturday 24, we arrived safe at Bristol.

Sunday 25, I preached at Bristol in the morning, and at Kingswood in the afternoon, on *Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever*. A vast congregation in the evening were quite serious and attentive.

Monday 26, I had a great desire to speak plain to a young man, who went with us over the New Passage. To that end I rode with him three miles out of my way: but I could fix nothing upon him. Just as we parted, walking over Carleon Bridge, he stumbled and was like to fall. I caught him, and began to speak of God's care over us. Immediately the tears stood in his eyes, and he appeared to feel every word which was said; so I spoke and spared not. The same I did to a poor man, who led my horse over the bridge, to our landlord and his wife, and to one who occasionally came in. And they all expressed a surprising thankfulness.

About seven in the evening we reached Kirk-Howell, four miles beyond Abergavenny. Tuesday 27, we came to Mr. Gwynne's, at Garth. It brought fresh to my mind our first visit to Mr. Jones, at Fonmon. How soon may

the master of this great house too be called away into an everlasting habitation!

Having so little time to stay I had none to lose. So the same afternoon, about four o'clock, I read prayers and preached to a small congregation, on the *Faith* which *is counted* to us *for righteousness.*

Very early in the morning I was obliged to set out in order to reach Cardiff before it was dark. I found a large congregation waiting there, to whom I explained Zechariah ix. 11, *By the blood of thy covenant I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit wherein is no water.*

Thursday 29, I preached at the castle of Fonmon to a loving, simple people. Friday 30, it being a fair, still evening, I preached in the castle yard at Cardiff; and the whole congregation, rich and poor, behaved as in the presence of God. Saturday, October 1, I preached at Carphilly in the morning, Lantrissent at noon, and Cardiff at night.

Sunday 2, Fearing my strength would not suffice for preaching more than four times in the day, I only spent half an hour in prayer with the society in the morning. At seven, and in the evening, I preached in the castle, at eleven in Wenvo church; and in the afternoon in Porthkerry church, on *Repent ye, and believe the Gospel.*

Monday 3, I returned to Bristol, and employed several days in examining and purging the society, which still consisted (after many were put away) of more than seven hundred persons. The next week I examined the society in Kingswood, in which I found but a few things to reprove.

Saturday 15, The leaders brought in what had been contributed in their several classes toward the public debt; and we found it was sufficient to discharge it, which was therefore done without delay.

Monday 17, I left Bristol, and preached in the evening to a very civil congregation at Painswick. Tuesday 18, I preached to a little earnest company at Gutherton, near Tewksbury; and in the evening at Evesham, on the hap-

piness of him *whose iniquities are forgiven, and his sin covered.*

Wednesday 19, I called on Mr. Taylor, at Quinton, six or seven miles north of Evesham. About eleven I preached in his church to a thin, dull congregation, and then rode on to Birmingham.

Thursday 20, After preaching to a small, attentive congregation, I rode to Wednesbury. At twelve I preached in a ground near the middle of the town, to a far larger congregation than was expected, on *Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.* I believe every one present felt the power of God. And no creature offered to molest us, either going or coming; but *the Lord fought for* us, and we *held our peace.*

I was writing at Francis Ward's in the afternoon, when the cry arose, that "the mob had beset the house." We prayed, that God would disperse them. And it was so: one went this way, and another that: so that in half an hour not a man was left. I told our brethren, "Now is the time for us to go." But they pressed me exceedingly to stay; so, that I might not offend them, I sat down, though I foresaw what would follow. Before five the mob surrounded the house again, in greater numbers than ever. The cry of one and all was, "Bring out the minister; we will have the minister." I desired one to take their captain by the hand, and bring him into the house. After a few sentences interchanged between us, the lion was become a lamb. I desired him to go and bring one or two more of the most angry of his companions. He brought in two, who were ready to swallow the ground with rage; but in two minutes they were as calm as he. I then bade them make way, that I might go out among the people. As soon as I was in the midst of them I called for a chair, and standing up, asked, "What do any of you want with me?" Some said, "We want you to go with us to the Justice." I replied, "That I will with all my heart." I then spoke a few words, which God applied; so that they cried out with might and main, "The gentleman is a honest gen-

gleman, and we will spill our blood in his defence." I asked, "Shall we go to the Justice to-night or in the morning?" Most of them cried, "To-night, to-night." On which I went before, and two or three hundred followed, the rest returning whence they came.

The night came on before we had walked a mile, together with heavy rain. However, on we went to Bentley-Hall, two miles from Wednesbury. One or two ran before to tell Mr. Lane, "They had brought Mr. Wesley before his worship." Mr. Lane replied, "What have I to do with Mr. Wesley? Go, and carry him back again." By this time the main body came up, and began knocking at the door. A servant told them, "Mr. Lane was in bed." His son followed, and asked, "What was the matter?" One replied, "Why, an't please you, they sing psalms all day; nay, and make folks rise at five in the morning. And what would your worship advise us to do?" "To go home," said Mr. Lane, "and be quiet."

Here they were at a full stop, till one advised, "to go to Justice Persehouse, at Walsal." All agreed to this. So we hastened on, and about seven came to his house. But Mr. P—— likewise sent word, "That he was in bed." Now they were at a stand again; but at last they all thought it the wisest course to make the best of their way home. About fifty of them undertook to convoy me. But we had not gone a hundred yards, when the mob of Walsal came, pouring in like a flood, and bore down all before them. The Darlaston mob made what defence they could; but they were weary, as well as out-numbered; so that, in a short time, many being knocked down, the rest ran away, and left me in their hands.

To attempt speaking was vain, for the noise on every side was like the roaring of the sea. So they dragged me along till we came to the town; where, seeing the door of a large house open, I attempted to go in; but a man catching me by the hair, pulled me back into the middle of the mob. They made no more stop till they had carried me through the main street from one end of the town to the

other. I continued speaking all the time to those within hearing, feeling no pain or weariness. At the west end of the town, seeing a door half open, I made toward it, and would have gone in, but a gentleman in the shop would not suffer me, saying, "They would pull the house down to the ground." However, I stood at the door, and asked, "Are you willing to hear me speak?" Many cried out, "No, no! knock his brains out! down with him! kill him at once!" Others said, "Nay, but we will hear him first." I began asking, "What evil have I done?—which of you all have I wronged in word or deed?" And continued speaking for above a quarter of an hour, till my voice suddenly failed. Then the floods began to lift up their voice again; many crying out, "Bring him away, bring him away."

In the mean time my strength and my voice returned, and I broke out aloud into prayer. And now the man who just before headed the mob, turned and said, "Sir, I will spend my life for you; follow me, and not one soul here shall touch a hair of your head. Two or three of his fellows confirmed his words, and got close to me immediately. At the same time the gentleman in the shop cried out, "For shame, for shame, let him go." An honest butcher, who was a little farther off, said, "It was a shame they should do thus;" and pulled back four or five one after another, who were running on the most fiercely. The people then, as if it had been by common consent, fell back to the right and left; while those three or four men took me between them, and carried me through them all. But on the bridge the mob rallied again: we therefore went on one side, over the mill-dam, and thence through the meadows; till a little before ten, God brought me safe to Wednesbury, having lost only one flap of my waistcoat, and a little skin from one of my hands.

I never saw such a chain of providences before; so many convincing proofs, that the hand of God is on every person and thing, over-ruling all as it seemeth Him good.

The poor woman of Darlaston, who had headed that

nob, and sworn that none should touch me, when she saw ier followers give way, ran into the thickest of the throng, nd knocked down three or four men, one after another. But nany assaulting her at once, she was soon overpowered, and nd probably been killed in a few minutes, (three men eeping her down, and beating her with all their might,) nd not a man called out to one of them, "Hold, Tom, old!" "Who is there?" said Tom. "What, honest unchin? Nay, then, let her go." So they held their ands, and let her get up, and crawl home as well as she ould.

From the beginning to the end I found the same presence f mind, as if I had been sitting in my own study. But I ook no thought for one moment before another: only once t came into my mind, that if they should throw me into he river it would spoil the papers that were in my pocket. For myself, I did not doubt but I should swim acros, having but a thin coat and a light pair of boots.

The circumstances that follow, I thought, were particularly remarkable: 1, That many endeavoured to throw me down while we were going down-hill on a slippery path to the town, as well judging, that if I were once on the ground, I should hardly rise any more. But I made no stumble at all, nor the least slip, till I was entirely out of their hands: 2, That although many strove to lay hold on my collar or clothes to pull me down, they could not fasten at all: only one got fast hold on the flap of my waistcoat, which was soon left in his hand. The other flap, in the pocket of which was a bank-note, was torn but half off. 3, That a lusty man, just behind, struck at me several times with a large oaken stick; with which, if he had struck me once on the back part of my head, it would have saved him all farther trouble; but every time the blow was turned aside I know not how, for I could not move to the right-hand or left. 4, That another came rushing through the press, and raising his arm to strike, on a sudden let it drop, and only stroked my head, saying, "What soft hair he has." 5, That I stopped exactly at the Mayor's door, as if I had known it

(which the mob doubtless thought I did;) and found him standing in the shop, which gave the first check to the madness of the people. 6, That the very first men, whose hearts were turned, were the heroes of the town, the captains of the rabble on all occasions, one of them having been a prize-fighter at the bear-garden. 7, That from first to last, I heard none give a reviling word, or call me by any opprobrious name whatever. But the cry of one and all was, "The preacher! the preacher! the parson! the minister!" 8, That no creature, at least within my hearing, lay any thing to my charge, either true or false; having in the hurry quite forgot to provide themselves with an accusation of any kind. And, lastly, that they were utterly at a loss what they should do with me; none proposing any determinate thing, only, "Away with him; kill him at once."

By how gentle degrees does God prepare us for his will! Two years ago a piece of a brick grazed my shoulders. It was a year after that the stone struck me between the eyes. Last month I received one blow, and this evening two; one before we came into the town, and one after we were gone out. But both were as nothing; for though one man struck me on the breast with all his might, and the other on the mouth with such a force that the blood gushed out immediately; I felt no more pain from either of the blows, than if they had touched me with a straw.

It ought not to be forgotten, that when the rest of the society made all haste to escape for their lives, four only would not stir, William Stitch, Edward Slater, John Griffiths, and Joan Parks: these kept with me, resolving to live or die together. And none of them received one blow but William Stitch, who held me by the arm from one end of the town to the other. He was then dragged away and knocked down; but he soon rose and got to me again. I afterwards asked him, "What he expected when the mob came upon us?" He said, "To die for Him who had died for us; and he felt no hurry or fear, but calmly waited till God should require his soul of him."

I asked J. P——, if she were not afraid when they tore er from me? She said, "No; no more than I am now. I uld trust God for you as well as for myself. From the ginning I had a full persuasion that God would deliver u. I knew not how, but I left that to Him, and was as re as if it were already done." I asked, if the report were ue, that she had fought for me. She said, "No; I knew od would fight for his children."—And shall these souls rish at the last?

When I came back to Francis Ward's, I found many of r brethren waiting upon God. Many also whom I never d seen before came to rejoice with us. And the next rning, as I rode through the town in my way to Nottingm, every one I met expressed such a cordial affection, at I could scarce believe what I saw and heard.

I cannot close this head without inserting as great a curiity in its kind, as I believe was ever yet seen in England, hich had its birth within a very few days of this remarkle occurrence at Walsal:

Staffordshire.

"To all High-Constables, Petty-Constables, and other of his Majesty's Peace-officers, within the said county, and particularly to the Constable of Tipton," (near Walsal.)

"Whereas, we his Majesty's Justices of the peace, for e said county of Stafford, have received information, that veral disorderly persons, styling themselves Methodist eachers, go about, raising routs and riots, to the great daage of his Majesty's liege people, and against the peace of r Sovereign Lord the King:

"These are in his Majesty's name, to command you and ery one of you, within your respective districts, to make ligent search after the said Methodist preachers, and to ing him or them before some of us his said Majesty's Juses of the peace, to be examined concerning their unlawful ings.

"Given under our hands and seals this day of October, 43.

JOHN LANE,
WM. PERSEHOUSE."

N. B. The very Justices to whose houses I was carried, and who severally refused to see me!

Saturday 22, I rode from Nottingham to Epworth, and on Monday set out for Grimsby. But at Ferry we were at a full stop: The boatmen telling us, "We could not pass the Trent: It was as much as our lives were worth to put from shore before the storm abated." We waited an hour. But being afraid it would do much hurt, if I should disappoint the congregation at Grimsby, I asked the men, "If they did not think it possible, to get to the other shore?" They said, "They could not tell; but if we would venture our lives, they would venture theirs." So we put off, having six men, two women, and three horses in the boat. Many stood, looking after us on the river side: in the middle of which we were, when in an instant, the side of the boat was under water, and the horses and men rolling one over another. We expected the boat to sink every moment, but I did not doubt being able to swim ashore. The boatmen were amazed as well as the rest; but they quickly recovered and rowed for life. And soon after our horses leaping overboard, lightened the boat, and we all came unhurt to land.

They wondered what was the matter I did not rise (for I lay along in the bottom of the boat;) and I wondered too, till upon examination I found, that a large iron crow, which the boatmen sometimes used, was (none knew how) run through the string of my boot, which pinned me down that I could not stir. So that if the boat had sunk, I should have been safe enough from swimming any further.

The same day, and as near as we could judge the same hour, the boat in which my brother was crossing the Severn, at the New Passage, was carried away by the wind, and in the utmost danger of splitting upon the rocks. But the same God, when all human hope was past, delivered them as well as us.

In the evening, the house at Grimsby not being able to contain one-fourth of the congregation, I stood in the street,

and exhorted every prodigal to *arise and go to his father.* One or two endeavoured to interrupt, but they were soon stilled by their own companions. The next day, Tuesday 25, one in the town promised us the use of a large room. But he was prevailed upon to retract his promise before the hour of preaching came. I then designed going to the Cross, but the rain prevented; so that we were a little at a loss, till we were offered a very convenient place, by a woman who was a sinner. I there declared him (about one o'clock,) whom God hath exalted, to give repentance and remission of sins. And God so confirmed the word of his grace, that I marvelled any one could withstand Him.

However, the prodigal held out till the evening, when I enlarged upon her sins and faith, who *washed* our *Lord's feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head.* She was then utterly broken in pieces, (as, indeed, was well nigh the whole congregation,) and came after me to my lodging, crying out, "O, Sir! *What must I do to be saved?*" Being now informed of her case, I said, "Escape for your life; return instantly to your husband." She said, "But how can it be? Which way can I go? He is above a hundred miles off. I have just received a letter from him, and he is at Newcastle-upon-Tyne." I told her, "I am going for Newcastle in the morning; you may go with me. William Blow shall take you behind him." And so he did. Glory be to the Friend of sinners! He hath plucked one more brand out of the fire. Thou poor sinner, thou hast received a prophet in the name of a prophet; and thou art found of Him that sent him.

Wednesday 26, I enlarged upon those deep words, *Repent and believe the Gospel.* When I had done, a man stood forth in the midst, one who had exceedingly troubled his brethren, vehemently maintaining (for the plague had spread hither also), that they ought not to pray, to sing, to communicate; to search the Scriptures, or to trouble themselves about works, but only to believe and *be still,* and said with a loud voice, "Mr. Wesley, let me speak a few

words. Is it not said, *A certain man had two sons? And he said unto the younger, Go and work in my vineyard. And he answered, I will not: but afterwards he repented and went?* I am he. I said yesterday, 'I will not go to hear him; I will have nothing to do with him.' But I repent. Here is my hand. By the grace of God, I will not leave you as long as I live."

William Blow, Mrs. S., and I set out at six. During our whole journey to Newcastle, I scarce observed her to laugh or even smile once. Nor did she ever complain of any thing, or appeared moved in the least with those trying circumstances which many times occurred in our way. A steady seriousness, or sadness rather, appeared in her whole behaviour and conversation, as became one that felt the burthen of sin, and was groaning after salvation. In the same spirit, by all I could observe or learn, she continued during her stay at Newcastle. Not long after, her husband removed from thence, and wrote to her to follow him. She set out in a ship bound for Hull. A storm met them by the way. The ship sprung a leak. But though it was near the shore, on which many people flocked together, yet the sea ran so exceeding high, that it was impossible to make any help. Mrs. S. was seen standing on the deck, as the ship gradually sunk; and afterwards, hanging by her hands on the ropes, till the masts likewise disappeared. Even then for some moments they could observe her floating upon the waves, till her clothes, which buoyed her up, being thoroughly wet, she sunk—I trust into the ocean of God's mercy.

AN

EXTRACT

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S

JOURNAL,

No. VI.

FROM OCTOBER 27, 1743, TO NOVEMBER 17, 1746.

IDAY, October 28, 1743, We rode with William Holmes, an Israelite indeed, from Epworth to Syke-. Here I preached at ten, and hastened on to Leeds: whence, setting out early in the morning, I had hopes ching Wensley-dale before it was dark. But it could e. So in the dusk of the evening, understanding we ve or six miles still to ride, I thought it best to procure le. In less than an hour, it being extremely dark, I ved we were got out of all road. We were in a large ow, near a river, and (it seemed to me) almost sur-ed with water. I asked our guide, "Do you know you are?" And he honestly answered "No." So de on as we could, until about eight we came to a little , whence we were directed into a lane which led to sley.

nday 30, Mr. Clayton read prayers, and I preached, *What must I do to be saved?* I shewed in the plainest I could devise, "That mere outside religion would ting us to heaven: that none could go thither without

inward holiness, which was only to be attained by faith." as I went back through the Church-yard, many of the parish were in high debate "What religion this preacher was of?" Some said, he must be a Quaker: others, an Anabaptist: but at length, one deeper learned than the rest, brought them all clearly over to his opinion, "That he was a *Presbyterian-Papist!*"

Monday 31, We set out early in the morning, and in the evening came to Newcastle.

Wednesday, November 2, The following advertisement was published:—

"*For the Benefit of Mr. Este:*

"By the Edinburgh Company of Comedians, On Friday, November 4, will be acted a Comedy, called *The Conscious Lovers:* To which will be added a Farce, called *Trick upon Trick*, or *Methodism Displayed.*"

On Friday, a vast multitude of spectators were assembled in the Moot-hall, to see this. It was believed, there could not be less than fifteen hundred people, some hundreds of whom sat on rows of seats, built upon the stage. Soon after the Comedians had begun the first act of the play, on a sudden all those seats fell down at once, the supporters of them breaking like a rotten stick. The people were thrown one upon another, about five feet forward, but not one of them hurt. After a short time, the rest of the spectators were quiet, and the actors went on. In the middle of the second act, all the shilling seats gave a crack, and sunk several inches down. A great noise and shrieking followed, and as many as could readily get to the door, went out and returned no more. Notwithstanding this, when the noise was over, the actors went on with the play. In the beginning of the third act, the entire stage suddenly sunk about six inches. The players retired with great precipitation: yet in a while they began again. At the latter end of the third act, all the six-penny seats, without any kind of notice, fell to the ground. There was now a cry on every side, it being supposed, that many were crushed in pieces. But upon inquiry, not a single person (such was the mercy of

d!) was either killed or dangerously hurt. Two or e hundred remained still in the Hall. Mr. Este (who to act the *Methodist*) came upon the stage and told n, "For all this, he was resolved the Farce should be d." While he was speaking, the stage sunk six inches e: on which he ran back in the utmost confusion, and people as fast as they could out of the door, none staying ook behind him.

Which is most surprising, "That those players acted this e the next week?" Or, "that some hundreds of peo- came again to see it?"

unday 6, We had an useful, practical sermon at St. holas's Church in the morning, and another at St. An- w's in the afternoon. At five I preached to a willing ltitude, on the Prodigal Son. How many of these were , and now are found!

n the following week I endeavoured to speak severally, ach member of the society. The numbers, I found, nei- r to rise nor fall, but many had increased in the know- ge and love of God.

unday 13, And the following days, I preached and regu- d the societies at Painshaw, Tanfield, Horseley, and ey. Thurs. 17, I preached at the Spen, on *Christ Jesus, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.* ve seldom seen an audience so greatly moved, since the e of my first preaching at Bristol. Men, women, and ldren, wept, and groaned, and trembled exceedingly. ny could not contain themselves in these bounds, but d with a loud and bitter cry. It was the same at the ting of the society; and likewise in the morning, while shewing the happiness of those *whose iniquities are given, and whose sin is covered.* I afterwards spake with lve or fourteen of them severally; and found good ground elieve, that God had given them to *taste of the good d, and of the powers of the world to come.*

unday 20, After preaching at Newcastle morning and ning, I earnestly exhorted the society, "to beware of aking evil of each other, and of censuring those who fol-

lowed not with us." Monday 21, I besought them in my farewel sermon, "To forget the things which are behind, and press on to the prize of their high calling."

Tuesday 22, I preached at Norton, five miles from Ferrybridge, and in the evening at Sykehouse. Here I received a full account of poor David Taylor, once a workman that needed not to be ashamed. Three years since, he knew all we preached to be true. Then Mr. I. brought him over to *German stillness*. When I talked with him at Sheffield, he was thoroughly sensible of his mistake: but Mr. Simpson soon drew him into it again. A third time he was deeply convinced by my brother; and unconvinced shortly after. He was once more brought into the Scripture way by Mr. Graves, and seemed to be established therein. But in a few months he veered about to the old point, and has been a *poor sinner* indeed ever since.

Wednesday 23, I rode to Leeds, preached in the evening and morning, Thursday 24, and went on to Birstal, where I preached at one in the afternoon; and again about seven in the evening. Friday 25, at the desire of Arthur Bate, I rode to Wakefield, in order to talk with his wife. But I soon found I did not come to talk, but to hear. After an hour or two, we rode on to Barley-hall, where I preached on *God is a Spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth*. Thence we rode to Sheffield, where I preached in perfect peace, on *We know that we are of God*.

Saturday 26, I went on to Nottingham. In the morning, Sunday 27, I preached in the house at five, and about eight, at the High-cross, on *Why will ye die, O house of Israel?* I went thither again from St. Mary's, in the afternoon, and proclaimed to an immense multitude, *Jesus Christ the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever*. I saw not one scoffer, or one trifler, but all to a man appeared serious and attentive.

Monday 28, I rode to Breson, and spent an hour or two in conversation with Mr. Simpson: the oddest, honestest enthusiast surely, that ever was upon earth. Before we

rted he told me, "One thing I do not like; your taking ay my flock at Nottingham. Just now that text is ought to my mind.' It is the very case. Pray read it t." I did so, as follows, *And* Abraham *reproved* Abime-h, *because of the well which* Abimelech's *servants had dently taken away.* I desired him to read my answer in e next verse. *And* Abimelech *said unto* Abraham, *I wot t who hath done this thing: neither heard I any thing reof from thee, save this day.*

In the afternoon I rode to Markfield. After preaching re twice, on Tuesday 29, I went on to Hinckley, and ached to a large and quiet congregation. We rode to rket-Harborough that day, the next to Hockley, and on ursday, December 1, to London.

I had full employment here for some weeks following, in aking severally to the members of the society. Many of se I was obliged to set aside; there remained about two d twenty hundred persons.

January 1, 1744, I received a letter from a poor man, itten in the fulness of his heart, as follows:—

"Herein is written lamentation, and mourning, and woe.

"SIR,

"I have had but very little rest since I left you, the se of which was, my leaving God first. It is true, I did a very solemn manner, on my knees break from you, as ugh I had done so, merely to please God; but by what lowed, it appears otherwise. For I no sooner broke off m you, than I began to think how I might make a world-advantage by it. O, thought I, I shall not now be so upulous in many things, particularly in doing work on Lord's day. Then I got me some rabits and fowls, and ould be sure to feed and clean them well on that day, and be out on the hunt for food for them. And I took care r poor family should be sharers with me in the drudgery; else they must expect many a sour look and bitter word least. I then grew worse and worse; insomuch that I

have given such occasion to the enemy to blaspheme, such a wound to religion, as I could not heal, were I to live ten thousand years. O what have I done! O what have I lost! O that I might be admitted into God's favour once more! Pray for me, I beseech you; if you can see any hope left, if you do not think that repentance will be denied me, though I seek it carefully with tears. Then if you can think of any shame that will be bad enough for me to undergo, before I am admitted into that company I so willingly left, see whether I will not readily submit to it. O that God would be pleased to bring me into light and love again! How careful would I be of his grace! How would I deny myself, take up my cross, endure shame, suffer persecution of every kind, follow the dear Lord Jesus without the camp! But I have crucified him afresh. O that I could give full scope to my mind. But I cannot. These lines are but a very imperfect description of the state, condition, and desire, of that backslider, that apostate, that traitor,

"JOHN EWER."

Sunday 8, In the evening I rode to Brentford, on Monday to Marlborough, and the next day to Bristol.

Wednesday 11, I began examining the society: and not before it was wanted. For the plague was begun. I found many crying out, "Faith, Faith! Believe, believe!" But making little account of the fruits of faith, either of holiness or good works. In a few days they came to themselves, and had a more thorough understanding of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Wednesday 25, I preached at Bath, on James ii. 14, *Can faith save him?* Many of the audience appeared to be deeply convinced. And one, though a gentlewoman, could not conceal the emotion of her mind, but broke out into strong cries and tears. Perhaps even here the *Bread* we have *cast upon the waters, shall be found after many days.*

Friday 27, Having finished the work I proposed, I left Bristol, and Saturday 28, reached London.

Wednesday, February 1, Just before the time I had designed to begin preaching at the Chapel, I was seized with such a pain as I do not remember ever to have felt before in my life. But I forgot it as soon as I had read my text, Psal. xviii. 1. &c. *I will love thee, O Lord, my strength.* And from that time I felt it no more.

About this time the soldiers abroad began to meet together, as we learned from the following letter:

"GHENT, FEB. 2, 1744.

"SIR,

"I make bold to send you these lines. February 18, 1743, we began our march for Germany. I was then much cast down, and my heart was ready to break. But the day we marched to Mastritcht, I found the love of God shed abroad in my heart, so that I thought my very soul was dissolved into tears. But this lasted not above three weeks, and then I was in heaviness again; till on April 24, as I was walking in the fields, God broke my hard heart in pieces. And yet I was not delivered from the fear of death. I went to my quarters very sick and weak, in great pain of soul and body. By the morning I was so weak I could scarce go. But this proved a sweet night to my soul. For now I knew there was no condemnation for me, believing in Christ Jesus.

"June 16, The day we engaged the French at Dettingen, as the battle began, I said, 'Lord, in thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded.' Joy overflowed my soul, and I told my comrades, 'If I fall this day, I shall rest in the everlasting arms of Christ.' Now I felt, I could be content to be cast into the sea, for the sake of my dear brethren, so their eyes might be opened, and they might see, before it was too late, the things that belong unto their peace.

"When we came to winter quarters, there were but three of us joined together. But now, by the blessing of God, we are increased to twelve. And we have reason to believe, the hand of the Lord is with us. I desire, for the sake of

Him whom we follow after, that you would send us some instructions, how to proceed in our little society.——God is become a mouth to me, and has blessed even my words to some of their souls. All praise, and glory, and honour, be unto Him, and to the Lamb for ever and ever!

"From your affectionate brother,

"J. H."

Wednesday 15, We were informed of the invasion intended by the French, who were expected to land every hour. I therefore exhorted the congregation, in the words of our Lord, (Luke xxi. 36.) *Watch ye and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things, and to stand before the Son of Man.*

Thursday 16, In the evening after expounding the third chapter of Jonah, I besought every one to *turn from his evil way, and cry mightily to God:* and enlarged on these words, *Who can tell if God will turn and repent, and turn away from his fierce anger, that we perish not?*

We observed Friday 17, as a day of solemn Fasting and Prayer. In the afternoon, many being met together, I exhorted them, now, while they had opportunity, to make to themselves, friends of the mammon of unrighteousness: to deal their bread to the hungry, to clothe the naked, and not to hide themselves from their own flesh. And God opened their hearts, so that they contributed near fifty pounds, which I began laying out the very next hour, in linen, woollen, and shoes, for them whom I knew to be diligent, and yet in want. In the evening I expounded Daniel iii. and those words in particular: *The God whom we serve, is able to deliver us from the burning, fiery furnace. But if not, we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden Image which thou hast set up.*

Saturday 18, I received an account from James Jones, of another kind of invasion, in Staffordshire. The substance of it was as follows:

"On Monday January 23, a great mob gathered together, at Darlaston, a mile from Wednesbury. They fell upon a few people who were going to Wednesbury, and

among the rest, on Joshua Constable's wife of Darlaston. Some of them threw her down, and five or six held her down, that another might force her. But she continued to resist, till they changed their purpose, beat her much, and went away.

"Monday, Jan. 30, The mob gathered again, broke into Joshua Constable's house, pulled part of it down, broke some of his goods in pieces, and carried the rest away: particularly all his shop goods, to a considerable value. But not satisfied with this, they sought for him and his wife, swearing they would knock their brains out. Their little children mean time, as well as themselves, wandered up and down, no one daring to relieve or take them in, lest they should hazard their own lives.

"Tuesday 31, About a hundred of the mob met together, on the Church-hill at Wednesbury. But hearing some of Wednesbury were resolved to defend themselves, they dispersed for that time.

"Wednesday, February 1, Mr. Charles Wesley came to Birmingham, and the next day preached at Wednesbury, the whole congregation was quiet and attentive, nor had we any noise or interruption.

"Monday 6, I accompanied him part of his way, and in the afternoon came back to Wednesbury. I found the society met together, and commending themselves to God in prayer, having been informed, that many both at Darlaston and other places, had bound themselves by an oath, to come on Shrove-Tuesday, (the next day) and plunder all the Methodists in Wednesbury.

"We continued in prayer till the evening. I desired as many as could, to meet at eight in the morning. But I had scarce begun to speak, when one came running with all speed, and told us a large mob was coming into the town, and had broke into some houses already. I immediately retired to my father's house: but he did not dare to receive me. Nor did any one else; till at length Henry Parks took me in; whence early in the morning I went to Birmingham.

"The mob had been gathering all Monday night, and

on Tuesday morning they began their work. They assaulted, one after another, all the houses of those who were called Methodists. They first broke all their windows, suffering neither glass, lead, nor frames, to remain therein. Then they made their way in; and all the tables, chairs, chests of drawers, with whatever was not easily removable, they dashed in pieces, particularly shop-goods, and furniture of every kind. What they could not well break, as feather-beds, they cut in pieces, and strewed about the room. William Sitch's wife was lying-inn; but that was all one, they pulled away her bed too, and cut it in pieces." (Had the French come in their place, would they have done more?)

"All this time none offered to resist them; indeed, most part, both men and women, fled for their lives; only the children stayed, not knowing whither to go.

"Wearing apparel, and things which were of value, or easily saleable, they carried away, every man loading himself with as much as he could well carry, of whatever he liked best.

"Some of the gentlemen who had set the mob to work, or threatened to turn away collier or miner out of their service, that did not come and do his part, now drew up a paper for those of the society to sign, importing, that they would never invite or receive any Methodist preacher more. On this condition they told them they would stop the mob at once; otherwise they must take what followed.

"This they offered to several; but they declared one and all, we have already lost all our goods; and nothing more can follow, but the loss of our lives, which we will lose too rather than wrong our consciences.

"On Wednesday the mob divided into two or three companies, one of which went to Aldridge, four miles from Wednesbury, and plundered many houses there, as they had done in several other villages. Here also they loaded themselves with clothes and goods of all sorts, as much as they could stand under. They came back through Walsal with their spoils; but the gentlemen of Walsal being apprised of their coming, raised a body of men, who met

them, took what they had away, and laid it up in the town-hall. Notice was then sent to Aldridge, that every man who had been plundered, might come and take his own goods.

"Mr. Wood, of Wednesbury, likewise, told several, they should have what could be found of their goods, on condition they would promise not to receive or hear those preachers any more.

"On Friday in the afternoon I went from Birmingham, designing to go to Tipton-Green. But finding the mob were still raging up and down, I returned to Birmingham, and soon after (having as yet no more place in these parts) set out for London."

Any who desires to see a fuller and more particular account of these surprising transactions, may read a small tract, entitled, "Modern Christianity Exemplified at Wednesbury."

Before I leave this subject, it may be proper to insert an advertisement, which was not long after inserted in the public papers.

'In the Whitehall and London Evening Post, Saturday, February 18, was a paragraph with some mistakes, which it may not be amiss to rectify. "By a private letter from Staffordshire, we have advice of an insurrection of the people called Methodists." The insurrection was not *of* the people called Methodists, but *against* them; "who upon some pretended insults from the church party,"—they pretended no insults from the church party, being themselves no other than true members of the Church of England, but were more than insulted by a mixed multitude of church-goers, (who seldom, if ever, go near a church), dissenters, and papists—"have assembled themselves in a riotous manner." Here is another small *error personæ*. Many hundreds of the mob did assemble themselves in a riotous manner, having given public notice several days before (particularly by a paper set up in Walsal market-place,) that on Shrove-Tuesday they intended to come and destroy the Methodists, and inviting all the coun-

try to come and join them. "And having committed several outrages"—without ever committing any, they have suffered all manner of outrages for several months past—"they proceeded at last to burn the house of one of their adversaries." Without burning any house, or making any resistance, some hundreds of them, on Shrove-Tuesday last, had their own houses broken open, their windows, window-cases, beds, tools, goods of all sorts, broke all to pieces, or taken away by open violence; their live-goods driven off, themselves forced to flee for their lives, and most of them stripped of all they had in the world.

'Ever since the 20th of June last, the mob of Walsal, Darlaston, and Wednesbury, hired for that purpose by their betters, have broke open their poor neighbours' houses at their pleasure by night and by day, extorted money from the few that had it, taken away or destroyed their victuals and goods, beat and wounded their bodies, threatened their lives, abused their women, (some in a manner too horrible to name,) and openly declared they would destroy every Methodist in the country; the Christian country where his Majesty's innocent and loyal subjects have been so treated for eight months, and are now, by their wanton persecutors, publicly branded for rioters and incendiaries!'

Sunday 19, Mr. Viney came to me from Yorkshire, and told me, "About a year ago, being then *vorsteher* (a kind of president) in the church of the brethren, I proposed some scruples I had concerning our discipline, with the reasons on which they were grounded, to Mr. Spangenberg, and begged, that till these were removed, I might have liberty to remain, not a governor, but a private member of the church.

"With this Mr. Spangenberg would not comply. So at his instance I continued in my office, and the thing slept till may 1743, when in a meeting of the labourers (so they term their church-officers) I was ordered to withdraw, and the following questions were proposed: 1, Whether Richard Viney were not of Satan, and an enemy to the church? And, 2, Whether his objections to the discipline

of the brethren did not spring from anger, and self, and pride? After a debate of four hours, I was called in and asked, 'If I were convinced those objections were wrong? I said I was not, and desired they would cast lots; which, after a little debate, they did. The lot came, 'the objections are just.' So, for a time, the thing slept again.

"But in November following they considered the point again: the result was, that they sent one to tell me, 'I was of Satan, had raised objections against the brethren from anger, and self, and pride, and therefore I was cut off from the church, and delivered over to Satan.' I was greatly surprised, but not disturbed. God gave me perfect peace. After much prayer I wrote to you, to know where I might meet you. I know it was the will of God I should come, and that I should give myself up to your direction; and therefore I have spoken without any disguise or reserve. I told him, 'If you go back you are welcome to go, if you stay with me you are welcome to stay. Only whatever you do, do it with a clear conscience, and I shall be satisfied either way.'"

After a few days, he went back to Yorkshire to talk with his wife; the brethren saw him again, and I saw him no more.

Saturday 25, In returning at night from Snow's-fields, at the corner of Joiner-street, the coach, wherein five of us were, was overturned, but without any one's being hurt; although the shock was so great, as not only to dash the fore-windows in pieces, but to break the pole in two.

Monday 27, Was the day I had appointed to go out of town. But understanding a proclamation was just published, requiring all Papists to go out of London before the Friday following, I was determined to stay another week, that I might cut off all occasion of reproach. I was the more willing to stay, that I might procure more raiment for the Poor before I left London.

For this purpose I made a second collection, which amounted to about thirty pounds. But perceiving that the whole money received would not answer one third of the

expense, I determined to go round the classes, and beg for the rest, till I had gone through the whole society.

Friday, March 2, I began to put this in execution. While I was at a house in Spital-fields, a Justice of Peace came with the parish-officers, being on their search for Papists. I was glad of the opportunity to talk with them at large, both of our principles and practice. When I went out, a pretty large mob attended me to the door of the house to which I was going. But they did us no hurt, only gaped, and stared, and hallooed as loud as they could.

Monday 5, I was much pressed to write an Address to the King, which I did in the following terms:

"*To the King's Most Excellent Majesty:*

"The humble Address of the Societies in England and Wales, in derision, called Methodists,

"MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

"SO inconsiderable as we are, a people scattered, and peeled, and trodden under foot from the beginning hitherto, we should in no wise have presumed, even on this great occasion, to open our lips to your Majesty, had we not been induced, indeed constrained so to do by two considerations: the one, that in spite of all our remonstrances on that head, we are continually represented as a peculiar sect of men, separating ourselves from the Established Church: the other, that we are still traduced as inclined to Popery, and consequently disaffected to your Majesty.

"Upon these considerations, we think it incumbent upon us, if we must stand as a distinct body from our brethren, to tender for ourselves, our most dutiful regards to your sacred Majesty: and to declare in the presence of Him we serve, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, That we are a part (however mean) of that Protestant Church, established in these kingdoms: That we unite together for this, and no other end, to promote, so far as we may be capable, justice, mercy, and truth, the glory of God, and peace and good will among men: That we detest and abhor the

undamental doctrines of the Church of Rome, and are teadily attached to your Majesty's royal person and illustrious house.

"We cannot indeed either say, or do more or less than we apprehend consistent with the written Word of God. But we are ready to obey your Majesty to the uttermost, in all things which we conceive to be agreeable thereto. And we earnestly exhort all with whom we converse, as they fear God, to honour the King. We, of the Clergy in particular, put all men in mind to revere the higher powers as of God; and continually declare, 'Ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience' sake.'

"Silver and gold (most of us must own) we have none. But such as we have, we humbly beg your Majesty to accept; together with our hearts and prayers: May He who hath bought us with his blood, the Prince of all the kings of the earth, fight against all the enemies of your Majesty, with the two-edged sword that cometh out of his mouth! And when he calleth your Majesty from this throne, full of years and victories, may it be with that voice, Come, receive the Kingdom prepared for thee, from the beginning of the world!

"These are the continual prayers of your Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects,

"JOHN WESLEY, &c."

But upon farther consideration, it was judged best to lay it aside.

Sunday 11, I found it was absolutely necessary for me to spend a few days at Bristol. In the evening I set out. As I rode through Newbury the next day, my horse fell, and threw me into a deep mire. I was not hurt; but after cleaning myself a little, went on, and came to Kingswood between one and two on Tuesday. I preached here with great enlargement of heart, as I did at Bristol in the evening.

Wednesday 14, I endeavoured to clear up the misunderstandings which had arisen, by hearing the contending parties face to face. It was as I suspected, a mere strife of

words: of which they were all so fully sensible, that I believe they will not so easily again fall into this snare of the devil.

Thursday 15, I talked largely with the Kingswood Stewards, concerning the state of their Schools and Society; and then with the Master, Mistress, and Children, and found great cause to bless God on their behalf. In the evening I preached at Bristol, on *I will love thee, O Lord, my strength*; and after commending myself to their prayers, I rode to Marshfield.

Saturday 17, We reached London. Sunday 18, was a day of rest. Tuesday 20, having received a summons from the Justices of Surry, to appear at their Court at St. Margaret's-Hill, I did so, and asked, "Has any one any thing to lay to my charge?" None made any reply. At length, one of the Justices said, "Sir, are you willing to take the oaths to his Majesty, and to sign the Declaration against Popery?" I said, I am; which I accordingly did, and returned home.

Thursday 22, I gave the society an account of what had been done with regard to the poor. By the contributions and collections, I had received about one hundred and seventy pounds; with which above three hundred and thirty poor had been provided with needful clothing. Thirty or forty remaining still in want, and there being some debts for the clothes already distributed, the next day, being Good-Friday, I made one collection more of about six and twenty pounds. This treasure, at least, neither rust nor moth shall corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.

Saturday 24, My brother and I agreed it was enough for one of us to stay in town, while the other endeavoured to strengthen our brethren in other parts. So on Monday 26, I set out, and came in the evening to Newbury. While I was at breakfast the next day, two or three poor men were, with many oaths, relating their exploits the day before. I turned, and appealed to their own hearts, "Whether they were doing well?" They owned their fault, and were so loving, I could scarce get away.

I called at a house in the afternoon, wherein the first person I met, was so drunk that she could not speak plain, and could but just make shift to curse and swear. In the next room I found three or four more merry people, keeping Easter in much the same manner. But their mirth was soon spoiled. They gave earnest heed to the things they little regarded before, and knew not how to express their thankfulness for my advice, and for a few little books which I left with them.

In the evening I preached at Bristol. On Wednesday and Thursday I settled all things there, and on Friday 30, rode to Middlesey, where I preached to a small, serious congregation. Saturday 31, calling at Chard, I lit upon a poor woman unawares, who was earnestly groaning for redemption. At noon we spent an hour with a little company in Axminster, and hastened on for Crockern-wells. But the mill and snow falling fast, we could not reach it till past nine o'clock.

Sunday, April 1, I rode to Sticklepath. At one I preached in an open place, on *This is the record, that God hath given us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.* A storm of rain and hail began while I was preaching: but the congregation did not move. At five I preached again. Many of the poor people followed me to the house at which I lodged: and we could not consent to part, till I had spent another hour in exhortation, and prayer, and thanksgiving.

I read to-day the strange account of that John Endicot, Governor of New-England, and his associates there, who beat and imprisoned so many of the poor Quakers, and murdered William Robinson, Marmaduke Stephenson, and others. O who would have looked for Father-Inquisitors at Boston! Surely these men did not cry out against Popish cruelty!

Monday 2, I preached at five, and rode on towards Launceston. The hills were covered with snow, as in the depth of winter. About two we came to Trewint, wet and weary enough, having been battered by the rain and hail for some hours. I preached in the evening to many more than the

house would contain, on the happiness of him whose sins are forgiven. In the morning Diggory Isbell undertook to pilot us over the great Moor, all the paths being covered with snow, which in many places was driven together, too deep for horse or man to pass. The hail followed us for the first seven miles; we had then a fair, though exceeding sharp day. I preached at Gwenap in the evening, to a plain, simple-hearted people; and God comforted us by each other.

Wednesday 3, About eleven we reached St. Ives. I was a little surprised at entering John Nance's house, being received by many who were waiting for me there, with a loud (though not bitter) cry. But they soon recovered, and we poured out our souls together in praises and thanksgiving.

As soon as we went out, we were saluted, as usual, with a huzza, and a few stones or pieces of dirt. But in the evening none opened his mouth, while I proclaimed, *I will love thee, O Lord, my strength.——I will call upon the Lord which is worthy to be praised; so shall I be safe from my enemies.*

Thursday 5, I took a view of the ruins of the house which the mob had pulled down a little before, for joy that Admiral Matthews had beat the Spaniards. Such is the Cornish method of thanksgiving! I suppose, if Admiral Lestock had fought too, they would have knocked all the Methodists on the head.

Both this morning and evening the congregation was as large as the house could well contain. In the society, God did indeed sit upon his people, as a refiner's fire. He darted into all (I believe, hardly one excepted) the melting flame of love! so that their heads were as water, and their eyes as fountains of tears.

Friday 6, I spoke with the members of the society severally, and observed with great satisfaction, that persecution had driven only three or four away, and exceedingly strengthened the rest. The persecution here was owing in great measure to the indefatigable labours of Mr. Hoblin,

and Mr. Simmons: gentlemen worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance for their unwearied endeavours to destroy heresy.

Fortunati ambo! Siquid mea pagina possit,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo.

Saturday 7, I took down part of the account of the late riot; which (to shew the deep regard of the actors herein for his Majesty) was on the self same day on which his Majesty's proclamation against rioters was read. Yet I see much good has been brought out of it already; particularly, the great peace we now enjoy.

About eleven John Nance and I set out for Morva. Having both the wind and rain full in our faces, we were thoroughly wet before we came to Rosemargay, where some of our brethren met us. I found there had been a shaking among them, occasioned by the confident assertions of some, That they had seen Mr. Wesley, a week or two ago, with the Pretender in France; and others, that he was in prison at London. Yet the main body still stood firm together, and were not removed from the hope of the Gospel.

The wind and rain beat hard upon us again, as we walked from Morva to St. Just, which also frighted many from coming. However, some hundreds were there, to whom I declared, *If ye have nothing to pay, God will frankly forgive you all.* It is remarkable, that those of St. Just, were the chief of the whole country, for hurling, fighting, drinking, and all manner of wickedness. But many of the lions are become lambs, are continually praising God, and calling their old companions in sin, to come and magnify the Lord together.

Sunday 8, I preached here at five and at twelve, and in the evening at Morva. Monday 9, I preached at noon on Triggivary Downs, about two miles from Penzance. A great congregation was deeply attentive while I described the Sect which is *every where spoken against.* At four I preached near Gulval, regulated the little society, and returned to St. Ives.

Tuesday 10, I was enquiring, how Dr. B—e, a person of unquestioned sense and learning, could speak evil of *this way*, after he had seen such a change in the most abandoned of his parishioners? But I was satisfied, when Jonathan Reeves informed me, "That on the Doctor's asking him, who had been the better for this preaching? And his replying, "the man before you, John Daniel, for one, who never before *knew any work of God upon his soul;*" the Doctor answered, "Get along; you are a parcel of mad, crazy-headed fellows;" and taking him by the shoulder, fairly thrust him to the door.

See here, what it is, which the world accounts madness! the knowing *a work of God upon our souls.*

In the afternoon I walked over to Zunnor, and after preaching, settled the infant society.

Wednesday 11, Being the public fast, the Church at St. Ives was well filled. After reading those strong words, *If they have called the master of the house* Beelzebub, *how much more them of his household?* Mr. H. fulfilled them, by vehemently declaiming against *the New Sect*, as enemies of the Church, Jacobites, Papists, and what not! After Church we met, and spent an hour in prayer, not forgetting the poor sinner against his own soul.

In the evening I preached at Gwenap. I stood on the wall, in the calm, still evening, with the setting sun behind me, and almost an innumerable multitude before, behind, and on either hand. Many likewise sat on the little hills, at some distance from the bulk of the congregation. But they could all hear distinctly while I read, *The disciple is not above his Master*, and the rest of those comfortable words, which are day by day fulfilled in our ears.

Thursday 12, About eleven I preached at Crovan. In the afternoon we heard of the success of Mr. H.'s sermon. James Wheatley was walking through the town in the evening, when the mob gathered, and began to throw stones from all quarters. He stepped into a house. But the master of it followed him like a lion, to drag him out. Yet after a few words, his mind was changed, and he swore, nobody

should hurt him. Mean time, one went for a Justice of Peace, who came, and promised to see him safe home. The mob followed, hallooing and shouting amain. Near John Paynter's house, the Justice left him: they quickly beset the house. But a messenger came from the Mayor, forbidding any to touch Mr. Wheatley, at his peril. He then went home. But between seven and eight the mob came and beset John Nance's house. John Nance and John Paynter went out and stood before the door, though they were quickly covered with dirt. The cry was "Bring out the preacher; pull down the house:" and they began to pull down the boards which were nailed against the windows. But the Mayor hearing it, came without delay, and read the proclamation against riots: upon which, after many oaths and imprecations, they thought proper to disperse.

About six I reached Morva, wet through and through, the rain having continued with scarse any intermission. However, a little company were gathered together, to whom I preached on, *Ask and it shall be given you.* The next day I had time to dry my clothes at Mr. John's, near Penzance. At noon I preached on the Downs, not far from his house. About three at Gulval, and at St. Ives in the evening.

Saturday 14, I took my leave of St. Ives; preached at noon in Cambourn, and at Gwenap in the evening. Sunday 15, I preached here again at five, and at eight in Stithian parish. The place was a green, triangular plat, capable of holding eight or ten thousand men. I stood on one of the walls that enclosed it. Many sat on the other two. Some thousands stood between, and received the word with all readiness of mind.

At five I preached at Gwenap, on a little hill, near the usual place. It rained from the time I began, till I concluded. I felt no pain while I spoke, but the instant I had done, and all the time I was with the society, my teeth and head ached so violently, that I had hardly any senses. I lay down as soon as I could, and fell asleep. In the morning (blessed be God) I ailed nothing.

Monday 16, In the afternoon we came again to Trewint. Here I learned, that notice had been given of my preaching that evening in Laneast Church, which was crowded exceedingly. Mr. Bennet (the minister of Laneast) carried me afterwards to his house, and, though above seventy years old, came with me in the morning to Trewint, where I had promised to preach at five.

Before we parted, Digory Isbel informed me, of an accusation against me, current in those parts. It was really one which I did not expect: no more than that other, vehemently asserted at St. Ives, of my bringing the Pretender with me thither last autumn, under the name of John Downes. It was, that "I called myself John Wesley, whereas every body knew Mr. Wesley was dead."

In the afternoon we came to Sticklepath; I preached at five in the evening, the house was crowded as before. After a short exhortation, and an hour spent in prayer, I commended them to the grace of God.

Wednesday 18, Before eight we reached Crediton, (or Kirton) or rather the ruins of it. For the houses on both sides were all in ashes, for several hundred yards. Lighting on a serious woman, I asked, "Are the people of this place now warned to seek God?" She answered, "Although some of them perished in the flames, the rest are just as they were before, cursing, swearing, drinking, playing, and making merry, without God in all their thoughts." She added, "No longer ago than Thursday last, the men who were rebuilding one of the houses, were bitterly cursing and swearing one at another, and two of them above the rest, when an arch they were under fell, and crushed those two, with all their bones in pieces." Will ye not at length hear the rod, and Him that hath appointed it?

Between five and six in the evening, we reached Minehead. Finding a general expectation of it among the people, about seven I preached near the sea-shore, to almost all the inhabitants of the place. Most of the gentlemen of the town were there, and behaved with seriousness and decency.

Thursday 19, Having a sloop ready, which came on

purpose, we ran over the channel in about four hours. Some of our friends were waiting for us on the shore. About one we came to Fonmon Castle. I found a natural wish, "O for ease and a resting-place." Not yet. But eternity is at hand!

I preached at six, and at five in the morning. Friday 20, about ten we set out for Cardiff: where in the evening I preached in the Castle-yard. All were serious and attentive.

Saturday 21, I rode to Garth in Brecknockshire, and on Sunday 22, preached in the Church there, both morning and afternoon. On Monday 23, I preached in Maesmennys Church, and afterwards in the Church-yard at Builth. I observed only one man with his hat on: probably through inattention; for he likewise kneeled down on the grass with the rest, as soon as I began to pray.

Tuesday 24, I preached at Maesmennys again, and about five in Landan Church, near Brecknock. Such a Church I never saw before. There was not a glass-window belonging to it; but only boards, with holes bored here and there, through which a dim light glimmered in. Yet even here may the light of God's countenance shine. And it has shone on many hearts.

Wednesday 25, We rode over the still snowy mountains. At twelve I preached at Killigaer; in the evening at Cardiff, and the next evening at Fonmon. On Saturday 28, I returned to Bristol.

After resting here, for eight days, (though not unemployed,) on Monday, May 7, I set out for the North. I preached about eight at Acton; in the afternoon at Stroud; in the evening at Painswick, and at five the next morning. About eight, Tuesday 8, I called at Gloucester, designing only to speak with a friend; but finding a house full of people, I would not disappoint their expectation, but stayed and preached on the form and the power of godliness. This made me somewhat later than I intended at Cheltenham, where I preached on *By grace ye are saved, through faith*, to a company who seemed to understand just as much

of the matter, as if I had been talking Greek. I found a people of quite another kind at Gutherton, to whom I preached on *Repent ye, and believe the Gospel.* And many called upon God for grace so to do, even with strong cries and tears.

We had a remarkable blessing again at five in the morning, Wednesday 9. About noon I preached at Stanley, (a mile from Gutherton) at three in Tewksbury, and in the evening at the Abbey in Evesham.

Thursday 10, Riding by Birmingham, I called at a village, three miles beyond it. Here a poor man was cursing and swearing at so uncommon a rate, that I was constrained to speak to him very plainly. He received it, drunk as he was, in great love, and so did all his companions.

Friday 11, I preached at Sheffield: on Saturday 12, about ten at Barley-hall. In the afternoon I rode to Epworth, and immediately went to Mr. Maw's, to return him thanks for his good offices to Mr. Downes, and his honest and open testimony for the truth, before the Worshipful Bench at Kirton. It was not his fault, that *those honourable men,* regarded not the laws either of God, or the King. But a soldier they were resolved he should be, right or wrong—"Because he was a preacher." So to make all sure, they sent him away, a prisoner to Lincoln gaol!

My first design was, to have gone the shortest way from Sheffield to Newcastle. But it was well I did not, considering the inexpressible panic, which had spread itself in all places. So that I came just in time to remind all the poor frighted sheep, that *even the hairs of* our *head are all numbered.*

I preached thrice at Epworth on Sunday, and on Monday 14, at Ferry. The Constable which took Mr. Downes for a soldier, with one of the Church-wardens, were of my audience. I was informed, they had threatened great things before I came. But their threatenings vanished into air.

At two, many of our brethren at Epworth met, whom I cheerfully commended to the grace of God. We were riding gently towards Fishlake, when two or three persons met

us, and begged "we would not go that way; for the town," they said, "was all up in arms, and abundance were waiting for us in the way, many of whom had made themselves very drunk, and so were ripe for any manner of mischief." We accordingly rode to Sykehouse another way. Some came in all haste hither also, to tell us, "all the men in the congregation would be pressed." Others affirmed, "The mob was just coming, and that they would certainly fire the house, or pull it down to the ground." I told them, "Then our only way was, to make the best use of it while it was standing." So I began expounding the tenth chapter of St. Matthew. But no man opened his lips against us.

Tuesday 15, After comforting the little flock at Norton, I rode the shortest way to Birstal. Here I found our brethren partly mourning, and partly rejoicing, on account of John Nelson. On Friday, the 4th instant, (they informed me) the Constables took him just as he had ended his sermon at Atherton, and the next day carried him before the Commissioners at Halifax, the most active of whom was Mr. Coleby, vicar of Birstal. Many were ready to testify, that he was in no respect such a person as the act of parliament specified. But they were not heard. He was a preacher; that was enough. So he was sent for a soldier at once. *

At seven I preached on the Hill, no man interrupting me. Afterwards I enquired into the state of the society, and found great cause to bless God, whose grace, even in these trying times, was sufficient for them.

Wednesday 16, I talked at large with Mr. Viney. He said, "His first perplexity arose, from reading and reflecting upon some Writings, which the Count published in Pennsylvania: and that the more deeply he considered the whole affair, the more thoroughly he was convinced, 1, That the Count was at least as much the head of theirs, as the Pope

* All the particulars of this memorable transaction are set down in "The Case of John Nelson, written by himself."

of the Roman Church. 2, That he had cruelly and unjustly broke up the congregation at Pilger-ruh in Holstein, because, in obedience to the King of Denmark, their lawful Prince, they had disclaimed his superiority over them. 3, That the labourers among the *Brethren*, were absolutely arbitrary in their government of the people; and, lastly, that they grossly abused *The Lot*, in support of their arbitrary power.

Thursday 17, I preached at five on Matthew x.: at noon, at Little Horton, near Bradford: about three in the afternoon at Stickerlane, and at Birstal in the evening.

Friday 18, I rode to Leeds, and preached in great peace. Saturday 19, I went on to Mr. Clayton's at Wensley; and on Sunday 20, preached in Redmire Church, on part of John iii. the Gospel for the day. In the afternoon I preached at Bolton Chapel, on *We know that we are of God*. I was much pleased at the serious behaviour of the congregation, both in the morning and afternoon: especially at Redmire, where from a village of about thirty houses, we had more than fifty communicants.

Monday 21, I rode to Newcastle, and passed a quiet week. Monday 28, I began visiting the classes in the town, and on Sunday, June 3, those in the country, which I had never found so much in earnest before. I trust, there is not only, not a disorderly walker, but hardly a trifler left among them.

Friday 8, I preached at night on John xvii. 3. The house could not contain the congregation: and most of them stayed either within or without, until the end of the midnight hymn.

Sunday 10, I preached at Biddick, about eight: at Tanfield, as soon as Morning Prayer was over: at Spen about three, and in Newcastle at six. I concluded the day, in praising God with the society.

Monday 11, I left Newcastle, and in the afternoon met John Nelson at Durham, with Thomas Beard: another quiet and peaceable man, who had lately been torn from his trade, and wife, and children, and sent away as a soldier:

that is, banished from all that was near and dear to him, and constrained to dwell among lions, for no other crime either committed or pretended, than that of calling sinners to repentance. But his soul was in nothing terrified by his adversaries. Yet the body, after a while, sunk under its burden. He was then lodged in the hospital at Newcastle, where he still praised God continually. His fever increasing, he was let blood. His arm festered, mortified, and was cut off: two or three days after which, God signed his discharge, and called him up to his eternal home.

"Servant of God, well done! Well hast thou fought
The better fight; who single hast maintain'd
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of God, in word, mightier than they in arms."

Tuesday 12, In the evening I came to Knaresborough. About nine o'clock I was informed, that the house in which we were, was beset on every side, with men, women, and children. I desired those within to set open the doors, and let all come in that would. When the house was full, I came down. The noise presently ceased, and I proclaimed, *Christ our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.* Only one drunken man gave a little interruption; but his companions soon thrust him out of doors. So let Satan's devices fall on his own head! I trust, this mob did not come together in vain.

Wednesday 13, I rode to Leeds, and thence to Birstal. Tuesday 14, I accompanied John Bennet into Lancashire. I preached to a small congregation at eleven; in the afternoon at Woodley in Cheshire; and in the evening at Chinley-End in Derbyshire, on *Repent ye, and believe the Gospel.*

Friday 15, I preached at Chinley at five: about noon in the Peak, and in the evening at Barley-hall. Saturday 16, in the evening I preached at Sykehouse. And by setting out early in the morning, Sunday 17, at eight I preached in Epworth. I came thither in season. For two such sermons as Mr. Rumley preached on this day, so exquisitely bitter, and totally false, I cannot say I ever heard before.

After evening service I preached on Rom. iii. 22, to a much larger congregation than in the morning; and I believe all that were sincere of heart were exceedingly comforted.

Monday 18, I left Epworth, and on Wednesday 20, in the afternoon met my brother in London.

Monday 25, and the five following days, we spent in conference with many of our brethren, (come from several parts,) who desire nothing but to save their own souls, and those that hear them. And surely as long as they continue thus minded, their labour shall not be in vain in the Lord.

The next week we endeavoured to purge the society of all that did not walk according to the Gospel. By this mean we reduced the number of members to less than nineteen hundred. But number is an inconsiderable circumstance. May God increase them in faith and love!

Monday, July 9, My brother set out for Cornwall. I had much trouble for the fortnight following, in endeavouring to prevent an unwary man from destroying his own soul, and the souls of many others. On Monday 23, when I set out for Bristol, I flattered myself that the work was done. But upon my return, I found I had done just nothing; so that on Thursday, August 2, I was constrained to declare in the society, that Thomas Williams was no longer in connexion with us.

Friday 10, I preached to the debtors in Newgate, and desired two or three of my friends to attend them weekly. I had a serious, well-behaved congregation. Perhaps God may give us some fruit here also.

Tuesday 14, Mr. Piers rode over with me to Shoreham, and introduced me to Mr. Perronet. I hope to have cause of blessing God for ever for the acquaintance begun this day.

Wednesday 15, I went to Bedlam, at the repeated request of Mr. S., who had been confined there above two years. This was the person, who while he speaking against

my brother and me to the Society at Kingswood, was in a moment struck raving mad. But it seems God is at length intreated for him, and has restored him to a sound mind.

Thursday 16, I received a remarkable letter, part of which is here subjoined:

"*Aug.* 4, 1774.

"REV. SIR,

"I was surprised on Sunday, when you were pleased to tell me I carried things to extremes, in denying the lawful pleasures in eating. I denied only self-indulgence in eating; all which I advance is, that he who will be Christ's disciple must absolutely deny himself. It was once a great self-denial to me, not to go to a play, or to other diversions; but this is now no self-denial to me at all. So that if I were now called to deny myself in these things only, I might take up with what is past, and now live an agreeable, self-indulgent life. But God forbid. I plainly see every hour produces occasions of self-pleasing; and this I apprehend is a sufficient call for, and rule of self-denial. For instance, in the morning it is a great self-denial to rise out of a warm bed. But if I do not, I am immediately condemned as a slothful servant; if I do, I find a great inward blessing. Under the preaching, it is self-pleasing to see who is here, who there. But if I do let my eye wander, I become cold and lifeless; if I deny myself, I often find even a present reward. In walking the streets, I can please myself, by looking this way and that, on this chariot, that house, and picture. But if I deny myself, for Christ's sake, his consolations abound with me.

"But I may deny myself outwardly, and yet be self-indulgent, namely, by allowing myself in vain and trifling thoughts. Here is a continual fight and a hard struggle I must have before I conquer. But when I do overcome, I lose nothing by it, for my soul is delighted with secret refreshings.

"At noon I may find many pleasant things. And of this it was that I said to Mr. Richards, 'If there are two dishes set before you, by the rule of self-denial, you ought to eat

of that which you like the least.' And this rule I desire to observe myself, always to choose what is least pleasing and cheapest. Therefore I feed much upon milk; it is pleasant enough, and nothing I can find is so cheap. Whereas, if one sort of food be dearer than another, and yet I use it, because more agreeable to my appetite, this I apprehend is directly contrary to the discipleship of a self-denying master. And this kind of self-indulgence (not in food only) is practised by too many that know the truth.

"I suppose, Sir, you now perceive I do not condemn all pleasure in eating; but I condemn all self-indulgence both in that and other things, particularly in talking. Many who think themselves believers, please themselves with talking more than is profitable; they talk even of the things of God, till they bring a deadness, nay, an unaccountable carelessness over their spirits. I do not say they laugh or talk idly. But still they are not deeply serious, nor is their conversation truly solid; whereas I should think the conscience of a true believer is as tender as the apple of an eye; and that to such a one it would be less pain to suffer the rack, than to trifle either in word or deed."

Tuesday 21, I set out with a few friends for Oxford. On Wednesday my brother met us from Bristol. Friday 24, St. Bartholomew's day, I preached, I suppose, the last time at St. Mary's. Be it so. I am now clear of the blood of these men. I have fully delivered my own soul.

The Beadle came to me afterwards, and told me, "the Vice-Chancellor had sent him for my notes." I sent them without delay, not without admiring the wise providence of God. Perhaps few men of note would have given a sermon of mine the reading, if I had put it into their hands. But by this mean it came to be read, probably more than once, by every man of eminence in the University.

I left Oxford about noon, preached at Wycombe in the evening, and on Saturday 25, returned to London.

Saturday, September 1, I talked pretty largely with George Newans, the supposed Shropshire prophet. I am inclined to think he believes himself; but I cannot believe God has sent him.

Wednesday 5, One sent me word, "He had now found the right way of worshipping God; and therefore he must leave off prayer and the rest of our will-worship, and join himself with the Quakers." However, in the evening, he ventured among us once more. And God smote him to the heart, so that he knew, and felt, and declared aloud, that he had no need of going elsewhere to find the power of God unto salvation.

Thursday 6, I committed to the dust the remains of Elizabeth Marsh, a young woman who had received a sense of the pardoning love of God about four years before her death, and had never left her first love. She had scarce known health or ease from that hour. But she never murmured or repined at any thing. I saw her many times after she was confined to her bed, and found her always quiet and calm, always cheerful, praising God in the fires, though longing to depart and to be with Christ. I could not learn that her mind was ever clouded, even for a moment from the beginning of her illness. But a few days before she died, she told me, "I am concerned I spoke a hasty word to-day. One told me, you shall recover within ten days. And I said, 'I do not want to recover.'" A little before her speech failed, she beckoned one to her, and said, "Go and tell Molly Brown, from me, she must come back to Mr. Wesley. I have not breath to speak to her myself; but do you tell her from me she must come back." She had lost her voice when I prayed with her the last time, and commended her soul to God. But

> "Her eye dropp'd sense, distinct and clear,
> As any Muse's tongue could speak."

It said, "to me to die is gain. I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, and fear no evil."

I could only speak a few words at her grave. But when I returned to the Foundery, God made his word as a flame

of fire. I spoke from that passage in the Revelation, *And one of the Elders said unto me, What are these who are arrayed in white robes; and whence come they? And I said, Sir, thou knowest. And he said unto me, these are they which came out of great tribulation, and they washed their garments, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.*

A young man, servant to Mrs. C., of Newington, went home deeply affected. The next day he was taken ill, and every day grew worse; so that when I came to the house, on Monday, the 10th, (though I knew nothing of him, or of his illness before,) he was just gasping for breath. It was a melancholy sight. Both his words and his eyes "witnessed huge affliction and dismay." Death stared him in the face, and he knew not God. He could but just say, "For God's sake, pray for me."

John Nelson coming in, we asked life for our brother, in full confidence of the promise. All this day as his illness, so his terrors increased. But the next day God gave him life from the dead. He told me, "Now I am not afraid to die, for I know God loves me. I did not use to love you or your people; but now I love you as my own soul; I love you all; I know you are the people of God, and I am just going to him." He continued praising God as long as he could speak; and when he could not, his eyes were fixed upwards. Between one and two on Wednesday morning he cried out, "I have lost my God! Where is he? I cannot see him." But he soon recovered himself, and said, "Now I have found him; and I shall lose Him no more." About seven I prayed with him, and praised God on his behalf; and not long after, he fell asleep.

Friday 14, I performed the last office (according to his desire) over his body, which was interred in the presence of a vast multitude of people, at a small distance from that of Elizabeth Marsh.

Sunday 16, I buried near the same place, one who had soon finished her course, going to God in the full assurance

of faith, when she was little more than four years old. In her last sickness (having been deeply serious in her behaviour for several months before) she spent all the intervals of her convulsions, in speaking of, or to God. And when she perceived her strength to be nearly exhausted, she desired all the family to come near, and prayed for them all, one by one; then for her Ministers, for the Church, and for all the world. A short time after, recovering from a fit, she lifted up her eyes, said, "Thy Kingdom come," and died.

All this Summer, our brethren in the West had as hot service, as those in the North of England. The war against the Methodists, so called, being every where carried on, with far more vigour than that against the Spaniards. I had accounts of this from all parts: one of which was as follows:

"REV. SIR,

"THE Word of God has free course here, it runs, and is glorified. But the devil rages horribly. Even at St. Ives we cannot shut the doors of John Nance's house, to meet the society, but the mob immediately threatens to break them open. They now triumph over us more and more, saying, It is plain nothing can be done against them. And in other places it is worse. I was going to Crouan on Tuesday was se'nnight: on the road two of our brothers met me. When we came within a mile of the house, we saw a great mob at some distance; but they were going another way. We then left our horses at the house of a friend, and went forward on foot Within a quarter of a mile of the place where I was to preach, two persons met us, who used to be persecutors, but they now desired me, for God's sake, 'Not to go up: for if I did, they said, there would surely be murder: if there was not already; for many were knocked down before they came away.'

"By their advice, and the intreaties of those that were with me, I turned back to the house where we left our horses. We had been there but a short time, when many of the people came, being very bloody, and having been beaten very bad. But the main cry of the mob was after

the preacher, whom they sought for in every corner of the house; swearing bitterly 'they only wanted to knock him on the head, and then they should be satisfied.'

"Not finding me there, they said, However they should catch him on Sunday at Cambourn. But it was Mr. Westell's turn to go thither on Sunday. While he was preaching there, at Mr. Harris's house, a tall man came in and pulled him down. Mr. Harris demanded his warrant. But he swore, 'warrant or no warrant, he should go with them:' so he carried him out to the mob, who took him away to the Church-town. They kept him there till Tuesday morning, and then carried him to Penzance: where, in the afternoon, he was brought before three Justices, and asked abundance of questions, to which they required him to answer upon oath. Then Dr. Burlast, wrote his *Mittimus*, by virtue of which he was to be committed to the House of Correction at Bodmin, as a vagrant. So they took him as far as Cambourn that night, and the next day on to Bodmin.

"I desire your continual prayers for me,

"Your weak servant in Christ,

"HENRY MILLARD."

I pray, for what pay could we procure men to do this service? to be always ready to go to prison or to death!

Henry Millard did not long continue therein. After he had for some time fought a good fight, he took the small-pox, and in a few days joyfully resigned his spirit to God.

The Justices who met at the next Quarter-Sessions at Bodmin, knowing a little more of the laws of God and man, declared Mr. Westell's commitment to be contrary to all law, and set him at liberty without delay.

Tuesday, October 30, I was desired to call on a young gentlewoman dangerously ill. But I soon found, she needed no physician for her soul, being full of righteousness and good works. However I spoke to her with all plainness: and she awoke as one out of sleep. She drank in every word, and soon perceived the want of a better righteousness than her own. But her companion sent her father word,

and she was immediately removed; so that I saw her no more.

Sunday, November 4, Poor Richard I., who in spite of his former conviction, was now determined to renounce us, and join the *Quakers*, ventured, however, once more to come to the Lord's table. He had no sooner received, than he dropped down, and cried with a loud voice, "I have sinned; I have sinned against God." At that instant, many were pierced to the heart. I could hardly speak for some time. Several mourners were filled with strong consolation. And all said, "Surely God is in this place!"

About this time, I received a letter, dated from the camp at Lisle. Part of it ran as follows:—

"May 1, We marched to the camp, near Brussels. There a few of us joined into a society, being sensible, where two or three are gathered together in His name, there is our Lord in the midst of them. Our place of meeting was a small wood near the camp. We remained in this camp eight days, and then removed to a place called Arsk. Here I began to speak openly, at a small distance from the camp, just in the middle of the English army. And here it pleased God to give me some evidences, that my labour was not in vain. We sung an hymn, which drew about two hundred soldiers together, and they all behaved decently. After I had prayed, I began to exhort them, and though it rained very hard, yet very few went away. Many acknowledged the truth; in particular a young man, John Greenwood by name; who has kept with me ever since, and whom God has lately been pleased to give me for a fellow-labourer. Our society is now increased to upwards of two hundred, and the hearers are frequently more than a thousand; although many say, I am mad; and others have endeavoured to incense the Field-Marshal against us. I have been sent for, and examined several times. But, blessed be God, He has always delivered me.

"Many of the officers have come to hear for themselves, often nine or ten at a time. I have endeavoured to lose no op-

portunity. During our abode in the camp at Arsk, I have preached thirty-five times in seven days. One of those times a soldier who was present, called aloud to his comrades, to come away, and not hear that fool any longer. But it pleased God, to send the word spoken to his heart: so that he roared out in the bitterness of his soul, for a considerable time: and then He who never fails those that seek Him, turned his heaviness into joy. He is now never so happy as when he is proclaiming the loving-kindness of God his Saviour.

"I was a little shocked at my first entrance on this great work, because I was alone, having none to help me. But the Lord helped me, and soon raised up William Clements, and in June, John Evans, belonging to the train, to my assistance. Since we have been in this camp, we have built two small tabernacles, in which we meet at eight in the morning, at three in the afternoon, and seven at night: and commonly two whole nights in each week.

"Since I began to write this, we are come to our winter-quarters: so that our society is now parted. We are some in Bruges, some in Ghent. But it has pleased the Lord, to leave neither without a teacher: for John Greenwood and I are in this city; and B. Clements and Evans are in Ghent. So that we trust our Lord will carry on his work in both places.

"We that are in Bruges have hired a small place, in which we meet. And our dear Lord is in the midst of us. Many times the tears run down every face, and joy reigns in every heart.

"I shall conclude with a full assurance of your prayers, with a longing desire to see you. O when will the joyful meeting be? Perhaps not on this side death. If not, my Master's will be done,

"Your unworthy brother in the Lord,

"J. H."

Sunday 11, In the evening I rode to Brentford. In the Inn where I lodged the next night, was a company of men exceeding drunk. Nature suggested, "Why should you

speak to them? It will be, at best, labour lost. For you may be well assured, none of them will mind one word you say." However, we spoke a few words to them. One of them immediately rose up, and said "It was all true," followed us as well as he could into our room, and appeared deeply convinced, and strongly desirous to serve a better master.

Tuesday 13, In the evening we reached Bath, and the next morning rode to Bristol. After spending a few days there and at Kingswood, on Saturday 24, I came again to London.

Sunday 25, I conversed with one, who was greatly extolling the comfortable way wherein the *Brethren* preach. I understood him well. One who was a believer falls into carelessness, or wilful sin. If he come to hear our preaching then, we shake all his bones in pieces. If he come to them, they stroke him and lull him asleep. O how does any backslider escape this *comfortable* preaching!

Sunday, December 2, I was with two persons who believe, they are saved from all sin. Be it so, or not, why should we not rejoice in the work of God, so far as it is unquestionably wrought in them? For instance, I ask John C., "Do you pray always? Do you rejoice in God every moment? Do you in every thing give thanks? In loss? In pain? In sickness, weariness, disappointments? Do you desire nothing? Do you fear nothing? Do you feel the love of God continually in your heart? Have you a witness in whatever you speak or do, that it is pleasing to God?" If he can solemnly and deliberately answer in the affirmative, why do I not rejoice and praise God on his behalf? Perhaps, because I have an exceeding complex idea of sanctification, or a sanctified man. And so for fear he should not have attained all I include in that idea, I cannot rejoice in what he has attained.

After having often declared the same thing before many witnesses, this day Mr. Williams wrote a solemn retraction of the gross slanders he had been propagating for several

months, concerning my brother and me. This he concluded in these words: "Though I doubt not but you can forgive me, yet I can hardly forgive myself: I have been so ungrateful and disobedient to the tenderest of friends, who through the power of God, were my succour in all my temptations——

"I intreat your prayers in my behalf, that God may restore, strengthen, stablish, and settle me in the grace to which I have been called——That God may bless you, and your dear brother, and that we may be all united again in one fellowship, is the prayer of him, who for the future, hopes to be,

"Your obedient Son and Servant,
"For Christ's sake,
"THOMAS WILLIAMS."

Monday 3, I answered the letter I had received from Flanders; an extract of which is here subjoined:—

"GHENT, NOV. 12, O. S. 1744.

"REV. SIR,

"We have made bold to trouble you with this, to acquaint you with some of the Lord's dealings with us here. We have hired two rooms, one small one, wherein a few of us meet every day at one o'clock; and another large one for public service, where we meet twice a day, at nine in the morning, and four in the afternoon: and the hand of the Omnipotent God is with us, to the pulling down of the strong holds of Satan.

"The seventh instant, when we were met together in the evening, as I was at prayer, one that was kneeling by me, cried out (like a woman in travail) 'My Redeemer! my Redeemer!' Which continued about ten minutes. When he was asked, 'What was the matter;' he said, 'He had found that which he had often heard of; that is, a heaven upon earth:' and some others had much a-do to forbear crying out in the same manner.

"Dear Sir, I am a stranger to you in the flesh: I know not if I have seen you above once, when I saw you preaching on Kennington-Common; and then I hated you, as

much as now, by the grace of God, I love you. The Lord pursued me with convictions from my infancy, and I often made abundance of good resolutions. But finding as often, that I could not keep them (as being made wholly in my own strength) I at length left off all striving, and gave myself over to all manner of lewdness and profaneness. So I continued for some years, till the battle of Dettingen. The balls then came very thick about me, and my comrades fell on every side. Yet I was preserved unhurt. A few days after this, the Lord was pleased to visit me again. The pains of hell gat hold upon me, the snares of death encompassed me. I durst no longer commit any outward sin, and I prayed God to be merciful to my soul. Now I was at a loss for books. But God took care for this also. One day as I was at work, I found an old Bible in one of the train-waggons. To read this, I soon forsook my old companions; all but one, who was still a thorn in my flesh. But not long after, he sickened and died.

"My Bible was now my only companion, and I believed myself a very good Christian, till we came to winter-quarters, where I met with John Haime. But I was soon sick of his company. For he robbed me of my treasure; he stole away my gods, telling me, 'I and my works were going to hell together.' This was strange doctrine to me, who being wholly ignorant of the righteousness of Christ, sought only to establish my own righteousness. And being naturally of a stubborn temper, my poor brother was so perplexed with me, that sometimes he was resolved (as he afterwards told me) to forbid my coming to him any more.

"When the Lord had at length opened my eyes, and shewn me that, *by grace we are saved, through faith*, I began immediately to declare it to others, though I had not as yet experienced it myself. But October 23, as William Clements was at prayer, I felt on a sudden a great alteration in my soul. My eyes overflowed with tears of love. I knew I was through Christ reconciled to God; which inflamed my soul with fervent love to Him, whom I now saw to be my complete Redeemer.

"O the tender care of Almighty God, in bringing up his children! How are we bound to love so indulgent a Father, and to fall down in wonder and adoration of his great and glorious name for his tender mercies! ——Dear Sir, I beg you will pray for him who is not worthy to be a door-keeper to the least of my Master's servants.

"JOHN EVANS."

He continued both to preach and to live the gospel, till the battle of Fontenoy. One of his companions saw him there, laid across a cannon (both his legs having been taken off by a chain-shot) praising God, and exhorting all that were round about him; which he did till his spirit returned to God.

Monday 17, In the evening I rode to Brentford. Many poor wretches endeavoured to make a disturbance just as I began to preach, and employed one of their number, utterly void of shame, to lead the way. But he acted his part with so uncommon a degree both of impudence and dulness, that when I turned about and asked, to whom he belonged? his companions were ashamed to own him. So some went away, and the rest stood still; and we had a quiet and comfortable hour.

Sunday 23, I was unusually lifeless and heavy, till the Love-feast in the evening: when just as I was constraining myself to speak, I was stopped, whether I would or not: for the blood gushed out of both my nostrils, so that I could not add another word. But in a few minutes it stayed, and all our hearts and mouths were opened to praise God.

Yet the next day I was again as a dead man; but in the evening, while I was reading prayers at Snows-fields, I found such light and strength, as I never remember to have had before. I saw every thought (as well as every action or word) just as it was rising in my heart; and whether it was right before God, or tainted with pride or selfishness, I never knew before (I mean not as at this time) what it was *to be still before God.*

Tuesday 25, I waked, by the grace of God, in the same spirit: and about eight, being with two or three that be-

lieved in Jesus, I felt such an awe, and tender sense of the presence of God, as greatly confirmed me therein. So that God was before me all the day long: I sought and found him in every place; and could truly say, when I lay down at night, "Now I have *lived* a day."

Thursday 27, I called on the Solicitor whom I had employed, in the suit lately commenced against me in Chancery. And here I first saw that foul monster, *A Chancery-Bill!* A scroll it was of forty-two pages in large folio, to tell a story which needed not to have taken up forty lines! And stuffed with such stupid, senseless, improbable lies, (many of them too, quite foreign to the question) as I believe, would have cost the compiler his life, in any heathen court either of Greece or Rome. And this is equity in a Christian country! This is the English method of redressing other grievances!

I conclude this year, with the extract of a letter, which I received some weeks before.

"HONOURED SIR,

"I beg leave to give you a short account of my experience, from the time I can remember.

"In my childhood confused convictions often passed through my mind, so that I had almost always the fear of God before my eyes, and a sense of his seeing me; and I frequently used to abstain from sin upon that account. When I did sin, I was immediately checked and grieved; so that I generally was serious, nothing like any of my other brothers, and was on that account esteemed a good child, and greatly caressed. I constantly said my prayers, and was much given to reading: but it was chiefly plays and romances; of which I was as fond as I was of cards, shews, races, feasts, and whatever are called innocent diversions. Yet even these were always a burthen to me when over; so that I was forced to own, all these are vanity.

"At about sixteen, I was sent to Yarmouth, where I fell twice or thrice into intemperance, for which I was severely reproved in my conscience; but I used to make up matters by going oftener to church. And having good

health, and no care, I was generally easy in my mind, and gay and jocose in my conversation.

"In this temper, after about six months, I returned home; but a severe temptation soon following, and a severe illness in my head, made me think more and more of what is beyond the grave: this also made me exceeding diligent in prayer, till God not only restored my bodily health, but also gave me power against my inward enemy, and peace to my troubled soul.

"In half a year after, I was called to London, where, for the first year, I had little religion left, only that I never missed church. But after I was settled, conviction began to revive, particularly for sins of omission. I prayed three times in a day, and I was uneasy if I missed once. I read all books of religion that came in my way. And now because I prayed and read so much, and went constantly to church, and sometimes to the sacrament, I thought myself in a right good way. And yet I was continually uneasy, though I knew not why; till one day I lit on *Thomas a Kempis*. The more I read, the more I liked it. I bought one of the books, and read it over and over. I was more convinced of sin than ever, and had more power against it. I forsook many things, which I allowed myself in before: though I still allowed myself to see a play once a month. But the last I saw, I felt a hell in my conscience for a week after, so that I determined, even for ease, never to go again.

"I was now well settled in the form of godliness, and I knew a little of the power of it, when I was pressed by a relation to pay him a visit at Oxford, which I did at Whitsuntide, 1742. But here I soon lost both power and form. I saw many places, was much in company, and grew more dead to the things of God, every day than other. I was truly glad to see London again, and the very first night began to consider, how I might recover my peace! But before I had executed any thing, I was seized with a fever. I looked up to God, but all was dark with the trouble both of

my body and mind, I really thought I should have gone distracted. Yet I was too self-righteous to beg for mere mercy. All my cry was, Lord, give me health, and I will obey thee.

"God did give me health, and I was more diligent than ever in going to church and sacrament: insomuch that on a week day, I have gone four or five times to church in an afternoon. Yet sin was my master, although every time I fell into it, I was condemned exceedingly. I began now to see, that my laughter and jesting were wrong. But I thought, if I left them, my friends would cast me off. So I went on, sinning against light, and never finding peace for one whole day together.

"One day being in great trouble of mind, and thinking, where shall I find a man, who lives up to the rules given by *Kempis*, it came strongly into my mind, 'Go to the Foundery.' Immediately I went, but with fear and trembling. Here I continued a constant hearer for above two months, before I spoke to one person belonging to it: which I purposely abstained from, that I might the more exactly observe the whole behaviour, both of yourself and those that heard you. And the more closely I examined, the more clearly I was convinced, 'These are the men I have been seeking so long.'

"At last I was admitted into the society, and after the usual trial, into the bands: I was now continually walking upon the wings of love. The life and power of religion was all my talk. I was not ashamed to declare it before all men: for the candle of the Lord constantly shone upon my head.

"At present, I find my soul continually hungering and thirsting after the Spirit's indwelling in me. I often find a solid peace, a serious watchfulness, a presence of mind, never confused or hurried; a sweet communion with God, good-will toward all men, with much grief at their misery, but no fear. I can with unaccountable boldness, yet with meekness and love, reprove the most daring sinner. And

the more I obey this spirit, the more of it I feel: the more sensible I am of my own weakness, and at the same time filled with praise and amazement to feel my strength in the Lord. "W. B——."

Saturday, January 5, 1745, Desiring to see once more our old acquaintance, Mr. Gambold, my brother and I called at James Hutton's. We found there not him, but Mr. S., a new creature indeed! (though not in the Gospel sense) so extremely gay, easy, unconcerned, that one of the Primitive Christians, instead of supposing him to be *at rest*, as he termed it, *in the wounds of Jesus*, would have judged he had never heard of his name, much less of taking up his cross daily.

I had often wondered at myself, (and sometimes mentioned it to others,) that ten thousand cares of various kinds were no more weight or burthen to my mind than ten thousand hairs were to my head. Perhaps I began to ascribe something of this to my own strength. And thence it might be, that, on Sunday 13, that strength was withheld, and I felt what it was to be troubled about many things. One and another and another hurrying me continually, it seized upon my spirit more and more, till I found it absolutely necessary to flee for my life, and that without delay. So the next day, Monday 14, I took horse, and rode away for Bristol.

Between Bath and Bristol I was earnestly desired to turn aside, and call at the house of a poor man, William Shalwood. I found him and his wife sick in one bed, and with small hopes of the recovery of either. Yet (after prayer) I believed they would not die but live, and declare the loving-kindness of the Lord. The next time I called, he was sitting below stairs, and his wife able to go abroad.

As soon as we came into the house at Bristol, my soul was lightened of her load, of that insufferable weight which had lain upon my mind, more or less for several days. On Sunday several of our friends from Wales, and other parts, joined with us in the great sacrifice of thanksgiving. And

every day we found more and more cause to praise God, and to give him thanks for his still-increasing benefits.

I found peculiar reason to praise God for the state of the society, both in Bristol and Kingswood. They seemed at last clearly delivered from all vain jangling, from idle controversies and strife of words, and determined not to know any thing, save Jesus Christ and him crucified.

Wednesday 30, All our family were at St. James's, our parish church. At twelve we met together, to pour out our souls before God, and to provoke each other to love and to good works. The afternoon I set apart for visiting the sick. Blessed be God, this was a comfortable day.

Thursday 31, I rode to Coleford, about twenty (real, twelve computed) miles south-east from Bristol. The colliers here were only not as famous as those at Kingswood were formerly. I preached near the road side, for the house could not contain a tenth part of the congregation. None opposed, or mocked, or smiled. Surely some of the seed is fallen upon good ground.

Monday, Feb. 4, I had the pleasure of receiving from Dr. Hartley, a particular account of Dr. Cheyne's last hours during his last illness; he felt a gentle and gradual decay, so that he apprehended what the event would be. But it did not appear to give him any concern. He seemed quite loose from all below, till without any struggle, either of body or mind, he calmly gave up his soul to God.

Tuesday 5, We set out early, and the next day at noon met the little society at Windsor. We called at Brentford likewise, and after a short stop rode on and reached London in the evening.

Sunday 17, I laboured much with one of our brethren, whose eyes the Antinomians had just opened, and for the present he seemed to be convinced. But I doubt that conviction will not continue, it being not so easy to remove any one from that Gospel, which flesh and blood have revealed unto them.

My exhorting the congregation here, not to consult with

flesh and blood, but to attend the morning preaching, occasioned my receiving the following letter:

"DEAR SIR,

"FOR some time past I have been very negligent of coming in a morning, though I have been often severely reproved in my own mind for omitting that which I knew was my duty both to God and my brethren. And from time to time, when you have exhorted us to partake of so useful a privilege, I have always been condemned.

"A few days ago I set myself to consider, whence this slackness must proceed; and I soon saw, the root of it was, an evil heart of unbelief, departing from the living God, and therefore from his service. The pernicious branches of this I found to be ignorance and sloth. It was ignorance of myself that caused me to cry, Peace, peace, and to say within myself, I know enough and am satisfied. And while I was in this state, pride, anger, lust, worldly-mindedness, levity, and carelessness toward God and man, successively got the dominion over me, so that I was no more like a christian than like an angel. Yet I felt but little trouble for it, (save at times) and thereby I sunk into a gulph of sloth, which got the dominion over me in such a manner, that I not only was content, frequently to lie in bed till eight, but in the day time did not care to stir one step forward, especially if it were to visit the sick and distressed. I was forced to drag myself to and fro, and a heavy load I was to myself. And yet my eyes were so blinded, that I was scarce sensible of my sin. The cross I could hardly bear naming; for being so used to shun it at all times, it became a very harsh word to me, and I did not love to hear of it. But glory be to God, ever since this examination, I have been a little stirred up; though still I am in danger of this evil or any other. Lord, leave me not, for without Thee I can do nothing.

"I find, whenever I know myself to be poor, and miserable, and blind, and foolish; and while I have a deep sense of my want of love, humility, meekness, seriousness, and wis-

om, that I then am in earnest in every duty, particularly ising in the morning. But when I am inwardly care- ss and proud, full and wise enough, then I can very uietly neglect not only this, but every help which God has iven me.

"And yet (to speak the whole truth) I am apt to attri- ute some part of my late sloth and slackness, to too smooth doctrine which it seems to me has been lately preached mong us. I thought the doctrine of Perfection in all its arts (perfect love, meekness, humility, resignation) has ot been so strenuously insisted on, as in times past, but nly now and then mentioned in general terms: and hereby was encouraged to be content in this grovelling state, hang- ng between nature and grace, flesh and spirit. Then it was uggested, 'Lying in bed is not expressly forbidden in cripture, nor is rising early expressly commanded.' Yet lory be to God, I had power from Him to resist and over- ome this thought: and being earnest with the Lord last ight, this morning he did give me both a will and a power o break through, which I thankfully used, and came to eet my brethren at five, with primitive joy and satis- action."

Monday 18, I set out with Richard Moss, for Newcastle. Wednesday 20, soon after we passed through Leicester, a entleman of Leicester overtook us, kept us company to oughborough, dined with us there, then rode back to eicester. His main business, I found, was to talk with me. le said, he had long been very low-spirited, had had the ery best advice, and taken abundance of physic, and yet as as bad, or worse than ever. I explained his case to im at large, and advised him to apply to that Physician, ho alone heals the broken in heart.

In the evening I preached to the little flock at Notting- am. The next day William Holmes met us at Doncaster, nd piloted us through the mire, and water, and snow, tely fallen, to Sykehouse. Finding the congregation ready, began preaching as soon as I came in, and exhorted them

to follow after the great gift of God. Several from Epworth met us here, and we rejoiced unto God with reverence.

Friday 22, There was so much snow about Boroughbridge, that we could go on but very slowly: insomuch that the night overtook us when we wanted six or seven miles to the place where we designed to lodge. But we pushed on at a venture across the Moor, and about eight came safe to Sandhutton.

Saturday 23, We found the roads abundantly worse than they had been the day before: not only because the snows were deeper, which made the causeways in many places unpassable (and turnpike roads were not known in these parts of England, till some years after) but likewise because the hard frost, succeeding the thaw, had made all the ground like glass. We were often obliged to walk, it being impossible to ride, and our horses several times fell down while we were leading them, but not once while we were riding them, during the whole journey. It was past eight before we got to Gateshead Fell, which appeared a great, pathless waste of white. The snow filling up and covering all the roads, we were at a loss how to proceed; when a honest man of Newcastle overtook and guided us safe into the town.

Many a rough journey have I had before; but one like this I never had, between wind and hail, and rain and ice, and snow, and driving sleet, and piercing cold. But it is past. Those days will return no more, and are therefore as though they had never been.

> "Pain, disappointment, sickness, strife,
> Whate'er molests or troubles life;
> However, grievous in its stay,
> It shakes the tenement of clay,
> When past, as nothing we esteem;
> And pain, like pleasure, is a dream."

On Monday and Tuesday I diligently enquired, Who were offended at each other? This being the sin, which of

l others, most easily besets the people of Newcastle. And many of them as had leisure to meet, I heard face to face. was now an easy thing to remove their offences. For od was in the work. So that they were, one and all, willing to be reconciled to each other, as I was to have em.

Friday 27, being Ash-Wednesday, after the public pray-s, the little church in our house met together. Misunder-ndings were cleared up, and we all agreed, to set out ew, hand in hand, and, by the grace of God, to forward e another, in running the race which is set before us.

Sunday, March 3, As I was walking up Pilgrim-street, aring a man call after me, I stood still. He came up and ed much abusive language, intermixed with many oaths d curses. Several people came out, to see what was the atter: on which he pushed me twice or thrice and went ay.

Upon enquiry, I found this man had signalised him-lf of a long season, by abusing and throwing stones at y of our family that went that way. Therefore I would t lose the opportunity, but on Monday 4, sent him the fol-wing note:

'ROBERT YOUNG,

'I expect to see you, between this and Friday, and to ar from you, that you are sensible of your fault. Other-ise, in pity to your soul, I shall be obliged to inform the agistrates of your assaulting me yesterday in the street.

'I am, your real Friend,

'JOHN WESLEY.'

Within two or three hours, Robert Young came, and romised a quite different behaviour. So did this gentle re-roof, if not save a soul from death, yet prevent a mul-tude of sins.

Sunday 10, We had a useful sermon at All-Saints in the orning, and another at our own Church in the afternoon.

I was much refreshed by both, and united in love both to the two preachers and to the clergy in general.

The next day I wrote to a friend as follows:

"*Newcastle-upon-Tyne, March* 11, 1745-6.

"I have been drawing up this morning a short state of the case between the clergy and us: I leave you to make any such use of it as you believe will be to the glory of God.

"1. About seven years since we began preaching *inward, present* salvation, as attainable by *faith alone.*

"2. For preaching *this doctrine* we are forbidden to preach in the Churches.

"3. We then preached in *private houses,* as occasion offered; and when the houses could not contain the people, in the open air.

"4. For *this* many of the clergy *preached* or *printed* against us, as both heretics and schismatics.

"5. Persons who were convinced of sin, begged us to advise them more particularly, how to flee from the wrath to come? We replied, If they would all come at one time (for they were numerous) we would endeavour it.

"6. For *this* we were represented, both from the pulpit and the press (we have heard it with our ears and seen it with our eyes) as introducing *Popery,* raising *Sedition,* practising both against Church and State: and all manner of evil was publicly said both of us and those who were accustomed to meet with us.

"7. Finding some truth herein, viz. That some of those who so met together, walked disorderly, we immediately desired them not to come to us any more.

"8. And the more steady were desired to overlook the rest, that we might know if they walked according to the Gospel.

"9. But now several of the *bishops* began to speak against us, either in conversation or in public.

"10. On this encouragement several of the clergy stirred up the people to treat us as out-laws or mad dogs.

"11. The people did so, both in Staffordshire, Cornwall, and many other places.

"12. And they do so still, wherever they are not restrained by their fear of the secular Magistrate.

"Thus the case stands at present. Now what can *we* do, or what can *you* our brethren do toward healing this breach? which is highly desirable; that we may withstand, with joint force, the still increasing flood of Popery, Deism, and Immorality.

"Desire of *us* any thing we can do with a safe conscience, and we will do it immediately. Will *you* meet us here? Will you do what we desire of you, so far as you can with a safe conscience?

"Let us come to particulars. Do you desire us, 1, To preach another, or to desist from preaching this doctrine?

"We think you do not desire it, as knowing we *cannot do this* with a safe conscience. Do you desire us, 2, To desist from preaching in private houses, or in the *open air?* As things are now circumstanced, this would be the same, as desiring us not to preach at all.

"Do you desire us, 3, To desist from advising those who now meet together for that purpose? Or, in other words, To dissolve our societies?

"We cannot do this with a safe conscience: for we apprehend many souls would be lost thereby, and that God would require their blood at our hands.

"Do you desire us, 4, To advise them only one by one?

"This is impossible, because of their number.

"Do you desire us, 5, To suffer those who walk disorderly still to mix with the rest?

"Neither can we do this with a safe conscience; because *evil communications corrupt good manners.*

"Do you desire us, 6, To discharge those leaders of bands or classes (as we term them) who overlook the rest?

"This is, in effect, to suffer the disorderly walkers still to mix with the rest; which we dare not do.

"Do you desire us, lastly, To behave with reverence toward those who are overseers of the Church of God? And

with tenderness, both to the character and persons of our brethren, the inferior clergy?

"By the grace of God, we can and will do this. Yea, our conscience beareth us witness, That we have already laboured so to do; and that, at all times and in all places.

"If you ask, What we desire of *you* to do? We answer, 1, We do not desire any of you to let us preach in your Churches, either if you believe us to preach false doctrine, or if you have upon any other ground, the least scruple of conscience concerning it. But we desire, any who believes us to preach true doctrine, and has no scruple at all in this matter, may not be either publicly or privately discouraged, from inviting us to preach in his Church.

"2, We do not desire that any one who thinks that we are Heretics or Schismatics, and that it is his duty to preach or print against us as such, should refrain therefrom, so long as he thinks it his duty: (although in this case, the breach can never be healed.)

"But we desire, that none will pass such a sentence, until he has calmly considered both sides of the question: that he would not condemn us unheard, but first read what we have written, and pray earnestly, that God may direct him in the right way.

"3, We do not desire any favour, if either Popery, Sedition, or immorality be proved against us.

"But we desire, you will not credit without proof, any of those senseless tales that pass current with the vulgar: that if you do not credit them yourselves, you will not relate them to others (which we have known done) yea, that you will confute them, so far as ye have opportunity, and discountenance those who still retail them abroad.

"4, We do not desire any preferment, favour, or recommendation from those that are in authority, either in Church or State. But we desire,

"1, That if any thing material be laid to our charge, we may be permitted to answer for ourselves. 2, That you would hinder your dependants from stirring up the rabble against us, who are certainly not the proper judges of these

tters; and 3, That you would effectually suppress, and roughly discountenance all riots and popular insurrec-ns, which evidently strike at the foundation of all govern-nt, whether of Church or State.

" Now these things you certainly can do, and that with a conscience, therefore until these things are done, the contin-nce of the breach is chargeable on you and you only."

Saturday 16, I visited part of the sick: (for I could not them all in one day.) I found many in heaviness, ough various temptations, added to that of bodily pain: none sorrowing as men without hope: though some ply mourning after God.

The following week I visited the societies in the country.

Thursday 28, a gentleman called at our house, who in-med me his name was Adams: that he lived about forty es from Newcastle, at Osmotherly, in Yorkshire, and l heard so many strange accounts of the *Methodists*, that ould not rest till he came to enquire for himself. I told n, he was welcome to stay as long as he pleased, if he uld live on our lenten fare. He made no difficulty of this, l willingly stayed till the Monday se'nnight following, en he returned home fully satisfied with his journey.

Saturday, April 6, Mr. Stephenson, of whom I bought ground, on which our house is built, came at length, r delaying it more than two years, and executed the tings. So I am freed from one more care. May I, in ry thing, make known my request to God!

We met at four in the morning on Easter-day, and great our joy in the Lord: I preached on *The Lord is risen ed;* and at South-Biddick at seven o'clock. In the even-many of our brethren from all parts were present, and again praised God with joyful lips.

Monday 15, We met at half an hour past four, and the m was filled from end to end. Many of the rich and nourable were there; so that I found it was time for me to away. At eight I preached in the street at Chester, to rge and quiet congregation. At Darlington (it being the

fair-day) we could scarce find a place to hide our heads. At length we got into a little inn, but were obliged to be in a room, where there was another set of company, some of whom were cursing and swearing much. Before we went away, I stepped to them, and asked, "Do you think yourselves, that this kind of talking is right?" One of them warmly replied, "Sir, we have said nothing which we have need to be ashamed of." I said, "Have you not need to be ashamed of disobliging your best friend? And is not God the best friend you have? They stared first at me, and then at one another. But no man answered a word.

In the evening I preached at the inn in Northallerton, where Mr. Adams, and some of his neighbours met me. On his saying, "He wished I could have time to preach in his house at Osmotherley:" I told him, "I would have time, if he desired it," and ordered our horses to be brought out immediately. We came thither between nine and ten. It was about an hour, before the people were gathered together. It was after twelve before I lay down; yet (through the blessing of God) I felt no weariness at all.

Tuesday 16, I preached at five on Rom. iii. 22, to a large congregation, part of whom had sat up all night, for fear they should not wake in the morning. Many of them I found, either were, or had been Papists. O how wise are the ways of God! How am I brought, without any care or thought of mine, into the centre of the Papists in Yorkshire! O that God would arise and maintain his own cause! And all the idols let him utterly abolish!

After sermon, an elderly woman asked me abruptly, "Dost thou think water-baptism an ordinance of Christ?" I said, "What saith Peter? *Who can forbid water, that these should not be baptized, who have received the Holy Ghost even as we?* I spoke but little more before she cried out, "'Tis right! 'Tis right! I will be baptized." And so she was the same hour.

About eight in the evening, I reached Sykehouse, and preached to a little company there. Wednesday 17, I rode by Epworth to Grimsby. The north-east wind was full in

ir faces, and exceeding sharp. I began preaching before ght: but to such a congregation as I had not lately seen: stupidly rude and noisy, encouraged thereto, by their re-speaker, a drunken ale-house keeper. I singled him t, and fastened upon him, till he chose to withdraw. he rest were soon calmed and behaved very quietly, until e service was ended.

Thursday 18, In the afternoon I rode to Hainton. Mr. lark, the minister of Barksworth, a mile from thence, aving several times sent word he should be glad to see me, went to his house, and spent an agreeable hour, with an pen-hearted, friendly man, not strongly prepossessed, and believe, truly desirous to know the whole will of God.

Friday 19, William Fenwick rode with me to L——d: the inister of which had told him again and again, "Be sure to ring Mr. Wesley with you when he comes. It is for my oul: for the good of my poor soul." When we were alone he old me, "Sir, I have read your writings; but I could not elieve them until very lately. Now I know your doctrine true. God himself has shewn it to me. A few days ince I was in great agony of soul, praying to God to forive my sins; and there was such a light about me as I annot express: and I knew, God had heard my prayer. nd my heart was filled with the love of God; and ever ince I pray, and praise Him all day long."

I asked, if he had told this to any one else? He said, 'I began to tell it to one I thought a very good Christian. ut he seemed to think I was distracted. So I spoke no ore. And indeed I do not know any that would hear me."

I told him, "You will meet with many such trials as his, and with many others, which you are not yet aware f." He answered, "I know that I cannot bear them of yself. I have no strength, unless I watch and pray alays. But I do pray always. And what are trials to me? am not in the world. I live in eternity. I cannot turn ny way but I see God. He is with me continually, and n every side."

I found much comfort from this strong instance of the

mercy of God. And so I did also from a letter wrote by one of our preachers, concerning whom I often feared, I had laboured in vain. It ran in these words:—

"DEAR SIR,

"I am fully convinced, your fear concerning me proceeds entirely from your love to my soul. Therefore I should think myself guilty of the greatest ingratitude, if I did not endeavour to make a proper use of your kind reproof.

"I know my soul has not prospered. I know my conversation has not always been as in the presence of God. I know I have not been, nor yet am, as I desire to be, a serious, lowly follower of Jesus Christ. I have not been so exemplary in my behaviour, as was consistent with the important work wherein I was employed. But, dear Sir, let me beseech you, in God's name, tell me, do you really think, that instead of profiting, I destroy others? That so by desisting to preach, I may perish alone, and not the people perish with me. O, Sir, shall I be an instrument in the devil's hand, to destroy the souls for which Christ died? O that my tongue may cleave to the roof of my mouth, rather than I should continue to do this great evil! O Lord, be merciful unto me, and forgive my sin; for it is great!

"I am not guiltless. But blessed be God, I have lately discovered, or rather felt many things which were hinderances of the work of God in my soul. I saw them before; but I saw in vain. I was not restless to be delivered from them, and therefore they still continued as so many insurmountable barriers in my way. I have been lately in great trouble of mind: the reproofs I received putting me upon a narrow, self-examination, I soon found many things wrong, and they lay so heavy upon me, that I went mourning all the day long. God only knows the uneasiness I felt. But, blessed be God, He did not leave me in distress, but in the midst of trouble sent me comfort. O may my soul for ever praise him!

"I have long been in a kind of dead and lifeless state, having lost those pleasing tastes of God's love I once enjoyed. I have not been able to find any delight in prayer. Nor

could I pray from my heart. If I forced myself to pray (for it was a grievous cross) shame covered my face: and I durst scarce lift up my eyes, conscious of my own unfaithfulness to God, and my negligence in watching. All intercourse was stopped between God and my soul. Indeed when I have been praying with, or speaking to others, I have often found the Spirit of God enlivening my own soul. But when I came before God in secret, intending to pour out my complaint before him, my mouth hath been stopped, and the devil presently whispered, 'What profit is it that you pray?' If I persevered notwithstanding, my mind has been filled with a thousand impertinent thoughts, so that I was either forced from my knees, or could only sigh or groan underneath my misery. My heart seemed harder and harder, so that I verily thought, I should at length become a cast-away.

"But blessed be God, I have for some time found a revival of love, and have had more communion with God than for a long season. O may it be my constant care, to watch and pray; the neglect of which was the chief cause of my former deadness. The levity and inconstancy of mind which used to oppress me, I find greatly taken away; and at present, (God grant it may always continue) the remembrance of them is grievous to me. I often find great sweetness in my soul, and can weep for my past ingratitude to God. O pray for me, dear Sir, if you love me, that I may never more resist his grace!

"I cannot tell you, how much I think myself obliged to you, under God, for all your care, reproofs, and kindnesses. May God reward you! And may I never, never make an ill use of them; but love and reverence you, and praise God for his love, in making you a happy instrument of good to my soul."

I rode to Epworth in the afternoon. Sunday 21, I preached in the house at five, on *Quench not the Spirit;* about eight at the Cross, and again in the evening, to most of the adults in the town. Poor Mr. R.'s sermon, from be-

ginning to end, was another *railing accusation*. Father, forgive him! For he knoweth not what he doth.

Monday 22, I rode with William Holmes to Norton, and after preaching there to a small company, went on to Oulton, three miles from Leeds, where a numerous congregation was waiting. On Tuesday I preached at Leeds, Armley, and Birstal. The next evening I was constrained to continue my discourse there, near an hour longer than usual: God pouring out such a blessing, that I knew not how to leave off.

Thursday 25, I preached at Horton and Bradford. Here I could not but observe, how God has made void all their labour, who *make void the law through faith*. Out of their large societies in these towns, how small a remnant is left! In Horton, scarce ten persons out of fourscore. In Bradford, not one soul.

Friday and Saturday, at John Bennet's request, I preached at several places in Lancashire and Cheshire. Sunday 28, I preached at five (as I had done overnight) about a mile from Altringham, on *Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation*. A plain man came to me afterward and said, "Sir, I find Mr. Hutchings and you do not preach the same way. You bid us read the Bible and pray, and go to Church; but he bids us let all this alone: and says, If we go to Church and sacrament, we shall never come to Christ.

At nine I preached near Stockport, to a large congregation. Thence we rode to Bongs in Derbyshire, a lone house, on the side of a high, steep mountain, whither abundance of people were got together before us. I preached on God's justifying the ungodly, and his word was as dew upon the tender herb. At five I preached at Mill-town, near Chapel-in-the-Frith. The poor miller, near whose pond we stood, endeavoured to drown my voice, by letting out the water, which fell with a great noise. But it was labour lost; for my strength was so increased, that I was heard to the very skirts of the congregation.

Monday 29, I preached at Taddington in the Peak, and rode from thence to Sheffield, where I preached on the floor of the late house, (which the good *Protestant* mob had just pulled down) to the largest and one of the quietest congregations I ever remember to have seen there. Tuesday 30, I preached at Barley-hall, and Wednesday, May 1, at Nottingham.

Thursday 2, I rode to Markfield. The Church was full, though the notice was so short. But I was sorry to hear, some of the neighbouring Churches are likely to be empty enough. For the *Still Brethren*, I found, had spread themselves into several of the adjacent parishes. And the very first sins their hearers leave off, are reading the Bible, and running to the Church and sacrament.

Friday 3, In the evening we came to Wednesbury. A while ago *the waves* here were *mighty, and raged horribly. But the Lord that dwelleth on high is mightier*, and has stilled the madness of the people. I preached at seven without any noise or hinderance at all. All was equally quiet on Saturday. Sunday 5, The number of people even at five, obliged me to preach abroad. About one I preached at Tipton-Green, and about four at Wednesbury. A few persons at first threw some clods; but they were quickly glad to retreat: so that there was no interruption at all while I applied those gracious words of our Lord, *Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*

I made haste from hence to Goston's-Green, near Birmingham, where I had appointed to preach at six. But it was dangerous for any who stood to hear; for the stones and dirt were flying from every side, almost without intermission, for near an hour. However, very few persons went away. I afterwards met the society, and exhorted them, in spite of men and devils, to continue in the grace of God.

Monday 6, I dined at Studley, where a poor man was swearing almost at every sentence. I asked him, "If he

thought that was well done? And began to tell him, how God loved him." He got up as in amaze, made many bows, said, "I ask pardon, Sir, of God and you, and hope it will be a warning to me all the days of my life."

In the evening I preached at Evesham. The next day Mr. Taylor, of Quinton, came, who, on Wednesday 8, rode with us to Oxford. I cannot spend one day here without heaviness in my heart for my brethren's sake. O God, when wilt thou shew these, who say they are rich, that they are poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked?

Friday 10, I preached at High-Wycombe in an open place, to a mixed multitude; some of whom were as rude as they dared to be, having none of the great vulgar to set them on.

Sat. 11, I came to London. The sower of tares, I found, had not been idle, but shaken many, and moved some from their steadfastness, who once seemed to be pillars. The next week, finding no other way to convince some who were hugely in love with that solemn trifle, my brother and I were at the pains of reading over Robert Barclay's Apology with them. Being willing to receive the light, their eyes were opened. They saw his nakedness and were ashamed.

Thursday 23, We had one more conversation with one that had often strengthened our hands; but now earnestly exhorted us (what is man!) "To return to the Church: to renounce all our lay-assistants: to dissolve our societies: to leave off field-preaching, and to accept of honourable preferment!"

Wednesday 29, I talked at large with Howel Harris, not yet carried away by the torrent of Antinomianism. But how long will he be able to stand? Only till he consents to stand neuter. When he is brought not to oppose, he will quickly yield.

I would wish all to observe, that the points in question between us and either the German or English Antinomians, are not points of opinion, but of practice. We break with no man for his opinion. We think and let think. I can-

not better express my sense of this than it is done by a serious man in the following letter:

"SIR,

"I ought to have mentioned sooner my receiving your's concerning Mr. Edwards, of New England. Mr. Robe is of his opinion as to the thing (the doctrine of Particular Redemption), but not as to the absolute necessity of believing either the one or the other side of the question. And it is the maintaining the necessity of his side of the question which you justly blame. For the same reason I suppose you would blame the maintaining the necessity of your side of the question. On whatsoever side of the question one be, I apprehend this mistake of the necessity of it proceeds from what Mr. Locke calls, 'the association of ideas.' People long accustomed to explain the essential things of Christianity, in such a particular way, and never having observed how they can be explained in any other, transfer their zeal for these essential things to their own way of explication, and believe there is a necessary connexion between them, when in fact there is not. This has produced many mischiefs and animosities among all sorts of people. I would take my ground to stand on for clearing this, on what you say in the same letter to me. 'Whosoever agrees with us in that account of practical religion given in the Character of a Methodist, I regard not what his other opinions are: the same is my brother, and sister, and mother. I am more assured that love is of God, than that any opinion whatsoever is so. Herein may we increase more and more.'

"I have often thought since I was favoured with that letter, how far it natively and clearly went, as to many things that occasion contentions and schisms, even among real Christians; and what, as it natively and clearly follows from this principle, our practice ought to be.

"One effect of this has been to make me think I have not yet met with any set of people, whose practice is not, in several remarkable particulars, inconsistent with this good principle. But I will not suffer myself to be fully persuaded of this, as to one set of men, till I have the hap-

piness to meet with your brother and you, and talk over some particulars, which you will allow me calmly and impartially to lay before you. May the Holy Ghost lead you into all truth, and into every right way.

"As to outward communion with those in whom your characteristic is found,

"1, Is it not our duty and theirs to keep that communion together, as far as we can, without sin? And except in that case, is not separating from each other even in outward communion a sin? Consequently, is it not a sin in any of us, to set out outward communion on such a foot, that others, who have this characteristic, cannot join in that communion without sin in them? Is it not also our duty not to cause them to stumble, by our way of insisting on our particular opinions? And is it not a sin in them, to be easily stumbled at us on that account?

"2, Is it not far wrong in any of us to teach our particular opinions, (especially to those whom we are to instruct in the essentials of religion) so as to lead them into such an association of ideas, between these essentials and those opinions, which want of judgment, narrowness of thought, and impatience of spirit, are so apt to lead even the strong into? Do we not often see how almost incurably this prejudices the weak against their brethren in Christ, and perplexes their minds about those opinions, and takes them off from the serious consideration of the essentials? Nay, have we not seen even the strong in grace, as well as in learning, mistake the Lord's shining on their souls, on account of their receiving and applying the essentials, for an approbation of their particular opinions? And have we not seen such hereby led to bear persecution from, and in their turn to inflict it on their brethren? Almost every one cries out against this spirit of persecution. But few seem to dive into the causes of it; and fewer still heartily seek after and follow the effectual cure. And therefore,

"3, Is it not the duty both of ministers and of private Christians in their several stations, to shew that their particular opinions are not so important, but that one in whom the

grand characteristic is found, may hold different, nay contrary opinions? Is it not the duty of all, in their respective stations, to prevent or dissolve that groundless association of ideas? And is not the quite contrary done by almost all? Do they not proceed, as if they were rather desirous to establish (not dissolve) that association of ideas, in favour of their own particular opinions? And thereby (though perhaps their own hearts hide it from them) to establish their party, and fix their adherents unto them?

"4, Since, as you justly say, 'We are more sure that love is of God, than that any opinion whatever is so,' Is it not our duty to follow that love with all our brethren in Christ, and the native consequence of it, outward communion? So far, I mean, as that communion does not imply our owning as true an opinion which we do not believe to be so. And yet,

"5, When one is a member of a community, where many are extremely bigotted to their own opinions; in such a case, may not outward communion with our other brethren in Christ, be kept in some instances, and not in others? But still, is it not our duty to use all our prudence and diligence to bring all the Lord's people from this bigotry into that dear, mutual, universal love, and that actual communion, which is the native consequence of it?

"JAMES E——E."

Sunday, June 9, In the evening I rode to Colebrook, on Monday to Marlborough, and on Tuesday to Bristol. The Antinomians had taken true pains here also to seduce those who were shewing their faith by their works. But they had reaped little fruit of their bad labour; for upon the most diligent enquiry, I could not find, that seven persons out of seven hundred had been turned out of the old bible way.

We left Bristol early on Friday 14, and on Sunday morning reached St. Ginny's. The church was moderately filled with serious hearers, but few of them appeared to feel what they heard. I preached both morning and afternoon, and on Monday evening; and many assented to, and approved of the truth.

Tuesday 18, Being invited by the rector of St. Mary-week (about seven miles from St. Ginny's) to preach in his church, we went thither in the afternoon. I had not seen in these parts of Cornwall, either so large a church or so large a congregation. Thence we rode to Lanest, where Mr. Bennet read prayers, and I preached, on *The redemption that is in Jesus Christ.*

Wednesday 19, Tresmere church was filled within and without, while I preached on Romans iv. 7. Here I took leave of a poor, mad, original enthusiast, who had been scattering abroad lies in every quarter. In the evening, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Shepherd rode with me to St. Eath, and the next day to Redruth.

Being informed here of what had befallen Mr. Maxfield, we turned aside toward Crowan Church-town. But in the way, we received information, that he had been removed from thence the night before. It seems, the valiant constables, who guarded him, having received timely notice, that a body of five hundred Methodists were coming to take him away by force, had with great precipitation carried him two miles further, to the house of one Henry Tomkins.

Here we found him, nothing terrified by his adversaries. I desired Henry Tomkins to shew me the warrant. It was directed by Dr. Borlase and his father, and Mr. Eustick, to the constables and overseers of several parishes, requiring them to "apprehend all such able-bodied men, as had no lawful calling or sufficient maintenance; and to bring them before the aforesaid gentlemen at Marazion, on Friday 21, to be examined, whether they were proper persons to serve his Majesty in the land-service."

It was endorsed (by the steward of Sir John St. Aubin) with the names of seven or eight persons, most of whom were well known to have lawful callings, and a sufficient maintenance thereby. But that was all one: they were called Methodists, therefore soldiers they must be. Underneath was added, "A person, his name unknown, who disturbs the peace of the parish."

A word to the wise! The good men easily understood,

this could be none but the Methodist-preacher, for who "disturbs the peace of the parish," like one who tells all drunkards, whoremongers, and common-swearers, "You are in the high road to hell?"

When we came out of the house, forty or fifty Myrmidons stood ready to receive us. But I turned full upon them, and their courage failed; nor did they recover, till we were at some distance. Then they began blustering again, and throwing stones; one of which struck Mr. Thompson's servant.

Friday 21, We rode to Marazion (vulgarly called Marketjew.) Finding the Justices were not met, we walked up St. Michael's Mount. The house at the top is surprisingly large and pleasant. Sir John St. Aubin had taken much pains, and been at considerable expence in repairing and beautifying the apartments. And when the seat was finished, the owner died.

About two Mr. Thompson and I went into the room where the Justices and Commissioners were. After a few minutes, Dr. Borlase stood up and asked, "Whether we had any business?" I told him, "We have. We desire to be heard, concerning one who was lately apprehended at Crowan." He said, "Gentlemen, the business of Crowan does not come on yet; you shall be sent for when it does." So we retired, and waited in another room till after nine o'clock. They delayed the affair of Mr. Maxfield (as we imagined they would) to the very last. About nine, he was called. I would have gone in then, but Mr. Thompson advised to wait a little longer. The next information we received, was that they had sentenced him to go for a soldier. Hearing this, we went straight to the Commission-chamber. But the honourable gentlemen were gone.

They had ordered Mr. Maxfield to be immediately put on board a boat, and carried for Penzance. We were informed, "They had first offered him to the captain of a Man-of-War, that was just come into the harbour." But he answered, "I have no authority to take such men as

these: unless you would have me give him so much a week, to preach and pray to my people."

Saturday 22, We reached St. Ives about two in the morning. At five, I preached on *Love your enemies:* and at Gwenap in the evening, on *All that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution.*

We heard to-day, that as soon as Mr. Maxfield came to Penzance, they put him down into the dungeon: and that the Mayor being inclined to let him go, Dr. Borlase had gone thither on purpose, and had himself read the Articles of War in the Court, and delivered him to one, who was to act as an officer.

Sunday 23, I preached in Gwenap at five, and about eight at Stithians, to a large and quiet congregation. Thence we went to Wendron Church. At two I preached a mile and a half from the Church, under a large shady tree, on part of the epistle for the day, *Marvel not, if the world hate you*, &c. At five I began at Crowan, the head quarters of the people that delight in war. While I was expounding part of the second morning lesson, Captain R——ds came with a party of men, ready for battle. But their master riding away in two or three minutes, their countenances quickly fell. One and another stole off his hat, till they were all uncovered; nor did they either move or speak, till I had finished my discourse.

We rode thence to St. Ives: where, Monday 24, I preached at five, on *Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.* As we returned from Church at noon, a famous man of the town, attacked us, for the entertainment of his masters. I turned back, and spoke to him, and he was ashamed. In the afternoon, as I was walking over the Market-place, he just put out his head; but after one scream, ran back into the house with great precipitation. We expected a visit in the evening from some of the devil's drunken companions, who swarm here on a holy-day, so called. But none appeared. So after a comfortable hour, we praised God, and parted in peace.

Tuesday 25, We rode to St. Just. I preached at seven to the largest congregation I have seen since my coming. At the meeting of the earnest, loving society, all our hearts were in a flame: and again at five in the morning, while I explained, *There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.*

When the preaching was ended, the Constable apprehended Edward Greenfield, (by a warrant from Dr. Borlase) a tinner, in the forty-sixth year of his age, having a wife and seven children. Three years ago he was eminent for cursing, swearing, drunkenness, and all manner of wickedness. But those old things had been, for some time, passed away; and he was then remarkable for a quite contrary behaviour.

I asked a little gentleman at St. Just, "What objection there was to Edward Greenfield?" He said, "Why, the man is well enough in other things: but his impudence the gentlemen cannot bear. Why, Sir, he says he knows his sins are forgiven!"—And, *for this cause*, he is adjudged to banishment or death.

I preached at Morva and Zunnor in my return to St. Ives. Friday 28, Mr. Thompson and Bennett returned home. Saturday 29, I preached at St. Just again, and at Morva and Zunnor on Sunday 30. About six in the evening I began preaching at St. Ives, in the street, near John Nance's door. A multitude of people were quickly assembled, both high and low, rich and poor. And I observed not any creature to laugh or smile, or hardly move hand or foot. I expounded the Gospel for the day, beginning with, *Then drew near all the publicans and sinners for to hear him.* A little before seven came Mr. Edwards from the Mayor, and ordered one to read the proclamation against riots. I concluded quickly after; but the body of the people appeared utterly unsatisfied, not knowing how to go away. Forty or fifty of them begged they might be present at the meeting of the society; and we rejoiced together for an hour in such a manner, as I had never known before in Cornwall.

Tuesday, July 2, I preached in the evening at St. Just. I observed not only several gentlemen there, who, I suppose, never came before, but a large body of tinners, who stood at a distance from the rest, and a great multitude of men, women, and children beside, who seemed not well to know, why they came. Almost as soon as we had done singing, a kind of gentlewoman began. I have seldom seen a poor creature take so much pains. She scolded, and screamed, and spit, and stamped, and wrung her hands, and distorted her face and body all manner of ways. I took no notice of her at all, good or bad; nor did almost any one else. Afterwards I heard, she was one that had been bred a Papist; and when she heard we were so, rejoiced greatly. No wonder she should be proportionably angry, when she was disappointed of her hope.

Mr. Eustick, a neighbouring gentleman came, just as I was concluding my sermon. The people opening to the right and left, he came up to me and said, "Sir, I have a warrant from Dr. Borlase, and you must go with me." Then turning round, he said, "Sir, are you Mr. Shepherd? If so, you are mentioned in the warrant too. Be pleased, Sir, to come with me." We walked with him to a public-house, near the end of the town. Here he asked me, if I were willing to go with him to the Doctor? I told him, just then, if he pleased. "Sir," said he, "I must wait upon you to your inn; and in the morning, if you will be so good as to go with me, I will shew you the way." So he handed me back to my inn and retired.

Wednesday 3, I waited till nine. But no Mr. Eustick came. I then desired Mr. Shepherd to go and enquire for him at the house wherein he had lodged; *Si forte edormisset hac villa.* He met him coming, as he thought, to our inn. But, after waiting some time, we enquired again, and learned he had turned aside to another house in the town. I went thither and asked, "Is Mr. Eustick here?" After some pause, one said, "Yes;" and shewed me into the parlour. When he came down he said, "O Sir, will you be so

good as to go with me to the Doctor's." I answered, "Sir, I came for that purpose." "Are you ready, Sir?" I answered, "Yes." "Sir, I am not quite ready. In a little time, Sir; in a quarter of an hour, I will wait upon you. I will come to William Chenhall's." In about three quarters of an hour he came, and finding there was no remedy, he called for his horse, and put forward towards Dr. Borlase's house. But he was in no haste: so that we were an hour and a quarter in riding three or four measured miles. As soon as we came into the yard, he asked a servant, "Is the Doctor at home?" Upon whose answering, "No, Sir, he is gone to Church:" he presently said, "Well, Sir, I have executed my commission. I have done, Sir: I have no more to say."

About noon Mr. Shepherd and I reached St. Ives. After a few hours rest, we rode to Gwenap. Finding the house would not contain one fourth of the people, I stood before the door. I was reading my text, when a man came, raging as if just broke out of the tombs: and riding into the thickest of the people, seized three or four, one after another, none lifting up a hand against him. A second (gentleman, so called) soon came after, if possible, more furious than he: and ordered his men to seize on some others, Mr. Shepherd in particular. Most of the people, however, stood still as they were before, and began singing an hymn. Upon this Mr. B. lost all patience, and cried out with all his might, "Seize him, seize him. I say, seize the preacher, for his Majesty's service." But no one stirring, he rode up and struck several of his attendants, cursing them bitterly for not doing as they were bid. Perceiving still, that they would not move, he leaped off his horse, swore he would do it himself, and caught hold of my cassock, crying, "I take you to serve his Majesty." A servant taking his horse, he took me by the arm, and we walked arm in arm for about three quarters of a mile. He entertained me all the time, with the wickedness of the fellows belonging to the society. When he was taking breath, I said, "Sir, be they what *they* will, I apprehend it will not justify *you*, in seizing me

in this manner, and violently carrying me away, as you said, to serve his Majesty." He replied, "I seize you! and violently carry you away! No, Sir, no. Nothing like it. I asked you to go with me to my house. And you said, you were willing. And if so, you are welcome. And if not, you are welcome to go where you please." I answered, "Sir, I know not if it would be safe for me to go back through this rabble." "Sir," said he, "I will go with you myself." He then called for his horse, and another for me, and rode back with me to the place from whence he took me.

Thursday 4, I rode to Falmouth. About three in the afternoon I went to see a gentlewoman who had been long indisposed. Almost as soon as I was set down, the house was beset on all sides, by an innumerable multitude of people. A louder or more confused noise could hardly be at the taking of a city by storm. At first Mrs. B. and her daughter endeavoured to quiet them. But it was labour lost. They might as well have attempted to still the raging of the sea. They were soon glad to shift for themselves, and leave K. E. and me to do as well as we could. The rabble roared with all their throats, "Bring out the Canorum! Where is the Canorum?" (an unmeaning word which the Cornish generally use instead of Methodist.) No answer being given, they quickly forced open the outer door, and filled the passage. Only a wainscot partition was between us, which was not likely to stand long. I immediately took down a large looking-glass which hung against it, supposing the whole side would fall in at once. When they began their work with abundance of bitter imprecations, poor Kitty was utterly astonished, and cried out, "O Sir, what must we do?" I said, "We must pray." Indeed at that time, to all appearance, our lives were not worth an hour's purchase. She asked, "But, Sir, is it not better for you to hide yourself? To get into the closet?" I answered, "No; it is best for me to stand just where I am." Among those without, were the crews of some privateers, which were lately come into the harbour. Some of these,

being angry at the slowness of the rest, thrust them away, and coming up all together, set their shoulders to the inner door, and cried out, "Avast, lads, avast!" Away went all the hinges at once, and the door fell back into the room. I stepped forward at once into the midst of them and said, "Here I am. Which of you has any thing to say to *me?* To which of you have I done any wrong? To you? Or you? Or you?" I continued speaking, till I came, bare-headed as I was (for I purposely left my hat, that they might all see my face) into the middle of the street, and then raising my voice, said, "Neighbours! Countrymen! Do you desire to hear me speak?" They cried vehemently, "Yes, yes. He *shall* speak. He shall. Nobody shall hinder him." But having nothing to stand on, and no advantage of ground, I could be heard by few only. However, I spoke without intermission, and as far as the sound reached, the people were still: till one or two of their captains turned about and swore, "Not a man shall touch him." Mr. Thomas, a clergyman, then came up, and asked, "Are you not ashamed to use a stranger thus?" He was soon seconded by two or three gentlemen of the town, and one of the Aldermen: with whom I walked down the town speaking all the time, till I came to Mrs. Maddern's house. The gentleman proposed sending for my horse to the door, and desired me to step in and rest the mean time. But on second thoughts, they judged it not advisable to let me go out among the people again. So they chose to send my horse before me to Penryn, and to send me thither by water; the sea running close by the back door of the house in which we were.

I never saw before, no, not at Walsal itself, the hand of God so plainly shewn as here. There I had many companions, who were willing to die with me: Here not a friend, but one simple girl; who likewise was hurried away from me in an instant, as soon as ever she came out of Mrs. B.'s door. There I received some blows, lost part of my clothes, and was covered over with dirt. Here, although the hands of

perhaps some hundreds of people were lifted up to strike or throw, yet they were one and all stopped in the mid way, so that not a man touched me with one of his fingers. Neither was any thing thrown from first to last: so that I had not even a speck of dirt on my clothes. Who can deny, that God heareth prayer? Or, that he hath all power in heaven and earth?

I took boat at about half an hour past five. Many of the mob waited at the end of the town, who seeing me escaped out of their hands, could only revenge themselves with their tongues. But a few of the fiercest ran along the shore, to receive me at my landing. I walked up the steep, narrow passage from the sea, at the top of which the foremost man stood. I looked him in the face and said, "I wish you a good night." He spake not, nor moved hand nor foot till I was on horeback. Then he said, "I wish you were in hell;" and turned back to his companions.

As soon as I came within sight of Tolcarn (in Wendron parish) where I was to preach in the evening, I was met by many, running as it were for their lives, and begging me to go no further. I asked, "Why not?" They said, "The Churchwardens and Constables, and all the heads of the parish, are waiting for you at the top of the hill, and are resolved to have you. They have a special warrant from the Justices met at Helston, who will stay there till you are brought." I rode directly up the hill, and observing four or five horsemen well-dressed, went straight to them and said, "Gentlemen, have any of you any thing to say to me? I am John Wesley." One of them appeared extremely angry at this, that I should "presume to say, I was Mr. John Wesley." And I know not how I might have fared, for advancing so bold an assertion, but that Mr. Collins, the minister of Redruth (accidentally, as he said) came by. Upon his accosting me, and saying, he knew me at Oxford. My first antagonist was silent, and a dispute of another kind began, "Whether this preaching had done any good?" I appealed to matter of fact. He allowed, (after many words) "People are the better for the present:" but added, "To

be sure, by and by, they will be as bad, if not worse than ever."

When he rode away, one of the gentlemen said, "Sir, I would speak with you a little. Let us ride to the gate." We did so, and he said, "Sir, I will tell you the ground of this. All the gentlemen of these parts say, That you have been a long time in France and Spain, and are now sent hither by the Pretender; and that these societies are to join him." Nay surely. *All the gentlemen in these parts*, will not lie against their own consciences!

I rode hence to a friend's house some miles off, and found the sleep of a labouring man is sweet. I was informed there were many here also, who had an earnest desire to hear "this preaching." But they did not dare. Sir ——— V———n, having solemnly declared, nay, and that in the face of the whole congregation, as they were coming out of Church, "If any man of this parish dare hear these fellows, he shall not——come to my Christmas feast."

Friday 5, As we were going to Trezilla, (in Gulval parish) several met us in great consternation, and told us, the Constables and Churchwardens were come and waited for us. I went straight on, and found a serious congregation, but neither Churchwarden nor Constable: nor any creature to molest us, either at the preaching, or at the meeting of the society. After so many storms, we now enjoyed the calm, and praised God from the ground of the heart.

Saturday 6, I rode with Mr. Shepherd to Gwenap. Here also we found the people in the utmost consternation. Word was brought, that a great company of tinners, made drunk on purpose, were coming to do terrible things. I laboured much to compose their minds. But fear had no ears: so that abundance of people went away. I preached to the rest, on *Love your enemies*. The event shewed, this also was a false alarm, an artifice of the devil, to hinder men from hearing the word of God.

Sunday 7, I preached at five to a quiet congregation, and about eight at Stithians. Between six and seven in the even-

ing we came to Tolcarn. Hearing the mob was rising again, I began preaching immediately. I had not spoke a quarter of an hour, before they came in view. One Mr. Trounce rode up first, and began speaking to me, wherein he was roughly interrupted by his companions. Yet as I stood on a high wall, and kept my eyes upon them, many were softened, and grew calmer and calmer: which some of their champions observing, went round and suddenly pushed me down. I lit on my feet, without any hurt, and finding myself close to the warmest of the horsemen, I took hold of his hand and held it fast, while I expostulated the case. As for being convinced, he was quite above it. However, both he and his fellows grew much milder, and we parted very civilly.

Monday 8, I preached at five, on *Watch and pray*, to a quiet and earnest congregation. We then rode to St. Ives, the most still and honourable post (so are the times changed!) which we have in Cornwall.

Tuesday 9, I had just begun preaching at St. Just, when Mr. E. came once more, took me by the hand, and said, "I must go with him." To avoid making a tumult, I went. He said, "I had promised last week, not to come again to St. Just for a month." I absolutely denied the having made any such promise. After about half an hour, he handed me back to my inn.

Wednesday 10, In the evening I began to expound (at Trevouan, in Morva) *Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.* In less than a quarter of an hour, the Constable and his companions came, and read the proclamation against riots. When he had done, I told him, "We will do as you require; we will disperse within an hour," and went on with my sermon. After preaching I had designed to meet the society alone. But many others also followed with such earnestness, that I could not turn them back. So I exhorted them all, to love their enemies, as Christ hath loved us. They felt what was spoken. Cries and tears were on every side; and all could bear witness,

" Even now the Lord doth pour
The blessing from above;
A kindly, gracious shower
Of heart-reviving love."

hursday 11, I found some life even at Zunnor, and on lay 12, at Gulval. Saturday 13, I met the stewards of he societies at St. Ives, and preached in the evening at ehap without interruption. Sunday 14, at eight, I ached at Stithians, and earnestly exhorted the society, ot to think of pleasing men, but to count all things loss, hat they might win Christ." Before I had done, the tables and churchwardens came, and pressed one of hearers for a soldier.

Ionday 15, Mr. Bennet met us at Trewint, and told us, ncis Walker had been driven thence, and had since n an instrument of great good, wherever he had been. ed, I never remember so great an awakening in Corn- wrought in so short a time, among young and old, and poor, from Trewint quite to the sea-side.

preached between four and five, and then went on to east church, where I read prayers, and preached, on *re is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.* ow pleasant a thing is even outward peace! What ld not a man give for it, but a good conscience!

uesday 16, I read prayers at five, and preached in mere church. About three I preached in St. Mary ek church, on *Repent ye, and believe the Gospel.* Be- ti six and seven I began reading prayers at Tamerton, re I preached, on John iv. 24. Wednesday 17, I rode r. Thompson's, near Barnstaple, and the next evening linehead. Early, on Friday 19, we went on board, in about four hours crossed the channel and reached mon.

Ve were here, as it were, in a new world, in peace, and ar, and abundance. How soon should I melt away is sunshine! But the goodness of God suffers it not. he morning I rode to Cardiff, where also there had been h disturbance; but now all was calm. I preached

there in the evening. God gave a blessing with his word, and we greatly rejoiced before him.

Sunday 21, I preached at Cardiff at five, and at Wenvo, morning and afternoon. In the evening I preached again at Cardiff in the Castle-yard, on *Great is the mystery of godliness*. I never saw such a congregation in Wales before: and all behaved as men fearing God.

Monday 22, I preached at half an hour after four, and then set out with Mr. Hodges, rector of Wenvo, for Garth; Mr. Philips guided us till he thought all the difficulty was over. But it proved otherwise; for almost as soon as he left us, the night coming on, we got out of the road, and might very probably have wandered till day-light, had not a gentleman met us, and rode out of his way to shew us to Mr. Gwynne's house.

Tuesday 23, I preached about noon at Maesmennys to a larger congregation than the church could contain. About three I preached at Builth. Five clergymen of us were present, two Justices of Peace, and well nigh all the grown people in the town. I had not known so solemn a season before, since we came into Wales.

Wednesday 24, I preached at Builth again, and afterwards at Maesmennys. Thence Mr. Philips rode with us to Landdu Church, where I preached at six to a small serious congregation. And the next evening, Thursday 25, I came back safe, blessed be God to Bristol.

I found both my soul and body much refreshed in this peaceful place. Thursday, August 1, and the following days, we had our second conference with as many of our brethren that labour in the word as could be present.

During my stay here, I took the opportunity of visiting the little societies round Bristol, in Wiltshire, and Somersetshire.

Monday 12, I was desired to read over my old friend Anthony Purvor's Essay toward a New Translation of the Bible. But how was I disappointed! I found the text flat and dead, much altered indeed, but commonly for the

worse: and the notes merely critical, dull, and dry, without any unction, or spirit, or life.

I had now leisure to look over the letters I had received this summer; some extracts of which are here subjoined:

"LONDON, MAY 25, 1745.

"REV. SIR,

"MARY COOK, who had been ill for above six months, grew much worse a week or two ago. She had been long remarkably serious, and greatly desirous of knowing her interest in Christ; but then her desires were much increased, and she had no rest in her spirit, but cried unto him day and night. On Monday last she mourned more than ever, and would not be comforted. Then she lay still awhile, and on a sudden broke out,

'Praise God from whom pure blessings flow.'

"Her mother asked her the cause of this. She said, 'O mother, I am happy, I am happy. I shall soon go to heaven;' and many more words she spoke to the same effect. I called upon her a few hours after, and found her still in a settled peace. She told me, 'I am assured of God's love to my soul. I am not afraid to die. I know the Lord will take me to himself; Lord, hasten the time. I long to be with thee." On Tuesday and Wednesday she spoke little, being exceeding weak, but continued instant in prayer. On Wednesday about noon, she desired her mother to get her up into the chair, which she did. A little before three, her mother holding her in her arms, she desired her to let her go. Then placing herself upright in the chair, with her hands laid in her lap, and a calm majesty in her countenance, she said, 'Lord, receive my soul,' and expired."

"BRISTOL, JUNE 6, 1745.

"I have delivered another of my charge to the Lord. On Saturday night, Molly Thomas was taken home. She was always constant in the use of all the means, and behaved well, both at home and abroad. After she was taken

ill, she was distressed indeed, between the pain of her body, and the anguish of her soul. But where is all pain gone when Jesus comes? when he manifests himself to the heart? In that hour she cried out, 'Christ is mine! I know my sins are forgiven me.' Then she sung praise to Him that had loved her, and bought her with his own blood. The fear of death was gone, and she longed to leave her father, her mother, and all her friends. She said, 'I am almost at the top of the ladder. Now I see the towers before me, and a large company coming up behind me. I shall soon go. 'Tis but for Christ to speak the word, and I am gone. I only wait for that word, 'Rise up, my love, and come away.'

"When they thought her strength was gone, she broke out again,

'Christ hath the foundation laid,
And Christ shall build me up:
Surely I shall soon be made
Partaker of my hope.
Author of my faith He is;
He its finisher shall be:
Perfect love shall seal me his
To all eternity.'

"So she fell asleep. O Lord, my God, glory be to Thee for all things. I feel such desires in my soul after God, that my strength goes away. I feel there is not a moment's time to spare; and yet how many do I lose! Lord Jesus, give me to be more and more diligent and watchful in all things. It is no matter to me how I was an hour ago. Is my soul now waiting upon God? O that I may in all things, and through all things, see nothing but Christ! O that when he comes, he may find me watching! S. C."

"JUNE 27, 1745.

"DEAR SIR,

"I sat up with Isaac Kilby three nights, and being greatly comforted by many of his expressions, I believed it would not be losing time to set a few of them down.

"On Wednesday, June 18, When I came into the house, he was supposed to be near his end. His body was in great pain, and just gasping for breath. But his mind was in perfect peace.

"He had little strength to speak. But when he did (which was now and then on a sudden, as if immediately supported for that purpose) his words were strangely powerful, just as if they came from one who was now before the throne of glory.

"When he had just drank something, I said, 'All may drink of the water of life freely.' He lifted up his hands in great love and said, 'Yea, all, all: all the world.'

"After long silence, he suddenly asked me, how I felt myself? I replied, 'I find great consolation from the Lord.' He said, 'How strange it is, that such a rebel as I, should bring glory to God.'

"When dosing his mind would rove, but even then his discourse consisted chiefly, of strong exhortations to some of his acquaintance, to repent and persevere in the ways of God.

"On Friday I called and found him in the same spirit, full of pain, yet full of joy unspeakable. I could not forbear sitting up with him again. All his words were full of divine wisdom, expressing a deep sense of the presence and mercy of God, and of his own unworthiness.

"Mention being made concerning his burial: (in the beginning of his sickness, he had desired, that Mr. Wesley might bury him, and preach a sermon from that text, *Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.*) He said, 'Now I do not think of such things. Bury me as you will. Yet I should be glad to have a sermon preached. But just as Mr. Wesley pleases.'

"He said to me, 'O go on, and you will rejoice as I do, in the like condition.' He prayed, that he might die before the morning; but added, '*Not as I will, but as thou wilt.*'

"Thus he continued till Wednesday, June 25, when I sat up with him again. Being now much weaker, he roved more than ever. Yet when I asked 'Isaac, how do you find

your soul?' He answered, 'I rejoice in God my Saviour. I am as clay in the hands of the potter.' And about half an hour after twelve, he went to sing praise to God and the Lamb for ever."

Some circumstances related in the following letter, which some may account odd accidents, I think are such instances of the Providence of God, as ought to be had in remembrance.

"BRISTOL, JUNE 28, 1745.

"REV. SIR,

"On May 31, I went to Sykehouse, and exhorted the people at all opportunities. On Monday, June 3, about three in the morning, W. Holmes came to me, and said, 'Brother Moss, I have been just awakened by a dream, that the Constables and Churchwardens came, to press you for a soldier. I would have you get up and go to Norton. I did so, and he walked with me about half a mile. At his return, the Constables and Churchwardens were come: they asked him, 'Where is the preacher?' He said, 'I have just carried him away. But have you a warrant to press such men as these?' They answered, 'Yes, we have, and will press him, if we see him here again.' He replied, 'You shall see him again in that day, when the Lord shall judge the world in righteousness.'

"He came and told me, and advised me, to go thence. So I went to Epworth on Tuesday. On Wednesday night I had spoke about a quarter of an hour, when the Churchwardens and Constables came. They bade me stop. I told them, 'I will, when I have delivered my message.' They cried, 'Bring him away, bring him away.' I thought, 'but they cannot unless the Lord will.' The Constable coming up to me, I looked him in the face, and he shrunk back, and said, 'I cannot take him.' His companions swore, 'But we will fetch him soon.' As they were pressing on, many of the people got between, and kept so close together, that for near half an hour they could get no further. Glory be to God, my soul all the time was rather in heaven than on earth.

" They went out to consult what to do, and soon returned ith great staves, wherewith they beat down several that ood in their way; but still they could not make their pas- ge through, until Mr. Maw came, (the chief gentleman the town) and sent for me into the house. There we ayed and sung hymns, till about eleven o'clock. He then dvised me to go out of the town. So many of our brethren ent with me to Robert Taylor's house at Burnham; where e continued praying and praising God, until about four 'clock in the morning. I then rode back to Norton, and om thence by Leeds, Birstal, and Barley-hall to Sheffield.

" On Wednesday evening, June 12, as I was privately onversing with a few of the people, the Constables and hurchwardens came up, and dragged me down stairs. ut quickly one of them listened a little and cried out, 'They re at prayers. I will have nothing to do in this matter.' he rest began to look at one another: took their hands off e, and went their way. I went from Sheffield through erbyshire, Cheshire, and Staffordshire, to Birmingham; nd so on by Evesham and Stanley. In most places I was hreatened; but out of all dangers, the Lord delivered me.

" I remain, your Child and Servant in Christ,

" RICHARD MOSS."

" LONDON, JULY 10, 1745.

" DEAR SIR,

" The faith you mention, I have experienced much of, hough not continually. But am groaning for all the glo- ious privileges of the children of God. And I really believe he greater part of us are earnestly seeking, and patiently spiring after this full redemption.

" Heavenly meetings we have had on Wednesday even- ngs, since we have opened our minds freely to each other. No one speaks but in the fear of God, so that what is spoken y any, is felt by all the rest. And if any one begins to tell n unprofitable tale, there is a stop put to it without offence. So that since I have belonged to the society, I never found o great love and unity in this meeting. Indeed so awful it

sometimes is, that I seem to be little less than a spirit casting down my crown before the throne.

"I find it necessary to follow after perfection in every thing, in every place, and in every hour. There are many thoughts I think, many words I speak, and many of my works, I find are now perfect in their kind; i. e. thought, spoke, and done with a single eye to the glory of God. I cannot think I ought to look for perfection in the future, and to sit still and idle at present. I received the grace of God, which I now must occupy, or suffer loss.

"Certainly God is pleased or displeased with all my thoughts, words, and actions, which is manifested to me by the convictions of his Holy Spirit. And the more I obey God, the more holy I am; and the more holy I am, the more I please God. Or, as one expresses it, 'The more I deny myself in thought, word and deed; of pride, lust, anger, self-will, worldly-mindedness, the more the good Spirit will dwell and abide in me; for where sin is, it drives the good Spirit away.' When my conscience is void of offence, I enjoy a continual sense of my justification, from which flows unspeakable peace, love, and happiness.

"I find more and more, I must deny myself. Whatever others may do, I find no peace (nor do I desire it) while my thoughts, words, or actions, are agreeable to nature.

"This is my misfortune. Nature has still a part in me, and I often yield to evil thoughts, trifling words, or foolish actions; works done, not in faith, which grieve the Spirit of God, and bring me into misery and trouble. Yet I have a good hope I shall go on, from strength to strength, from conquering to conquer.

"All is peaceable in this great city. How long it will remain so, is known only to Him that knows all things. My soul seems preparing for a storm, and the Spirit of Truth is continually teaching me, to divest myself of all things, that being in readiness, that hour may not come upon me unawares. I have nothing outwardly, glory be to God, that keeps me confined to the earth. And I hope what is still in me contrary to the purity of Him, before whom I must

shortly stand without a covering, will be taken away, before I depart hence to be no more seen."

Tuesday, August 13, I rode to Cirencester, and preached there in the evening: Wendesday 14, at Oxford: Thursday 15, at Wycombe, and on Friday 16, at London.

Saturday 17, I had much conversation with Mr. Simpson, an original enthusiast. That I might understand him the more thoroughly, I desired him in the evening, to give an exhortation to the penitents. He did so, and spoke many good things, in a manner peculiar to himself. When he had done, I summed up what he had said, methodizing and explaining it. O what pity it is, this well-meaning man should ever speak without an interpreter!

Sunday 25, I saw a poor man, once joined with us, who wanted nothing in this world, but the peace the world cannot give. A day or two before, he had hanged himself, but was cut down before he was dead. He had been crying out ever since, God had left him, because he had left the children of God. But he now began to have some glimmering of hope, that God would not hide his face for ever.

Tuesday, September 3, Great was our joy in the Lord, at the public reading of the letters. Part of one was as follows:—

"BETLY, NEAR NAMPTWICH, AUGUST 24, 1745.

"I rejoice that the Lord stirs you up more and more, to labour in his vineyard. I am persuaded, it is not a small matter, whether we speak or let it alone. If I go into any company, and there be an opportunity to reprove or exhort, and I come away without using it, I am as much condemned in my own conscience, as if I had robbed them. Pray for me, that I may have patience to endure the contradiction of sinners, and that I may always remember, the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.

"Sunday, August 4, We met as usual. As soon as we had begun prayer, there came the curate, with a lawyer. He stayed until we had done prayer, and then asked 'What is the intent of your meeting?' I answered, 'To build each

other up in our most holy faith.' He said, 'But what method do you use?' I answered, 'This is the third Sunday that I have met these my brethren. The first Sunday we read the fifth chapter of St. Matthew, and exhorted one another, to follow after the holiness and happiness there described. Last Sunday we considered the sixth. And now, if we are not hindered, we shall go on to the seventh.' He bade us 'Go on, and he would stay a little and hear us.' By the desire of the rest I read the chapter, which I had scarce done, when the Lawyer began a long harangue, concerning the danger we were in of running mad. I answered, 'Sir, as I perceive you have no design to help us, if you will not hinder us, we shall take it as a favour.' He went out directly, and left the Curate with us, who began to exhort us, not to be over anxious about our salvation, but to divert ourselves a little. I told him, 'Sir, we desire whatever we do, to do all to the glory of God.' 'What,' said he, 'do you deny all diversions?' I said, 'All which do not agree with that rule.' He hurried away, and said as he went, 'I wish you do not fall into some error.'

"The following week, grievous threatenings were given out, of what we should suffer if we met again. On Friday 9, a gentleman sent for me, and told me, 'he would hire a mob to pull the house down; for we were the most disturbing dogs in the nation.' I said, 'Sir, if there be a disturbance now, it will lie at your door. A few of us intend to meet on Sunday after sermon, to encourage one another in serving God. You say, if we do, you will have the house pulled down. And then you will say, we have made the disturbance!' He said, he would send for me another time, and have an hour's discourse with me.

"On Sunday, the man at whose house we were to meet, was warned by his landlady, not to receive us; for if he did, the house would surely be pulled down. However, he did receive us. A great many people coming about the house, he told them, 'If they had a mind, they might come in:' so they came in, as many as the house would hold. I told them all, the design of our meeting. Then we prayed, and I read

the first chapter of St. James, and spoke a little on those words, *If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not.* And two more of our brethren testified, by their own experience, that he is a God of truth. They stood as dumb men, until we had done, nor did one afterwards open his mouth against us.

"From this time we have been threatened more and more, especially by the gentry, who say they will send us for soldiers. Nevertheless, on Sunday 18, we had a quiet and comfortable meeting. We considered the third chapter of the first epistle of St. Peter, which was the Evening Lesson for the day. We were thankful for the record that is there left us, of the treatment we are to meet with. And we are all much humbled, that we are counted worthy to suffer shame for the sake of Christ.

"I have been ill this fortnight, having got a great cold, but am obliged to keep it to myself as much as I can: because a person here cannot have the very form of godliness, but if he be sick, that is the cause of it. I seem not to desire life or death; but that the will of God may be done."

Friday 6, Many of my friends were grieved at the Advertisement which James Hutton had just published, by order of Count Zinzendorf, declaring, that he and his people had no connection with Mr. John and Charles Wesley. But I believed, that declaration would do us no more harm, than the prophecy which the Count subjoined to it, that we should "soon run our heads against the wall." We will not, if we can help it.

Sunday 8, In the evening, I desired the society to stay, that we might commend each other to God, as not knowing how he might see good to dispose of us, before we saw each other's face again.

Monday 9, I left London, and the next morning called on Dr. Doddridge at Northampton. It was about the hour when he was accustomed to expound a portion of Scripture to the young gentlemen under his care. He desired me to take his place. It may be the seed was not altogether sown in vain.

In the evening, the Church at Markfield was full, while I explained, *The Scripture hath concluded all under sin.* Wednesday 11, I preached at Sheffield. I had designed to go round by Epworth; but hearing of more and more commotions in the north, I judged it best, to go straight on to Newcastle.

Thursday 12, I came to Leeds, preached at five, and at eight, met the society: after which the mob pelted us with dirt and stones, great part of the way home. The congregation was much larger next evening. And so was the mob at our return, and likewise in higher spirits, being ready to knock out all our brains, for joy that the Duke of Tuscany was Emperor. What a melancholy consideration is this! that the bulk of the English nation, will not suffer God to give them the blessings he would; because they would turn them into curses. He cannot, for instance, give them success against their enemies; for they would tear their own countrymen in pieces. He cannot trust them with victory, lest they should thank him by murdering those that are quiet in the land.

On Saturday and Sunday I preached at Armley, Birstal, and Leeds; and on Monday 16, rode to Osmotherly. Tuesday 17, I saw the poor remains of the old chapel on the brow of the Hill; as well as those of the Carthusian Monastery (called Mount-Grace) which lay at the foot of it. The walls of the Church, of the Cloister, and some of the cells, are tolerably entire. And one may still discern the partitions between the little gardens, one of which belonged to every cell. Who knows but some of the poor, superstitious monks, who once served God here, according to the light they had, may meet us by and by, in that house of God, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!

Wednesday 18, About five we came to Newcastle, in an acceptable time. We found the generality of the inhabitants, in the utmost consternation: news being just arrived, that the morning before, at two o'clock, the Pretender had entered Edinburgh. A great concourse of people were with us in the evening, to whom I expounded the third chapter

of Jonah; insisting particularly on that verse, *Who can tell, if God will return, and repent, and turn away from his fierce anger, that we perish not?*

Thursday 19, The Mayor, (Mr. Ridley) summoned all the householders of the town, to meet him at the Town-hall: and desired as many of them as were willing, to set their hands to a paper, importing, that they would, at the hazard of their goods and lives, defend the town against the common enemy. Fear and darkness were now on every side; but not on those who had seen the light of God's countenance. We rejoiced together in the evening with solemn joy, while God applied those words to many hearts, *Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus which was crucified.*

Friday 20, The Mayor ordered the townsmen to be under arms, and to mount guard in their turns, over and above the guard of soldiers, a few companies of whom had been drawn into the town on the first alarm. Now also Pilgrim-street gate was ordered to be walled up. Many began to be much concerned for us, because our house stood without the walls. Nay, but the Lord is a wall of fire unto all that trust in Him.

I had desired all our brethren, to join with us this day, in seeking God by fasting and prayer. About one we met and poured out our souls before Him. And we believed he would send an answer of peace.

Saturday 21, The same day the action was, came the news of General Cope's defeat. Orders were now given for the doubling the guard, and for walling up Pandon, and Sally-port gates. In the afternoon I wrote the following Letter:—

"*To the Worshipful, the Mayor of Newcastle.*

"SIR,

"My not waiting upon you at the Town-hall, was not owing to any want of respect. I reverence you for your office sake; and much more for your zeal in the execution of it. I would to God every Magistrate in the land, would copy after such an example! Much less was it owing to any

disaffection to his Majesty King George. But I knew not how far it might be either necessary or proper for me to appear on such an occasion. I have no fortune at Newcastle. I have only the bread I eat, and the use of a little room for a few weeks in the year.

"All I can do for his Majesty, whom I honour and love, I think not less than I did my own father, is this, I cry unto God day by day, in public and private, to put all his enemies to confusion. And I exhort all that hear me, to do the same, and in their several stations to exert themselves as loyal subjects, who so long as they fear God, cannot but honour the King.

"Permit me, Sir, to add a few words more, out of the fulness of my heart. I am persuaded you fear God, and have a deep sense, that his kingdom ruleth over all. Unto whom then (I may ask you) should we flee for succour, but unto Him whom by our sins we have justly displeased? O, Sir, is it not possible to give any check to these overflowings of ungodliness? To the open, flagrant wickedness, the drunkenness and profaneness, which so abound, even in our streets. I just take leave to suggest this. May the God whom you serve, direct you in this, and all things! This is the daily prayer of, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant, for Christ's sake,

"J. W."

Sunday 22, The walls were mounted with cannon, and all things prepared for sustaining an assault. Meantime our poor neighbours on either hand, were busy in removing their goods. And most of the best houses in our street were left without either furniture or inhabitants. Those within the walls were almost equally busy, in carrying away their money and goods; and more and more of the gentry every hour, rode southward as fast as they could. At eight I preached at Gateshead, in a broad part of the street, near the Popish Chapel, on the wisdom of God in governing the world! How do all things tend to the furtherance of the Gospel!

I never saw before so well-behaved a congregation in any

Church at Newcastle, as was that at St. Andrew's this morning. The place appeared as indeed the house of God. And the sermon Mr. Ellison preached, was strong and weighty, which he could scarcely conclude for tears.

All this week the alarms from the North continued, and the storm seemed nearer every day. Many wondered we would stay without the walls. Others told us, we must remove quickly. For if the cannon began to play from the top of the gates, they would beat all the house about our ears. This made me look how the cannons on the gates were planted. And I could not but adore the providence of God. For it was obvious, 1, They were all planted in such a manner, that no shot could touch our house. 2, The cannon on Newgate so secured us on one side, and those upon Pilgrim-street-gate on the other, that none could come near our house either way, without being torn in pieces.

On Friday and Saturday, many messengers of lies terrified the poor people of the town, as if the rebels were just coming to swallow them up. Upon this the guards were increased, and abundance of country gentlemen came in, with their servants, horses, and arms. Among those who came from the North, was one whom the Mayor ordered to be apprehended, on suspicion of his being a spy. As soon as he was left alone, he cut his own throat; but a surgeon coming quickly, sewed up the wound. So that he lived to discover those designs of the rebels, which were thereby effectually prevented.

Sunday 29, Advice came, that they were in full march southward, so that it was supposed they would reach Newcastle by Monday evening. At eight I called a multitude of sinners in Gateshead, to seek the Lord while he might be found. Mr. Ellison preached another earnest sermon, and all the people seemed to bend before the Lord. In the afternoon I expounded part of the lesson for the day, *Jacob wrestling with the Angel.* The congregation was so moved, that I began again and again, and knew not how to conclude. And we cried mightily to God, to send his Majesty

King George help from his holy place, and to spare a sinful land yet a little longer, if haply they might know the day of their visitation.

On Monday and Tuesday I visited some of the societies in the country, and on Wednesday, October 2, returned to Newcastle; where they were just informed, that the rebels had left Edinburgh on Monday, and were swiftly marching toward them. But it appeared soon, that this also was a false alarm: it being only a party which had moved southward; the main body still remaining in their camp, a mile or two from Edinburgh.

On Thursday and Friday I visited the rest of the country societies. On Saturday a party of the rebels (about a thousand men) came within seventeen miles of Newcastle. This occasioned a fresh alarm in the town: and orders were given by the General, that the soldiers should march against them on Monday morning. But these orders were countermanded.

Mr. Nixon (the gentleman who had some days since, upon being apprehended, cut his own throat) being still unable to speak, wrote as well as he could, "That the design of the prince (as they called him,) was to seize on Tinmouth Castle, which he knew was well provided both with cannon and ammunition; and thence to march to the hill on the east side of Newcastle, which entirely commands the town." And if this had been done, he would have carried his point, and gained the town without a blow. The Mayor immediately sent to Tinmouth Castle, and lodged the cannon and ammunition in a safer place.

Tuesday 8, I wrote to General Husk as follows:

"A surly man came to me this evening, as he said, from you. He would not deign to come up stairs to me, nor so much as into the house: but stood in the yard till I came, and then obliged me to go with him into the street: where he said, 'You must pull down the battlements of your house, or to-morrow the General will pull them down for you.'

"Sir, to me this is nothing. But I humbly conceive it would not be proper for this man, whoever he is, to behave in such a manner to any other of his Majesty's subjects, at so critical a time as this.

"I am ready, if it may be for his Majesty's service, to pull not only the battlements, but the house down: or to give up any part of it, or the whole, into your Excellency's hands."

Wednesday 9, It being supposed that the danger was over for the present, I preached at four in Gatshead, (at John Lyddel's,) on *Stand fast in the faith, quit ye like men, be strong:* and then taking horse with Mr. Shepherd, in the evening reached Sand-hutton.

Thursday 10, We dined at Ferry-Bridge, where we were conducted to General Wentworth, who did us the honour to read over all the letters we had about us. We lay at Doncaster, nothing pleased with the drunken, cursing, swearing soldiers, who surrounded us on every side. Can these wretches succeed in any thing they undertake? I fear not, if there be a God that judgeth in the earth.

Friday 11, I rode to Epworth, and preached in the evening on the third of Jonah. I read to-day part of the Meditations of Marcus Antoninus. What a strange emperor! and what a strange heathen! Giving thanks to God for all the good things he enjoyed! In particular for his *good inspirations*, and for twice *revealing to him in dreams* things whereby he was cured of (otherwise) incurable distempers. I make no doubt, but this is one of those *many*, who *shall come from the east and the west, and sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob*, while *the children of the kingdom*, nominal Christians, are *shut out*.

Sunday 13, I had the satisfaction of hearing Mr. Romley preach an earnest, affectionate sermon, exhorting all men, to prevent the judgments of God, by sincere, inward, universal repentance. It rained both before and after, but not while I preached at the Cross in the afternoon. In the evening I strongly exhorted the society, to *Fear God and honour the King*.

Monday 14, I rode to Sheffield. We were much at a loss in the evening, what to do with the congregation. They stood above stairs, and below, and in the yard; but still there was not room. Tuesday 14, I wrote *A Word in Season*, or *Advice to an Englishman*. The next morning I preached at Barley-Hall, and then rode on for Leeds. I preached there at five, and the next morning and evening, without any noise or interruption. Friday 18, at one I preached at Oulton. The little company there do indeed love as brethren. I divided the residue of my time between Birstal and Leeds; and on Monday 21, took my leave of them for a short season, and rode to Mr. Adams's, at Osmotherly.

Tuesday 22, I came to Newcastle in the evening, just as Mr. Trembath was giving out the hymn: and as soon as it was ended, began preaching, without feeling any want of strength.

Wednesday 23, I found all things calm and quiet; the consternation of the people was over. But the seriousness which it had occasioned in many, continued and increased.

Saturday 26, I sent Alderman Ridley the following letter:

"SIR,

"THE fear of God, the love of my country, and the regard I have for his Majesty King George, constrain me to write a few plain words to one who is no stranger to these principles of action.

"My soul has been pained day by day, even in walking the streets of Newcastle, at the senseless, shameless wickedness, the ignorant profaneness of the poor men, to whom our lives are entrusted. The continual cursing and swearing, the wanton blasphemy of the soldiers in general, must needs be a torture to the sober ear, whether of a Christian or an honest Infidel. Can any that either fear God or love their neighbour, hear this without concern? Especially, if they consider the interest of our country, as well as of these un-

happy men themselves? For can it be expected, that God should be on their side, who are daily affronting him to his face? And if God be not on their side, how little will either their number, or courage, or strength avail.

"Is there no man that careth for these souls? Doubtless there are some who ought so to do. But many of these, if I am rightly informed, receive large pay, and do just nothing.

"I would to God it were in my power, in any degree, to supply their lack of service. I am ready to do what in me lies; to call these poor sinners to repentance, once or twice a day (while I remain in these parts) at any hour, or at any place. And I desire no pay at all for doing this: unless what my Lord shall give at his appearing.

"If it be objected (from our heathenish poet) 'This conscience will make cowards of us all:' I answer, Let us judge by matter of fact. Let either friends or enemies speak. Did those who feared God behave as cowards at Fontenoy? Did J. H., the dragoon, betray any cowardice, before or after his horse sunk under him? Or did W. C., when he received the first ball in his left, and the second in his right arm? Or John Evans, when the cannon-ball took off both his legs? Did he not call all about him as long as he could speak, to praise and fear God, and honour the King? As one who feared nothing, but lest his breath should be spent in vain.

"If it were objected, That I should only fill their heads with peculiar whims and notions! That might easily be known. Only let the officers hear with their own ears: and they may judge, whether I do not preach the plain principles of manly, rational religion.

"Having myself no knowledge of the General, I took the liberty to make this offer to you. I have no interest herein: but I should rejoice to serve, as I am able, my King and Country. If it be judged, that this will be of no real service, let the proposal die, and be forgotten. But I beg you, Sir, to believe, that I have the same glorious

cause, for which you have shewn such becoming zeal, earnestly at heart: and that therefore I am,

"With warm respect,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient Servant.

"J. W."

Sunday 27, I received a message from Mr. Ridley, That he would communicate my proposal to the General, and return me his answer as soon as possible.

Monday 28, I rode to Biddick, where the first are become last. I preached on *Will ye also go away?* Many appeared to be cut to the heart. But it is well if these convictions also, do not pass away like the morning cloud.

Tuesday 29, A young gentleman called upon me, whose father is an eminent minister in Scotland, and was in union with Mr. Glass, till Mr. Glass renounced him, because they did not agree as to the eating of blood. (Although I wonder any should disagree about this, who have read the fifteenth chapter of Acts, and considered, that no Christian in the universe did eat it, till the Pope repealed the law which had remained ever since Noah's flood.) Are not these things in Scotland also for our instruction? How often are we warned, Not to fall out by the way? O that *we* may never make any thing, more or less, the term of union with *us*, but the having the mind which was in Christ, and the walking as he walked!

Thursday 31, At ten I preached on the Town Moor, at a small distance from the English camp, (the Germans lying by themselves,) on *Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!* None attempted to make the least disturbance from the beginning to the end. Yet I could not reach their hearts. The words of a scholar did not affect them, like those of a dragoon or a grenadier.

Friday, November 1, A little after nine, just as I began to preach on a little eminence before the camp, the rain (which had continued all the morning) stayed, and did not begin again till I had finished. A lieutenant endea-

voured to make some disturbance. However, when I had done, he tried to make amends, by getting up where I had stood, and telling the soldiers, all I had said was very good.

Saturday 2, The rain was stayed to-day also from nine to ten, (it fell both before and after,) while I preached, on *The Scripture hath concluded all under sin, that the promise might be given to them that believe.* And I began to perceive some fruit of my labour, not only in the number of hearers, but in the power of God, which was more and more among them, both to wound and to heal.

Sunday 3, I preached about half an hour after eight, to a larger congregation than any before, on the *Kingdom of God is at hand; repent ye, and believe the Gospel.* And were it only for the sake of this hour, I should not have thought much of staying here longer than I intended. Between one and two in the afternoon I went to the camp once more. Abundance of people now flocked together, horse and foot, rich and poor, to whom I declared, *There is no difference, for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.* I observed many Germans standing disconsolate at the skirts of the congregation: to these I was constrained (though I had discontinued it so long) to speak a few words in their own language. Immediately they gathered up close together, and drank in every word.

I received two or three letters while I was at Newcastle, part of which is here subjoined:

"DEAR SIR,

"FOR more than three years I walked clearly in the light of God's countenance. Nothing could interrupt my peace, nor did I find the least rising of any evil temper; so that I believed I was in the full sense born of God: but at last I found I had been mistaken. It is now about a year since I found I could not bear all things; I could not bear to be slighted by those I loved. This occasioned pride and resentment to rise in my heart, so that I was forced to own, 'I have still an evil heart.' Then I was

tempted to despair. But the Lord was still nigh me, and lifted up my head. He shewed me my sin; yet did He not hide himself from me; but I could still call Him, 'My Lord and my God.'

"It does not appear to me, that there is any need for us, in this case, to try to pull down one another. For though a person does think he has attained, what he has not, yet if he be simple and sincere, and desires to know himself, God will shew him, in the time and manner that seemeth Him best.

"As to myself, I often think had I been faithful to the grace of God, I never had needed to know trouble more. For I believe He would have carried me on from grace to grace, till he had made me meet for glory. But I know not if it is needful that I should see more of my heart. May his will be done! Only make me faithful in the fight, and then do what seemeth Thee good.

"I find a great difference between what I once felt in myself, and what I feel now. Then I felt nothing but love, and peace, and joy in believing. Now, though I feel a measure of all these heavenly tempers, yet I feel other tempers also; and if I do not continually fight against them, I am overcome. The devil tempted me then; but it was as nothing: for he seemed to have no part in me. But now I find an enemy in my own bosom that is ready to betray me every moment. I believe, did I not yet expect a full deliverance from sin, I should grow faint and weary. But the hope of that gives me fresh courage to go on. For I cannot doubt but I shall be a living witness of it. O may the Lord hasten the time! Dear Sir, do not fail to pray, that he may fulfil that great work in

"Your daughter in Christ,

"M. F."

"SEPT. 21, 1745.

"DEAR SIR,

"I will let you know, as near as I can, how the Lord hath dealt with me ever since I can remember. When I

was five or six years old; I had many serious thoughts about death and judgment. I wanted to be good, but I knew not how. I was often in great trouble for fear I should die and go to hell. If at any time I told a lie, I was like one in hell. I was afraid to be one moment by myself, for I thought the devil would come and tear me in pieces; and so I continued till I was about eight years old. Then I received a measure of the love of God. I loved Jesus Christ, so that I thought I could suffer any thing for his sake. I could not bear to be with other children, but when I was from school, I would go by myself, and pray, and read: I prayed much for death, for I wanted to be with Christ. And I thought if I lived I should sin and offend God.

"I continued in this temper till I went to a boarding-school. There I soon trifled away all the grace of God, and could play as well as the rest, though not without convictions; but I soon stifled them. As I grew in years I grew in sin, and delighted more and more in vanity, till I was fourteen or fifteen years old. I had then a severe fit of illness, in which I made many good resolutions, and when I recovered, I began to be more strict in outward duties. I went constantly to church and sacrament, but I had the same heart still that could not forsake my bosom sins, such as dancing, going to plays, and reading trifling books: the Spirit of the Lord often reproved me for these things; but I stifled the convictions hereby produced, by thinking, 'such and such an one does so, and they are very good people.'

"When Mr. Whitefield first preached, I went to hear him, and I found great drawings from God. But till I heard your brother and you, I did not know myself. Then I found I was an unbeliever, and that none could help me but Christ. I cried unto Him, and He heard me, and spoke those words with power to my heart, *Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee.* I was in great ecstacy of joy and love; and cried out, 'I shall never sin any more.' This continued about two months. But, having no acquaintance with any person of experience, I was ignorant of Satan's devices, when he transformed himself into an angel of light. He

suggested, 'Christ has fulfilled the law for you. You are no longer subject to ordinances. You are now to be still, and wait upon God.' So I did not go to the sacrament for two months. Neither did I kneel down to pray, or use any other ordinance, unless I was moved to it. At first God strove with me: but the devil told me, 'It was the spirit of bondage, and I must resist it, for I was free from the law.' In a little time he left off striving, and I grew quite easy and satisfied; but withal quite dead and cold. I could now hear idle talking without any pain; nay, and my heart began to join with it. Then I awoke, as one out of sleep, and looked for the Lord; but he was departed from me. Just then the brethren at Fetter-lane began to preach *stillness*. I cried out, 'This doctrine is not right; for, by yielding to this, I have lost all my peace and love.' I was now in great distress. The devil told me, it was impossible to renew me again to repentance; so that I fell into utter despair, and all my friends believed me to be quite distracted.

"I was in this dark state for more than a year. It was at the sacrament the Lord returned to me. The love and joy were the same that I felt, when I received remission of my sins, only much greater. I was in a new world. My heart was so filled with love to God and to all mankind, that I thought all old things were passed away, and all things in me become new. For near four years I felt no evil in my heart, nor any desire but in submission to the will of God. But all this time I prayed to God that I might know myself, as I was known of Him. And in his time he shewed me, that the evil of my heart was not taken away, but only covered.

"I still retain a sense of the love of God to me, and a power to love Him at all times. Other desires are often ready to creep in; but through the Lord strengthening me, I am more than conqueror. I find a thirst in my soul, which nothing short of the fulness of God can satisfy. O may the Lord hasten that time, when my whole soul shall be filled with God!"

"LEEDS, SEPT. 30, 1745.

"REV. SIR,

"The first sight of you at Wakefield sunk my proud spirits: and I believe had I not gone up stairs, to harden my heart against the truth, what you said would have made a deeper impression upon me. I often afterwards thought, 'These things are true: but why does nobody understand them, but my husband and Frank Scot?' Then the rich clave to me, and advised me to use my husband ill, and see if that would not drive him from this way. And sometimes I used fair means. But this was dangerous: for then he could speak freely to me, and I found it stole upon me. But I took great care, he should not perceive it, lest he should follow on, and make me like himself. Then I went to the Vicar, who said, my husband was mad, and there were no such things as he pretended to. Hereby my heart was hardened more and more till I resolved to go away and leave him. So I told him; which made him weep much, and strive to shew me the wickedness of my resolution: However, by the advice of my old friend the Vicar, I got over that doubt, took about sixty pounds of my husband's money, and fixed the time of my privately setting out for London. But God prevented me; for I found myself with child: so that design was at an end.

"Soon after, as few in Wakefield would employ my husband, he was obliged to remove to Leeds. What I now feared was, that they of the society would come and talk to me. But I soon forced them to stay away, I was so sharp and abusive to any that came. Yet my heart began to soften, and when I spoke things of them which I thought were false, I was afterwards checked in my own mind. I began to like that my husband should overcome when talking to gainsayers. I went more to Church and sacrament; and the time you were here before, when my husband said, you should come and see me, it pleased me much, though I hid it from him, and when he said, you were gone, it grieved me sore. Then being uneasy, I went to Mr. M——d. He

said, you were all wrong. And that if I went to Church and sacrament, and did as I would be done by, all would be well. So my wound was healed, and I was easy.

"On Sunday, June 22, about midnight, I was taken ill of a fever, but thought nothing of death till Thursday, when the Doctor and Apothecary declared my danger, which with my husband's home speeches, sunk my spirits. And I promised God, how good I would be, if he would spare me; but yet could not abide the Methodists. On Friday, while my husband was talking with the Apothecary, of the wickedness of flattering people with the hopes of life, till they died and dropped into hell, my mother brought in the Vicar. He asked the Apothecary, how I did? Who said, I was very ill; but my husband made me worse, by talking of my dying out of Christ, and being damned. The V—— flew vehemently at my husband, and said many warm things. My husband answered, 'Speak agreeably to Scripture, and the doctrine of our Church, or I will not hear you.' 'What,' said he, 'are you inspired?' 'Are not you, Sir?' said my husband. 'To the Articles of the Church. *Before the grace of God, and the inspiration of his Holy Spirit, can no good work be done?*' He made no answer, but left the room in haste.

"On Saturday, my mother brought the Rev. Mr. S., who said, 'I suppose you are one of those perfection-men?' 'Sir,' said my husband, 'Are not you? Do you not pray every Sunday, that you may perfectly love God?' He was going away, but my mother begged him to see me, and asked, 'If there were any such thing as knowing one's sins forgiven?' He said, 'Some might; but I might be saved without.' My husband said, 'Sir, the Homilies speak otherwise;' and added a few words from them. Mr. S. answered, 'You want your head broken,' which surprised me much. However, he went to prayers, but in such a flutter, he forgot I was a woman, and prayed for a man, and then went away.

"I was sometimes more, sometimes less serious, until Monday afternoon, when an old acquaintance from Wake-

ld, came to see me, a poor, drunken, idle, talking man. hen he was gone, my husband said, he would suffer more of such as him to come near me. I flew into a great ge, on which he went into another room, and poured out s soul before God for me. The Lord hearkened, and ard, and sent his Holy Spirit, who gave me to think, What I had been doing all my life; and to resolve to give all for Christ.' Immediately I felt a strong love to God, d a steadfast hope, that if I cried to him, I should have e knowledge of salvation, by the remission of my sins. hen my husband came into the room, I called him to me, d told him how I was. He could hardly believe it, and try me, asked, 'if John Nelson should come and pray th me?' I said, 'Yes, or any of the children of God.' hen he took courage, and we wept on each other's neck. hen John Nelson came, he strengthened me much. He me a second time between nine and ten. After he went, y husband and sister Fenton prayed with me, till they re quite spent: but I thought, if they were, I must not. I looked to God for strength, and he gave it, and I pray- without ceasing, till that text came fresh into my mind, *here is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more an over ninety and nine just persons, that need no repent- ce.* I was then I know not how. I thought Christ stood the front, and all the angels behind, and on each side of m, rejoicing over me. But still I had not a clear sight, at my sins were forgiven. However, I now ventured to ke a little sleep. I slept from two till five. When I aked, I began to cry out for help: I thought his chariots re long a coming. I continued in prayer, till my hus- nd, who sat by me, perceived my prayers were swallowed in praise. Indeed I was lost in Christ. I knew not ere I was. My burthen was quite gone, and I found my ture quite changed, and my affections carried away to aven. Then I broke out into such expressions as I cannot ter now, praising God for what he had done for my soul. y fever also was gone. As soon as I was assured of his ve, I was healed both in body and soul; which I told the

Doctor and Apothecary in the morning, who stood like men in amaze, and confessed, they had never seen such a thing before. A deal of people came all that week: on Wednesday in particular I was talking to them, without any time for breakfast or dinner, from six in the morning to six at night. Dear Sir, pray for me, that God may keep me, who am,

"Your unworthy Sister,
"JANE BATE."

Having now delivered my own soul, on Monday 4, I left Newcastle. Before nine we met several expresses sent to countermand the march of the army into Scotland, and to inform them, that the rebels had passed the Tweed, and were marching Southward. Tuesday 5, in the evening I came to Leeds, and found the town full of bonfires, and people shouting, firing of guns, cursing and swearing, as the English manner of keeping holy-days is. I immediately sent word to some of the Magistrates, of what I had heard on the road. This ran through the town, as it were, in an instant. And I hope it was a token for good: the hurry in the streets was quashed at once: some of the bonfires indeed remained. But scarce any one was to be seen about them, but a few children warming their hands.

Thursday 7, I rode to Stahley-hall in Cheshire, after many interruptions in the way, by those poor tools of watchmen, who stood with great solemnity, at the end of almost every village. I preached there on Mark i. 15, and rode on to Bradbury-Green.

Friday 8, Understanding that a neighbouring gentleman, Dr. C., had affirmed to many, "That Mr. Wesley was now with the Pretender near Edinburgh," I wrote him a few lines: it may be he will have a little more regard to truth, or shame for the time to come.

About noon I preached near Maxfield; in the evening at the Black-house. Saturday 6, in the afternoon we came to Penkridge, and lit on a poor, drunken, cursing, swearing landlord, who seemed scarce to think, there was either God or devil But I spoke very little, when his countenance

changed, and he was so full of his thanks and blessings, that I could hardly make an end of my sentence. May salvation come to this house also!

It was exceeding dark when we rode through Bilston. However, we did not stick fast, till we came to Wednesbury town-end. Several coming with candles, I got out of the quagmire, and leaving them to disengage my horse, walked to Francis Ward's, and preached, on *Fear not ye; for I know ye seek him that was crucified.*

Sunday 10, I preached at five, and at eight in Wednesbury, (about one at Tipton-green) and at four in the afternoon, to well nigh the whole town, high and low, as at the beginning.

Monday 11, I preached at Birmingham; the next morning I set out, and on Wednesday 13, reached London.

Monday 18, I spent a little time with B. Armsted, weak in body, but strong in faith. She had been calmly waiting for God, until her hands and feet grew cold, and she was, in all appearance, at the point of death. Then Satan returned with all his force, and covered her with thick darkness. This threw her into such a vehement wrestling with God, as brought back her fever and her strength: so that in all probability, the old murderer saved her life, by his furious attempt to destroy her soul.

Friday 22, The alarm daily increasing, concerning the rebels on one hand, and the French on the other, we perceived the wisdom and goodness of Him, who hath his way in the whirlwind. The generality of people were a little inclined to *think*. And many began to own the hand of God.

Monday 25, I retired to Newington, in order to finish the *Farther Appeal:* the state of the public affairs loudly demanding, that whatever was done, should be done quickly.

Thursday 28, I wrote *A Word to a Drunkard.* Friday 29, I spent an hour with Mr. Lampe, who had been a Deist for many years, till it pleased God by the Earnest Appeal, to bring him to a better mind.

Monday, December 2, The alarms still increased in Lon-

don, on account of the nearer approach of the rebels. But how easy are all these things to them who can commit both soul and body to a merciful and faithful Creator!

About this time I received some farther accounts from the army: the substance of which was as follows—

"OCTOBER 10, 1745.

"REV. SIR,

"I shall acquaint you with the Lord's dealings with us, since April last. We marched from Ghent to Allost on the 14th, where I met with two or three of our brethren in the fields, and we sung and prayed together, and were comforted. On the 15th, I met a small company about three miles from the town, and the Lord filled our hearts with love and peace. On the 17th, we marched to camp near Brussels. On the 18th, I met a small congregation on the side of a hill, and I spoke from those words, *Let us go forth therefore to Him without the camp, bearing his reproach.* On the 28th, I spoke from those words of Isaiah, *Thus saith the Lord concerning the house of Jacob, Jacob shall not now be ashamed, neither shall his face now wax pale.* On the 29th, we marched close to the enemy, and when I saw them in their camp, my bowels moved toward them, in love and pity for their souls. We lay on our arms all night. In the morning, April 30, the cannon began to play, at half an hour after four: and the Lord took away all fear from me, so that I went into the field with joy. The balls flew on either hand, and men fell in abundance; but nothing touched me until about two o'clock. Then I received a ball through my left arm, and rejoiced so much the more. Soon after I received another into my right, which obliged me to quit the field. But I scarce knew, whether I was on earth or in heaven. It was one of the sweetest days I ever enjoyed. "W. C."

"LEAR, NEAR ANTWERP, OCT. 21, 1745.

"Since I wrote to you last, I have gone through great trials. It was not the least, that I have lost my dear brother Clements for a season, being shot through both the arms.

To try me farther, C. Evans and Bishop were both killed in the battle, as was C. Greenwood soon after. Two more who did speak boldly in the name of Jesus, are fallen into the world again. So I am left alone. But I know it is for my good. Seeing iniquity so much abound, and the love of many wax cold, adds wings to my devotion, and my faith grows daily as a plant by the water-side.

"April 30, The Lord was pleased to try our little flock, and to shew them his mighty power. Some days before, one of them standing at his tent door, broke out into raptures of joy, knowing his departure was at hand, and was so filled with the love of God, that he danced before his comrades. In the battle, before he died, he openly declared, 'I am going to rest from my labours in the bosom of Jesus.' I believe nothing like this was ever heard of before, in the midst of so wicked an army as ours. Some were crying out in their wounds, 'I am going to my Beloved;' others, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly;' and many that were not wounded, crying to their Lord, to take them to himself. There was such boldness in the battle among the little despised flock, that it made the officers, as well as common soldiers, amazed. And they acknowledge it to this day. As to my own part, I stood the fire of the enemy for above seven hours. Then my horse was shot under me, and I was exposed both to the enemy and our own horse. But that did not discourage me at all; for I knew the God of Jacob was with me. I had a long way to go, the balls flying on every side; and thousands lay bleeding, groaning, dying, and dead on each hand. Surely I was as in the fiery furnace, but it never singed one hair of my head. The hotter it grew, the more strength was given me. I was full of joy and love, as much as I could well bear. Going on, I met one of our brethren, with a little dish in his hand, seeking for water. He smiled, and said, 'he had got a sore wound in his leg:' I asked, 'Have you gotten Christ in your heart?' He answered, 'I have, and I have had him all the day. Blessed be God that I ever saw your face.' Lord,

what am I, that I should be counted worthy to set my hand to the Gospel-plough? Lord, humble me, and lay me in the dust! "J. H."

Sunday 7, I took my leave of poor J. C., just embarking for Germany. I admire the justice of God! He who would never long be advised by any who treated him as a reasonable creature, is at length fallen among those, who will make him as passive a tool, as ever moved upon wire.

Wednesday 18, Being the day of the National fast, we met at four in the morning. I preached on Joel ii. 12, &c. At nine our service in West-street began. At five I preached at the Foundery again, on *The Lord sitteth above the water-floods*. Abundance of people were at West-street chapel, and at the Foundery both morning and evening; as also, (we understood) at every place of public worship, throughout London and Westminster. And such a solemnity and seriousness every where appeared, as had not lately been seen in England.

We had within a short time given away some thousands of little tracts among the common people. And it pleased God hereby to provoke others to jealousy; insomuch that the Lord Mayor had ordered a large quantity of papers, dissuading from cursing and swearing, to be printed, and distributed to the train-bands. And this day, an Earnest Exhortation to Serious Repentance, was given at every Church door in or near London, to every person who came out, and one left at the house of every householder who was absent from Church. I doubt not but God gave a blessing therewith. And perhaps then the sentence of desolation was recalled.

It was on this very day, that the Duke's army was so remarkably preserved, in the midst of the ambuscades at Clifton-moor. The rebels fired many vollies upon the King's troops, from the hedges and walls, behind which they lay. And yet, from first to last, only ten or twelve men fell, the shot flying over their heads.

Wednesday 25, I talked with a young man, who seem-

ed to be under strong convictions. But I fear, only seemed. I am surprised, that in so many years, this is the first hypocrite of the kind I have met with; the first, who appeared to have deliberately put on the mask of religion, purely to serve a secular end.

Friday 27, Having received a long letter from Mr. Hall, earnestly pressing my brother and me to renounce the Church of England (for not complying with which advice he soon renounced us) I wrote to him as follows:—

"DEAR BROTHER,

"Now you act the part of a friend. It has been long our desire, that you would speak freely. And we will do the the same. What we know not yet, may God reveal to us!

"You think, First, That we undertake to *defend* some things, which are not *defensible* by the *Word of God*. You instance in three: on each of which we will explain ourselves as clearly as we can.

"1. That the *validity* of our *Ministry* depends on a *succession* supposed to be from the Apostles, and a *commission* derived from the Pope of Rome, and his *successors* or *dependents*.

"We believe, it would not be right for us to *administer*, either baptism or the Lord's supper, unless we had a *commission* so to do from those Bishops, whom we apprehend to be in a *succession* from the Apostles. And yet we allow, these Bishops are the successors of those, who are dependent on the Bishop of Rome.

"But we would be glad to know, 'On what reasons you believe this, to be inconsistent with the Word of God?'

"'2, That there is an *outward priesthood*, and consequently an *outward sacrifice*, ordained and offered by the Bishop of Rome, and his *successors* or *dependents*, in the Church of England, as Vicars and Vicegerents of Christ?'

"We believe there is, and always was, in every Christian Church, (whether dependent on the Bishop of Rome or not) an *outward priesthood* ordained by Jesus Christ, and an *outward sacrifice* offered therein, by men authorized to

act, as *ambassadors of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God.*

"On what grounds do you believe, that Christ has abolished that *priesthood* or *sacrifice?*

"'3, That this *Papal Hierarchy* and *Prelacy* which still continues in the Church of England, is of *Apostolical institution;* and authorized thereby; though not by the *written word.*'

"We believe that the threefold order of Ministers (which you seem to mean by *Papal Hierarchy* and *Prelacy*) is not only authorized by its *Apostolical institution*, but also by the *written word.*

"Yet we are willing to hear and weigh whatever reasons induce you to believe to the contrary.

"You think, Secondly, 'That we ourselves give up some things as *indefensible*, which are *defended* by the same law and *authority* that establishes the things above-mentioned: such as are many of the *laws*, *customs*, and *practices* of the *Ecclesiastical Courts.*'

"We allow, 1, That those *laws*, *customs*, and *practices* are really *indefensible:*

"2, That there are Acts of Parliament, in *defence* of them: and also of the Threefold Order.

"But will you shew us, how it follows, either, 1, That those things and these stand or fall together? Or, 2, That we cannot *sincerely plead for* the one, though we *give up* the other?

"Do you not here, quite overlook one circumstance, which might be a key to our whole behaviour? Namely, that we no more look upon these *filthy abuses* which *adhere* to our Church, as *part* of the building; than we look upon any *filth* which may *adhere* to the walls of *Westminster Abbey*, as a part of that structure.

"You think, Thirdly, 'That there are other things which we *defend* and *practise*, in *open contradiction* to the *orders* of the Church of England. And this you judge to be a *just exception* against the *sincerity* of our *professions* to adhere to it.

"Compare what we *profess* with what we *practise*, and you will possibly be of another judgment.

"We profess, 1, That we will obey all the laws of that church (such we allow the rubricks to be, but not the customs of the Ecclesiastical Courts) so far as we can with a safe conscience.

"2, That we will obey, with the same restriction, the bishops, as executors of those *laws*. But their bare *will*, distinct from those *laws*, we do not *profess* to obey at all.

"Now point out, what is there in our *practice*, which is an *open contradiction* to these *professions*?

"Is *field-preaching*? Not at all. It is contrary to no law which we *profess* to obey.

"The allowing *lay-preachers*? We are not clear that this is contrary to any *such law*. But if it be, this is one of the exempt cases; one wherein we cannot obey with a safe conscience. Therefore (be it right or wrong on other accounts,) it is however no just exception against our sincerity.

"The *rules* and *directions* given to our *societies*? Which, you say, is a discipline *utterly forbidden* by the *bishops*.

"When and where did any *bishop forbid* this? And if any did, by what *law*? We know not either the man, who ever *did* forbid, or the law by which he *could* forbid it.

"The 'allowing *persons* (for we require none) to *communicate* at the chapel? In contradiction (you think) to *all those rubricks* which require *all* to attend *always*, on their own *parish* church and *pastor*, and to receive *only* at his table?'

"Which rubricks are those? We cannot find them. And till these are produced, all that is so frequently said of *parochial* unity, &c. is merely *gratis dictum*. Consequently, neither is this any just exception against the sincerity of any of our professions.

Dec. 30, 1745. "J. W."

Wednesday, January 1, 1746, I preached at four in the morning, on *I am the Almighty God: walk before me and be thou perfect.* We dined with poor John Webb, now thoroughly poisoned by Robert Barclay's Apology, which he was sure would do him no hurt, till all his love to his brethren was swallowed up in dotage about questions and strife of words.

Wednesday 8, I waited on Mr. B——, rector of ——, who had sent to me as soon as he had read the Farther Appeal. He said, Sir, "All this is sad truth. But what can we do to help it?" I went afterwards to another clergyman, who had likewise sent and desired to speak with me. How is this? I thought the publication of this Tract would have enraged the world above measure. And, on the contrary, it seems nothing ever was published, which softened them so much!

Monday 13, I had a visit from Mr. S., an honest, zealous Anabaptist teacher. Finding he would dispute, I let him dispute, and held him to the point till between eleven and twelve o'clock. By that time he was willing to take breath. Perhaps he may be less fond of dispute for the time to come.

Monday 20, I set out for Bristol. On the road I read over Lord King's account of the Primitive Church. In spite of the vehement prejudice of my education, I was ready to believe, that this was a fair and impartial draught. But if so, it would follow, that bishops and presbyters are (essentially) of one order; and that originally every Christian congregation was a church independent on all others!

Tuesday 21, I read Bishop Butler's Discourse on Analogy, a strong and well written Treatise; but I am afraid far too deep for their understanding, to whom it is primarily addressed.

Monday, February 3, and the following days, I visited several of the country societies. Monday 10, I preached at Paulton. On Thursday noon at Shepton-Mallett, and at Oak-hill in the evening. The next morning I walked (it being scarce possible to ride, because of the frost,) to Cole-

ford. Sunday 16, I took my leave of Bristol and Kingswood, and Monday 17, set out for Newcastle.

I preached near Thornbury about noon, and in the evening at Wall-bridge near Stroud. Tuesday 18, we pushed on through thick and thin, and with much difficulty got to Stanley. Thence, after an hour's stop, we hastened on. The brooks were so swollen with the late rains, that the common roads were impassable. But our guide, knowing the country, carried us round about through the fields, so that we escaped the dangerous waters, and soon after sunset came (wet and dirty enough) to Evesham.

Wednesday 19, We rode to Birmingham, where many of our brethren from several parts, met us in the evening. Thursday 20, we set out as soon as it was light. Before we came to Aldridge Heath the rain changed into snow, which the northerly wind drove full in our faces, and crusted us over from head to foot in less than an hour's time. We enquired of one who lived at the entrance of the Moors, which was our best way to Stafford? "Sir," said he, "it is a thousand pounds to a penny you don't come there today. Why, it is four miles to the far side of this common, and in a clear day I am not sure to go right across it. And now all the roads are covered with snow, and it snows so, that you cannot see before you." However, we went on, and, I believe, did not go ten yards out of the way till we came into Stafford.

In the evening we reached Roger Moss's house. I preached, on Rom. iii. 22., and joined a few together as a society. Friday 21, we breakfasted at Bradbury-Green, whence we rode on to Marsden, and the next day, Saturday 22, to Leeds. I preached at five. As we went home a great mob followed, and threw whatever came to hand. I was struck several times, once or twice in the face, but not hurt at all. I walked on to the Recorder's, and told him the case. He promised to prevent the like for the time to come.

Sunday 23, I preached at eight without any interruption; in Birstal at one, and again at five. Monday 24, I

preached at Skircoat Green, near Halifax, to a whole company of Quakers. The good man of the house, about fourscore years old, had formerly been a speaker among them. But from the fear of man, he desisted, and so quenched the Spirit, that he was in darkness for near forty years; till hearing John Nelson declare the love of God in Christ, light again sprung up in his soul.

In the evening I preached to a quiet congregation at Bradford. Tuesday 25, about nine I began at Keighley. Thence (finding the snow was so deep, I could not go through the vales,) I went the strait way, and came to Newcastle, Wednesday 26.

Friday 28, I took my leave of Katy Parks, calmly waiting till her change should come. A day or two after she had her desire, sweetly giving up her soul to God.

Of the same spirit was the writer of the following letter:

"FEBRUARY 22, 1745.

"DEAR SIR,

"YOU may remember to have seen me at Oxford once. Since then, by walking somewhat differently from the ways of the world, I have incurred the displeasure of the world; and have gone through many trials. My friends and nearest relations have done their utmost to separate me from God and his children. But blessed be our dear Lord, all their attempts have hitherto been in vain. Of late they have seemed resolved on other measures; namely, to separate me from themselves. But notwithstanding all their threats, I hope by the power of God to remain unshaken to the end. I would willingly suffer the loss of all things rather than deny the Lord that bought me. And I am persuaded, that neither life nor death shall ever separate me from his love.

"The sum of all my desires and hopes in this world for many years has been this, to be regularly sent as an ambassador of Christ. I long to spend and be spent for the best of masters. But I doubt my relations have disappointed me of this, for Oxford knows my place no more.

"My uncle sees that nobody can do his business better,

ıerhaps so well as myself. But he cannot bear a Me-
list in his house. He wants to have me of his own taste.
as I have been washed, I cannot, I dare not, I will not,
he grace of God, turn to my former wallowing in the
.

Dear Sir, you see my case. There is nothing I so
h long for, as to be employed in the Lord's vineyard,
ıgh utterly unworthy; I should be glad to be advised
directed by you what to do. I will do whatsoever you
ge most proper toward the promoting our Saviour's inte-
. I am happy in his love, and

"Your most obedient servant,

"JOHN BOSWORTH."

but there was no need for his taking thought for the mor-
; for, in a few weeks, God took him to himself.

aturday, March 1, I visited the sick, who increased
y in every quarter of the town. It is supposed that two
ısand of the soldiers only have died since their encamp-
ıt; the fever or flux sweeping them away by troops, in
e of all the physicians could do.

Vednesday 5, I preached at Wickham at noon; in the
ıing at Spen; the next day at Burnup-field; and on
ırday 8, in the square at Placey. A vehement storm
an in the middle of the sermon, which was driven full
n us by the north-east wind. But the congregation
ırded it not.

unday 9, Was a day of solemn joy. Yet in the after-
n. I felt a great damp, occasioned by my neglecting to
ık plainly to some who were deceiving their own souls.
o not wonder at the last words of St. Augustine and
hbishop Usher, "Lord, forgive me my sins of omission."

preached on Monday at Horseley, on Tuesday at Bid-
k, and on Wednesday 12, at Sunderland, where I en-
voured to bring the little society into some kind of order.
the afternoon, being at Mrs. Fenwick's, and seeing a
ld there of ten or twelve years old, I asked, "Does your
ghter know Christ? or know she has need of Him? She
lied with much concern, "I fear not; nothing has ever

affected her at all." Immediately that word came into my mind, *Before they call, I will answer.* I was going to say, "Come, let us call upon God, to shew her she has need of a Saviour;" but before the words were pronounced, the child turned away her face, and began crying as if she would break her heart. I could get no word from her, but "My sins! my sins!" We then besought God to carry on his own work.

Monday 17, I took my leave of Newcastle, and set out with Mr. Downes and Mr. Shepherd. But when we came to Smeton, Mr. Downes was so ill that he could go no further. When Mr. Shepherd and I left Smeton, my horse was so exceeding lame, that I was afraid I must have lain by too. We could not discern what it was that was amiss; and yet he would scarce set his foot to the ground. By riding thus seven miles I was thoroughly tired, and my head ached more than it had done for some months. (What I here aver, is the naked fact; let every man account for it as he sees good.) I then thought, "Cannot God heal either man or beast by any means, or without any?" Immediately my weariness and head-ach ceased, and my horse's lameness in the same instant. Nor did he halt any more either that day or the next. A very odd accident this also!

Tuesday 18, I rode to Pontefract; on Wednesday to Epworth, and on Thursday, by Barley-Hall to Sheffield. I was glad of having an opportunity here of talking with a child I had heard of. She was convinced of sin some weeks before by the words of her elder brother (about eight years of age) dying at a hundred years old, in the full triumph of faith. I asked her abruptly, "Do you love God?" She said, "Yes, I do love Him with all my heart." I said, "Why do you love Him?" She answered, "Because He *has* saved me." I asked, "How has he saved you?" She replied, "He has taken away my sins." I said, "How do you know that?" She answered, "He told me himself on Saturday, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.' And I believe Him. And I pray to him without a book. I was afraid

to die. But now I am not afraid to die. For if I die, I shall go to him."

Friday 21, I came to Nottingham. I had long doubted what it was which hindered the work of God here. But upon enquiry the case was plain. So many of the society were either triflers, or disorderly walkers, that the blessing of God could not rest upon them. So I made short work, cutting off all such at a stroke, and leaving only that little handful, who, as far as could be judged, were really in earnest to save their souls.

Saturday 22, I came to Wednesbury. The Antinomian teachers had laboured hard to destroy this poor people. Sunday 23, I talked an hour with the chief of them, Stephen Timmins. I was in doubt whether pride had not made him mad. An uncommon wildness and fierceness in his air, his words, and the whole manner of his behaviour, almost induced me to think God had, for a season, given him up into the hands of Satan.

In the evening I preached at Birmingham. Here another of their pillars, J—— W——, came to me, and looking over his shoulder, said, "Do not think I want to be in your society; but if you are free to speak to me, you may." I will set down the conversation, dreadful as it was, in the very manner wherein it passed; that every serious person may see the true picture of Antinomianism full grown, and may know what these men mean by their favourite phrase, of being "perfect in Christ, not in themselves."

"Do you believe you have nothing to do with the law of God?" I have not. I am not under the law. I live by faith. "Have you, as living by faith, a right to every thing in the world?" I have. All is mine, since Christ is mine. "May you then take any thing you will any where? Suppose, out of a shop, without the consent or knowledge of the owner?" I may, if I want it. For it is mine. Only I will not give offence. "Have you also a right to all the women in the world?" Yes, if they consent. "And is not that a sin?" Yes, to him that thinks

it is a sin. But not to those whose *hearts are free*. The same thing that wretch Roger Ball affirmed in Dublin. Surely these are the first-born children of Satan!

Tuesday 25, I preached at Evesham: Wednesday 26, about ten at Stanley; in the afternoon, at the Friars in Gloucester. I preached at Wall-Bridge, near Stroud, in the evening, and on Thursday 27, rode to Bristol.

Thursday, April 3, I spent an agreeable hour with our old fellow-labourer, Mr. Humphrey's. I found him open and friendly, but rigorously tenacious of the Unconditional Decrees. O that opinions should separate chief friends! This is bigotry all over.

Monday 7, I preached at Kingswood, on Isaiah lx., the 17th and following verses, and laid the first stone of the new house there. In the evening I rode (with Mr. Shepherd) to Bath, and Tuesday the 8th, to Newbury. Here we met with several of the little society in Blewbury, some of whom were truly alive unto God. What a proof is this, that God sends by whom he will send! Who hath begotten us these? David Jefferies!

Wednesday 9, In the evening I preached at Brentford. Many were got together there who threatened great things. I went and took one or two of their chiefs by the hand, and desired them to come in. They did so, and were calm and silent. It was a season of great refreshment. The next morning we rode to London.

In the afternoon I buried the body of Ann Clowney, a poor woman, whom many could never think to be a believer, because she was a fool; (one of exceeding weak understanding, though not directly a natural,) but in the time of sickness and pain, none could deny the work of God. Neither did she die as a fool dieth.

Tuesday 22, I rode with Mr. Piers to see one who called himself a prophet. We were with him about an hour: but I could not at all think that he was sent of God. 1, Because he appeared to be full of himself, vain, heady, and opinionated. 2, Because he spoke with extreme bitter-

as both of the King, and of all the Bishops, and all the lergy. 3, Because he aimed at talking Latin, but could ot; plainly shewing, he understood not his own calling.

Wednesday 23, At the earnest request of a friend, I vi-ted Matthew Henderson, condemned for murdering his istress. A real, deep work of God seemed to be already gun in his soul. Perhaps by driving him too fast, Satan s driven him to God; to that repentance, which shall ver be repented of.

About this time I received a letter from John Nelson, hom I had left at Birmingham.) part of which was as llows:

"BIRSTAL, APRIL 22, 1746.

"AFTER I left Wednesbury, I stayed two nights at ottingham, and had large congregations: but while I was eeting the society the second night, there came a mob, ging as if they would pull the house to the ground. As on as we had done meeting, the Constable came and seized e, and said, I must go before the Mayor for making a ot. So he took me by the arm and led me through the eets, the mob accompanying us with curses and huzzas. od gave me as we went, to speak very plainly to the Con-ble, and to all that were near me; till one cried out, Don't carry him to the Mayor, for he is a friend to the ethodists; but to Alderman ———.' Upon this, he turn-, and led me to the Alderman's. When we were brought he said, 'Sir, I have brought you another Methodist eacher.' He asked my name, and then said, 'I wonder u cannot stay at home: you see the mob will not suffer u to preach in this town.' I said, 'I did not know this wn was governed by the mob. Most towns are governed the Magistrates.' He said, 'What, do you expect us take your parts, when you take the people from their rk?' I said, 'Sir, you are wrong informed. We preach five in the morning, and seven at night. And these are hours when most people are in their beds in the morn-g; and at night, either at play or at the alehouse.' Then said, 'I believe you are the cause of all the evil that is

fallen upon the nation.' I said, 'What reason have you to believe so? Can you prove that one Methodist in England did assist the rebels, with either men, money, or arms?' He answered, 'No. But it has been observed, that there has been always such a people, before any great evil fell on the land.' I said, 'It hath been as you say. But that people was not the cause of the evil, no more than we are at this time. But these mobbers, and swearers, and drunkards, and whoremongers, and extortioners, and lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; these are the cause why God afflicteth both man and beast. Not we: we are sent to persuade them to break off their sins by repentance, that the heavy judgments of God may not consume such a people. And if there be not a general reformation, God will be avenged of such a nation as this.' Then he said, 'Do not preach here.' But God opened my mouth, and I did not cease to set life and death before him. The Constable began to be uneasy, and said, 'What must we do with him?' 'Well, he said, I understand he is for leaving the town to-morrow; I think you must take him to your house.' But he desired to be excused. Then the Justice said, 'You may go where you came from.' When I had gone a little way through the mob, he came to the door, and called, 'Mr. Nelson, stop a little.' Then he ordered the Constable to conduct me to the house he fetched me from, and take care that the mob did not hurt me.' This seemed to be a great mortification to him. But he was obliged to do it. So he brought me to our brethren again. And left us to give thanks to God for all his mercies."

Sunday, May 4, We left London in the evening, and on Tuesday came to Bristol.

Monday 12, I dined with a gentleman who is fully persuaded, that there is no such thing as either virtue or happiness upon earth: "Having found," he said, "by repeated experiments, that notwithstanding a thousand fair appearances, every man living was at the bottom wholly selfish, and truly miserable." I should not wonder, if every

rational deist, were of the same mind. Nay, they must, if consistent with themselves. For it is sure all men are both miserable and selfish, whatever show they may make, who have not faith; even that *evidence of things not seen*, the very being whereof they question.

Thursday 15, I preached at Bath, and setting out at three the next morning, in the evening came to Blewbury.

In riding, I read Dr. H.'s Lectures on the first chapters of St. Matthew. Are they not more strange than true? Here are the first elements of the gospel of the Mystics! But is this the Gospel of Christ?

I preached in the evening, on Romans i. 18, *I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth.* And setting out early in the morning, Saturday 17, in the evening came to London.

Monday 19, I saw an amazing instance of distress. A sensible young woman (no Methodist) constantly attending her church, had all her life long believed herself to be a right, good christian. And in this persuasion she continued during a violent fever, till the physician told her brother "she must die:" on which she cried out, "So my mother and you are going to heaven, and I am going to hell." Her brother said, "From that hour she was in the agony of despair, saying, she was in hell already, she felt the flames; the devil had her soul and body, and was now tearing her in pieces. If she swallowed any thing, she cried out, she was swallowing fire and brimstone. And for twelve days she took nothing at all; for above twenty, nothing but water. She had no sleep, day or night, but lay cursing and blaspheming, tearing her clothes, and whatever she could reach, in pieces. The sins which lay heaviest upon her, were, the having no knowledge or love of God; the not believing in Christ, and yet having persuaded herself, and others, that she was a good christian." She was quieter from the time we prayed with her first, and left off cursing and blaspheming. In a few days after she began

to drink a little tea, though still remaining in settled despair. But afterwards, God turned her heaviness into joy.

Friday 23, I made over the houses in Bristol and Kingswood, and the next week, that at Newcastle, to seven trustees, reserving only to my brother and myself, the liberty of preaching and lodging there.

Friday 30, I lit upon a poor, pretty, fluttering thing, lately come from Ireland, and going to be a singer at the playhouse. She went in the evening to the Chapel, and thence to the watch-night, and *was almost persuaded to be a Christian.* Her convictions continued strong for a few days: but then her old acquaintance found her, and we saw her no more.

Saturday, June 7, I asked Richard Langman and his wife, how they recovered from their German delusion? She said, "None could ever have delivered us from them but themselves, for there is no fence against their soft words. But one or two of their sermons opened our eyes; particularly one, wherein the preacher was describing, how the Virgin "fed the dear little Lamb with pap; and how when he grew bigger, she might send him of an errand, perhaps for a porringer of milk, which, if he happened to let fall, he might work a miracle to mend the porringer." They were not then able to digest these things.—But now they never turn their stomach at all.

In the afternoon, an old friend (now with the Moravians) laboured much to convince me, that I could not continue in the Church of England, because I could not *implicitly submit* to her determinations: "For this," he said, "was essentially necessary to the continuing in any Church." Not to the continuing in any, but that of *the Brethren:* if it were, I could be a member of no Church under heaven. For I must still insist on the right of private judgment. I dare call no man Rabbi. I cannot yield either implicit faith or obedience, to any man or number of men under heaven.

Friday 13, I was desired to visit a poor sinner, who had just made his fortune on board a privateer, and was pre-

paring to enjoy it, when he was summoned of God, to arise and go hence. I found God had shewn him terrible things, and had afterward cut the work short in his soul. For he already knew in whom he had believed, and a few days after, slept in peace.

Monday 16, I had an hour's conversation with Mr. Simpson (not the same with him above-mentioned) a man of a clear head and loving heart. But, O! the abyss of the providence of God! I saw him some time after in a fever. Before this intermitted, the bark was poured in upon him. He was cured of his fever, and deprived of his senses; at least, so his relations say. And in fact, he has been confined ever since. Is it not the Methodists who have driven this man also distracted?

Saturday 28, I enquired more particularly of Mrs. N., concerning her little son. She said, "He appeared to have a continual fear of God, and an awful sense of his presence: that he frequently went to prayers by himself, and prayed for his father, and many others by name: that he had an exceeding great tenderness of conscience, being sensible of the least sin, and crying and refusing to be comforted, when he thought he had in any thing displeased God: that a few days since he broke out into prayer aloud, and then said, "Mamma, I shall go to heaven soon, and be with the little angels. And you will go there too, and my papa; but you will not go so soon:" that the day before he went to a little girl in the house and said, "Polly, you and I must go to prayers. Do not mind your doll. Kneel down now. I must go to prayers: God bids me." When the Holy Ghost teaches, is there any delay in learning? This child was then just three years old. A year or two after, she died in peace.

Wednesday, July 2, I received the following letter from that amiable man, who is now with God:

"NORTHAMPTON, JULY 29, 1746.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"I AM truly glad, that the long letter I last sent was agreeable to you. I bless God that my prejudices against

the writers of the Establishment were so early removed and conquered. And I greatly rejoice when I see in those, whom, upon other accounts, I must highly esteem as the excellent of the earth, that their prejudices against their brethren, of any denomination, are likewise subsided, and that we are coming nearer to the harmony in which I hope we shall ever be one in Christ Jesus.——

"I have always esteemed it to be the truest act of friendship, to use our mutual endeavours to render the characters of each other as blameless, and as valuable as possible. And I have never felt a more affectionate sense of my obligations, than when those worthy persons who have honoured me with their affection and correspondence, have freely told me what they thought amiss, in my temper and conduct. This, therefore, dear Sir, is an office which you might reasonably expect from me, if I had for some time enjoyed an intimate knowledge of you. But it has always been a maxim with me, not to believe any flying story, to the prejudice of those, whom I had apparent reason, from what I knew of them, to esteem. And consequently, as I should never make this a foundation, you must be contented to wait longer, before you will be likely to receive that office of fraternal love, which you ask from,

"Rev. and dear Sir,

"Your obliged and affectionate

"Brother and Servant,

"P. DODDRIDGE."

"Your caution has suggested a thought to me, Whether it be modest to call ourselves humble? If the expression mean, a real readiness to serve in love, in any thing low, as washing the feet of another, I hope I can say, *I am your humble servant*: but if it mean one who is in all respects as humble as he could wish, God forbid I should arrogate so proud a title! In what can I say, *I have already attained?* Only I love my Divine Master, and I would not have a thought in my heart, that he should disapprove. I feel a sweetness in being assuredly in His gracious hand, which all the world cannot possibly afford; and which I really think,

would make me happier in a dark dungeon, than ten thousand worlds could make me without it. And therefore I love every creature on earth that bears his image. And I do not except those, who through ignorance, rashness, or prejudice, have greatly injured me."

Sunday 6, After talking largely with both the men and women leaders, we agreed it would prevent great expense, as well of health as of time, and of money, if the poorer people of our society could be persuaded to leave off drinking of tea. We resolved ourselves to begin and set the example. I expected some difficulty, in breaking off a custom of six and twenty years standing. And accordingly the three first days, my head ached, more or less, all day long, and I was half asleep from morning to night. The third day, on Wednesday in the afternoon, my memory failed, almost entirely. In the evening I sought my remedy in prayer. On Thursday morning my head ache was gone. My memory was as strong as ever. And I have found no inconvenience, but a sensible benefit in several respects, from that very day to this.

Thursday 17, I finished the little collection which I had made among my friends for a lending-stock: it did not amount to thirty pounds; which a few persons afterwards made up fifty. And by this inconsiderable sum, above two hundred and fifty persons were relieved in one year.

Monday 20, I set out for Salisbury, where, to my utter amazement, on Wednesday 22, Mr. Hall desired me to preach. Was his motive only, to grace his own cause? Or rather, was this the last gasp of expiring love?

I did not reach Bristol till Friday 25. On Sunday 27, I preached at Baptist Mills, to the largest congregation I had seen at that place, since I was there with Mr. Whitefield.

About this time I received a melancholy letter from abroad: part of which I have subjoined.

"MEERKERK IN HOLLAND, JULY 29, 1746.

"I HAVE, for some years, endeavoured to keep a conscience void of offence, toward God and toward man. And for above two years, I have known, that God for Christ's sake

had forgiven me all my sins. I lived in the full assurance of faith, which made me rejoice in all states. Wet or weary, cold or hungry, I could rejoice. And faith and love did increase so fast, that it was my soul's delight to do good to them that hated me, to bless them that cursed me, and to call all those that were in a perishing condition, to accept of life and salvation. But, O! how are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished! April 6, 1746, I was overcome by a great temptation: it came as quick as lightning. I knew not whether I was in my senses. But I fell. I rose the same moment, and called upon my offended God. And so I have done ever since. But notwithstanding, his Spirit has departed from me. I have wounded my conscience exceedingly. I am fallen into the spirit of bondage and fear. And I often cry out,

> Who shall tell me, if the strife
> In heaven or hell shall end?"

Monday, August 4, I received a letter from Yorkshire, part of which was in these words:

"On Wednesday, July 16, I called on good old Mr. Clayton. He was exceeding weak, and seemed like one that had not long to continue here. I called again on Monday 21, and found him very ill. He told me, no one else should have been admitted: that he had much to say to me to tell *you*, and desired me, to send his kind respects to you, and wished you prosperity in your pious undertakings. Finding he was not able to talk much, I took my leave, not thinking it would be the last time. But when I returned into these parts on Saturday last, I found he died that morning between two and three. On Monday last I went to his burial, and I was unexpectedly made mourner for my good, old friend. I followed his corpse to the ground, where I saw it solemnly interred. Many of his parishioners dropped tears, he having been a father to the poor. He died very poor, though he had an estate of forty pounds a year, and a living of near three hundred, of which he has been rector three and forty years."

Wednesday 6, I preached at Oak-hill. How is this? I have not known so many persons earnestly mourning after God, of any society of this size in England, and so unblamable in their behaviour. And yet not one person has found a sense of the pardoning love of God, from the first preaching here to this day!

When I mentioned this to the society, there was such a mourning, as one would believe should pierce the clouds. My voice was quickly drowned. We continued crying to God, with many loud and bitter cries, till I was constrained to break away, between four and five, and take horse for Shepton.

Here the good curate (I was informed) had hired a silly man, with a few other drunken champions, to make a disturbance. Almost as soon as I began, they began screaming out a psalm: but our singing quickly swallowed up theirs. Soon after their orator named a text, and (as they termed it) preached a sermon: his attendants mean time being busy (not in hearing him, but) in throwing stones and dirt at our brethren: those of them I mean, who were obliged to stand at the door. When I had done preaching, I would have gone out to them; it being my rule, confirmed by long experience, always to look a mob in the face. But our people took me up whether I would or no, and carried me into the house. The rabble melted away in a quarter of an hour, and we walked home in peace.

Thursday 7, That venerable old man, Mr. Tindal, called upon me once more. How strange is it, to find one of fourscore and ten, as humble and teachable as a little child!

Sunday 10, In the evening, having determined to spend a little time in Wales, I rode to S. Crocker's, to be ready for the first passage in the morning. On Monday 11, we came to the water side, at half an hour after five: but we did not pass till near twelve, and then rode to Abergavenny. Mr. Philips afterwards met us on the road, and brought us to a friend's house between nine and ten.

Tuesday 12, I preached at Maesmennys' Church, and in

the afternoon, in Builth Church-yard. The greatest part of the town was present there, as usual. And God gave us the usual blessing.

Wednesday 13, I preached at Lanzufried. As soon as we came out of the Church, a poor woman met us whom Satan had bound in an uncommon manner for several years. She followed us to the house where our horses were, weeping, and rejoicing, and praising God. Two clergymen were there, besides me, and the house was full of people. But she could not refrain from declaring before them all, what God had done for her soul. And the words which came from the heart, went to the heart. I scarce ever heard such a preacher before. All were in tears round about her, high and low; for there was no resisting the Spirit by which she spoke.

The odd account she gave of herself was this: (concerning which let every one judge as he pleases:) That near seven years since she affronted one of her neighbours, who thereupon went to Francis Morgan (a man famous in those parts) and gave him fourteen shillings to *do his worst* to to her: that the next night, as soon as she was in bed, there was a sudden storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, in the midst of which she felt all her flesh shudder, and knew the devil was close to her: that, at the same time a horse she had in the stable below, which used to be as quiet as a lamb, leaped to and fro, and tore in such a manner, that she was forced to rise and turn him out: that, a tree, which grew at the end of the house, was torn up by the roots: that, from thenceforth she had no rest, day or night, being not only in fear and horror of mind, but in the utmost torment of body, feeling as if her flesh were tearing off with burning pincers: that, till this day, she had never had any respite or ease; but now she knew her God had delivered her, and she believed he would still deliver her, body and soul, and bruise Satan under her feet."

At three in the afternoon I preached at Builth, designing to go from hence to Caermarthen. But notice having been given, by a mistake, of my preaching at Leominster, in

Herefordshire, I altered my design, and going to Lansufried that night, the next day rode to Leominster.

At six in the evening, I began preaching on a tombstone, close to the south side of the Church. The multitude roared on every side; but my voice soon prevailed. And more and more of the people were melted down, till they began ringing the bells. But neither thus did they gain their point, for my voice prevailed still. Then the organs began to play amain. Mr. C., the Curate, went into the Church, and endeavoured to stop them; but in vain. So I thought it best to remove to the Corn-market. The whole congregation followed, to whom many more were joined, who would not have come to the Church-yard. Here we had a quiet time, and I shewed what that *Sect* is, *which is every where spoken* against. I walked with a large train to our inn, but none, that I heard, gave us one ill word. A Quaker followed me in and told me, "I was much displeased with thee, because of thy *Last Appeal*. But my displeasure is gone. I heard thee speak, and my heart clave to thee."

Friday 15, I preached at five to a large company of willing hearers. We breakfasted with a lovely old woman, worn out with sickness and pain, but full of faith and love, and breathing nothing but prayer and thanksgiving.

About ten we came to Kington, three hours ride (which they call eight miles) from Leominster. I preached at one end of the town: the congregation divided itself into two parts. One half stood near, the other part remained a little way off, and lowered defiance. But the bridle from above was in their mouth, so that they made no disturbance at all.

At four we had another kind of congregation at Maesmennys; many who had drank largely of the grace of God. I examined them, *Do ye now believe?* And the Word was as a two-edged sword. After taking a sweet leave of this loving people, we rode with honest John Price of Mertha to his house. We had four hours rain in the morning, but a fair, mild afternoon, in the close of which we came to Cardiff.

Sunday 17, I preached at Wenvo Church, morning and afternoon: at five in the evening in the Castle-yard at Cardiff, to the far largest congregation which I had ever seen in Wales. All stood uncovered and attentive, and I trust, few went empty away.

Monday 18, I rode with Mr. Hodges to Neath. Here I found twelve young men, whom I could almost envy. They lived together in one house, and continually gave away whatever they earned above the necessaries of life. Most of them (they told me) were Predestinarians, but so little bigotted to their opinion, that they would not suffer a Predestinarian to preach among them, unless he would lay all controversy aside. And on these terms they gladly received those of the opposite opinion.

The multitude of people obliged me to preach in the street, on *Repent ye, and believe the Gospel.* One man would fain have interrupted, and had procured a drunken fidler for his second. But finding none to join with them, they were ashamed; so the gentleman stole away on one side, and the fidler on the other.

Tuesday 19, I preached again at five. Whatever prejudice remained, now vanished away as a dream, and our souls took acquaintance with each other, as having all drank into one spirit.

About ten I preached in my return at Margum, on *By grace ye are saved, through faith.* There being many present, who did not well understand English, one repeated to them in Welch, the substance of what I had said. At one we came to Bridge-End, where I preached on a small Green, not far from the Church, on *Jesus Christ, made of God unto us Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption.* It being the time of the yearly revel, we had many strangers from all parts. But none behaved unseemly; none opened his mouth; for the fear of God was amongst them. In the evening I preached at Fonmon-Castle, on the fruits of the Spirit: I concluded the day with the little society there, rejoicing and praising God.

Wednesday 20, I preached near Wilton, a little town out a mile from Cowbridge; and on Thursday at Lanais, four miles from Fonmon, to a people of a simple, ving, childlike spirit.

Friday 22, I returned to Cardiff, and spoke plainly to ose who were wise in their own eyes. This, however, was atter of joy: they were willing to receive reproof. Otherse I should have feared that, with regard to them, I had oured in vain.

Saturday 23, Returning to Bristol, I found poor C. G. ere, proclaiming open war. He had preached at S— —'s once or twice; but I believe had done neither good r harm. I invited him to lodge at our house; but he did t choose it. O poor head! and honest heart!

Friday 29, I talked largely with S— F—, and took m her the following account:—

"On Saturday, July 15, 1743, S— T, then about ten ars and three quarters old, waked in perfect health. She d never had any fits of any kind, nor any considerable kness. About six in the morning she was rising, and ardly praying to God, when on a sudden she was seized th a violent trembling. Quickly after, she lost her speech; a few minutes her hearing; then her sight, and at the ne time, all sense and motion.

"Her mother immediately sent for Mrs. Designe, to whom e then went to school. At the same time her Father sent Mr. Smith, Apothecary, who lived near. At first, he pposed bleeding her immediately, and applying a large ster. But upon examining her farther, he said, 'It signi- nothing, for the child is dead.'

"About twelve o'clock, she began to stir; then she open- her eyes, and gave the following account:

"As soon as I lost my senses, I was in a dismal place, l of briars, and pits, and ditches, stumbling up and down, l not knowing where to turn, or which way to get either ward or backward. And it was almost quite dark, there ng but a little faint twilight, so that I could scarce see fore me. I was crying ready to break my heart; and a

man came to me and said, 'Child, where are you going?' I said, 'I could not tell.' He said, 'What do you want?' I answered, 'I want Christ to be my refuge.' He said, 'What is your name?' And I told him. But I did not tell him S— F—. I told him a name which I never heard before. He said, 'You are the child for whom I am sent. You are to go with me.' I saw it grew lighter as he spoke. We walked together, till we came to a stile. He went over, and bid me stay a little. I stayed about half a quarter of an hour; and then I observed his clothes. They reached down to his feet, and were shining, and white as snow.

"Then he came back, and kneeled down and prayed. You never heard such a prayer in your life. Afterward he said, 'Come with me.' I went over the stile, and it was quite light. He brought me through a narrow lane, into a vast broad road, and told me, 'This leads to hell. But be not afraid. You are not to stay there.' At the end of that road a man stood clothed like the other, in white, shining clothes, which reached down to the ground. None could pass in or out without his knowledge. But he had not the key. The man that was with me carried the key, and unlocked the door, and we went in together.

"For a little way we walked straight forward; then turning to the left hand, we went down a very high, steep hill. I could scarce bear the stench and smoke of brimstone. I saw a vast many people, that seemed to be chained down, crying and gnashing their teeth. The man told me, 'The sins they delighted in once, they are tormented with now.' I saw a vast number who stood up cursing and blaspheming God, and spitting at each other. And many were making balls of fire, and throwing them at one another. I saw many others who had cups of fire, out of which they were drinking down flames. And others who held cards of fire in their hands, and seemed to be playing with them.

"We stayed here, I thought, about half an hour. Then my guide said, 'Come; I will shew you now a glorious place.' I walked with him till we came into a narrow road, in which we could hardly walk a-breast. This brought us

into a great broad place. And I saw the gate of heaven, which stood wide open; but it was so bright, I could not look at it long. We went straight in, and walked through a large place, where I saw saints and angels: and through another large place, where were abundance more. They were all of one height and stature. And when one prayed, they all prayed; when one sung they all sung. And they all sung alike, with a smooth, even voice, not one higher or lower than another.

"We then went through this into a third place. There I saw God sitting upon his throne. It was a throne of light, brighter than the sun: I could not fix my eyes upon it. I saw Three, but all as One. Our Saviour held a pen in his hand. A great book lay at his right side; another at his left, and a third partly behind him. In the first he set down the prayers and good works of his people. In the second, he set down all the curses, and all the evil works of the wicked. I saw that he discerns the whole earth at a glance. And he discerns the whole heavens. At once he beholds earth and heaven with one look.

"Then our Lord took the first book in his hand, and went and said, 'Father, behold the prayers and the works of my people.' And he held up his hands, and prayed, and interceded to his Father for us. I never heard any voice like that. But I cannot tell how to explain it. And his Father said, 'Son, I forgive thy people; not for their sake, but thine.' Then our Lord wrote it down in the third book, and returned to his throne rejoicing with the host of heaven.

"It seemed to me, as if I stayed here several months. But I never slept all the while. And there was no night. And I saw no sky or sun, but clear light every where.

"Then we went back to a large door, which my guide opened, and we walked into pleasant gardens, by brooks and fountains. As we walked, I said, 'I did not see my brother here:' (who died some time before,) He said, 'Child, thou canst not know thy brother yet; because thy breath remains in thy body. Thy spirit is to return to the earth.

Thou must watch and pray: and when thy breath leaves thy body, thou shalt come again hither, and be joined to these, and know every one as before.' I said, 'When is that to be?' He said, 'I know not: nor any angel in heaven: but God alone.'

"Then he took me into another pleasant garden, where were all manner of fruits. He told me, 'This garden bears fruit always.' Here I saw a glorious place, which had large gold letters written over the door. He bade me read, and I read, 'This is a fountain for sin and uncleanness for my people. At what time soever they will return, they shall be cleansed from all their idols.' The door stood open, and I looked in, and I saw, as it were, a great cistern, full of water, white as milk. We seemed to walk up and down in this garden for some weeks, and he told me what every thing meant. I never wanted to eat or drink, nor felt any weariness.

"While we were walking, he said, 'Sing.' I said, 'What shall I sing?' And he said, 'Sing praises unto the King of the place.' I sung several verses. Then he said, 'I must go.' I would have fain gone with him. But he said, 'Your time is not yet. You have more work to do upon the earth.' Immediately he was gone; and I came to myself, and began to speak."

Her mother told me farther, "As soon as ever she recovered her speech, she gave me just the same account: adding, 'I have learned the finest hymn you ever heard in your life.' She then sung three verses, the most solid, awful words which I have ever heard. She continued speaking many awful words, with many sighs and tears: until about three in the afternoon, she fell into a slumber, which continued till seven. She then spoke the same things to Mrs. Designe: after which she was silent, till about five in the morning.

"She received remission of sins when she was nine years old, and was very watchful from that time. Since this trance, she has continued in faith and love, but has been very sickly and weak in body."

Monday, September 1, I rode with T. Butts to Middlesey, and preached to a small, earnest congregation. We set out early in the morning, and were thoroughly wet by noon. In the evening we reached Sticklepath.

Wednesday 3, About one we came to Plymouth. After dinner I walked down to Herbert Jenkins, and with him to the Dock. In the way we overtook Mr. Mignon; then a pattern to all that believed. Herbert preached a plain, honest sermon. But the congregation was greatly displeased; and many went away as soon as he began, having come on purpose to hear me.

Thursday 4, Abundance of people from Plymouth were at the Room by half an hour after four. I was much refreshed in applying those words to them, *The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing.* And many of us found our hearts knit together, in that love which never faileth.

As many as the room could well contain, followed me to Mr. Hide's, and importuned me much, to call again in my return from Cornwall. We dined at Loo, (a town near half as large as Islington, which sends only four Burgesses to the Parliament,) called at Grampond in the afternoon, and just at seven reached Gwenap. The congregation waiting, I began without delay, and found no faintness or weariness, while I expounded, *We all beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord.*

Friday 5, I enquired concerning Jos. Trembath's late illness. It was a second relapse into the spotted fever: in the height of which they gave him sack, cold milk and apples, plumbs, as much as he could swallow. I can see no way to account for his recovery, but that he had not then finished his work. In the evening I preached at St. Ives.

Saturday 6, I rode to Trewillard, in the parish of St. Just. I found no society in Cornwall so lively as this. Yet a few of them I was obliged to reprove for negligence in meeting, which is always the forerunner of greater evils.

I preached in the evening in the Green Court, which was well filled with earnest hearers. I thought the house would have contained the congregation at five; (Sunday 7,) but it would not. At eight I preached to a large congregation at Morva, and rode on to Zunnor before the Church Service began. As soon as it was ended, I began near the church-yard (and surely never was it more wanted) to expound, *Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you.* I preached at St. Ives about five, to a more understanding people, on *Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.*

On Monday 8, I wrote the following letter to Mr. ——:

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"ON Tuesday last I lit upon a letter of your's in Devonshire, which I understand has been a great traveller. I think it is the part of brotherly love to mention to you some points therein, wherein I doubt whether you are not a little mistaken; if I mistake, you will set me right. You say,

"1. First as to *stillness*, 'the thing meant hereby is, that man cannot attain to salvation by his own wisdom, strength, righteousness, goodness, merits, or works: that therefore when he applies to God for it, he is to cast away all dependence upon every thing of his own, and trusting only to the mercy of God, through the merits of Christ, in true poverty of spirit, to resign himself up to the will of God, and thus quietly wait for his salvation.' I conceive this to be the first mistake. I have nothing to object to this *stillness.* I never did oppose this in word or deed. But this is not the thing meant thereby, either by Mr. Molther, or the Moravians, or the English brethren, at the time that I, (and you, at Mr. Bower's) opposed them.

"2. 'That the Brethren teach, that people who are seeking after salvation, are all the while to sit still and do nothing; that they are not to read, hear, or pray, is altogether false.' This I apprehend to be a second mistake. Whatever the Brethren do now, they did teach thus, and that explicitly, in the years 1739 and 1740; in particular

Mr. Brown, Mr. Bowers, Mr. Bell, Mr. Bray, and Simpson, then with the Moravians. Many of their words I heard with my own ears; many more I received from those who did so. And Mr. Molther himself, on December 31, 1739, said to me, in many, and plain words, that the way to attain faith, is, to be still; that is,

'Not to use (what we term) the Means of Grace;
'Not to go to church;
'Not to communicate;
'Not to fast;
'Not to use *so much* private prayer;
'Not to read the Scriptures;
'Not to do temporal good; and,
'Not to attempt to do spiritual good.'

These things I myself heard him speak; as I am ready to give upon oath, whenever required. You ought not therefore to say, 'this is altogether false,' on the bare denial of Mr. Molther, or any other.

"3. 'Some of Fetter-lane society, when the difference broke out, spoke and acted very imprudently. But then to lay the blame on the Moravian church, as if it were their fault, is quite wrong.' I think so too; and have said so in my answer to Mr. Church, published some time before you sent your letter. If, therefore, you imagine that I lay the blame on the Moravian church, you are under a mistake here also; or, if you think I 'lay the fault of one man upon a whole community.'

"4. 'As to the English that really were to blame, they confessed their faults, and asked Mr. W.'s pardon. And some of them, if I mistake not, did it with tears.' I really think you do mistake again. I remember no such thing. Fifty persons, and more, spoke bitter things concerning me. One or two asked my pardon for so doing, but in so slight and cursory a manner, that I do not so much as know who were the men; neither the time or place where it was done; so far were they from doing it with tears, or with any solemnity or earnestness at all. As for the rest, if they were

ever convinced or ashamed at all, it is a secret to me to this day.

"5. 'Therefore to publish things which ought to have been buried in eternal oblivion, is what I do not like.' This whole matter of asking pardon you seem to mistake, as Count Z. did before. I wish you would consider the answer I gave him, 'They asked my pardon for using me ill. I replied that was superfluous. I was not angry with them; but I was afraid of two things: 1, That there was error in their doctrine: 2, That there was sin (allowed) in their practice. This was then and is at this day, the one question between them and me.' Now this cannot be buried in oblivion, that error and sin have spread too far already; and it was my part, after private reproof had been tried again and again to no purpose, to give public warning thereof to all the world, that, if possible, they might spread no farther.

"6. 'Mr. W. is partial throughout his Journal:' I want to know the particular instances. 'In what he mentions of me, he does not represent our conversation rightly.' Then it is the fault of my memory. But be so kind as to point out the particulars that are not rightly represented. 'He has done the cause of our Saviour more mischief than any one else could have done.' Tell me how—unless you mean the Antinomian cause, by the cause of our Saviour. 'I have several times gone to Mr. W. to explain matters, and to desire him to be reconciled.' Several times! When, and where? You surprize me much! Either my memory or your's fails strangely. 'In truth, it is he that has stood out.' Alas, my brother! what an assertion is this! Did not I come three years ago (before that Journal was published) in all haste from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and my brother, in five days, from the Land's End to a supposed Conference in London? Was this standing out? But with what effect? Why Mr. Spangenberg had just left London. None besides had any power to confer with us. And to cut us off from any such expectation, James Hutton said, 'they

had orders, not to confer at all, unless the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Bishop of London, were present.'

"There cannot be under heaven a greater mistake than this, that I ever did stand out, or that I do so now. There has not been one day for these seven years last past, wherein my soul has not longed for union. And they have grossly abused your honest credulity, whoever have made you believe the contrary.

"'7. Since Mr. Wesleys have published such stuff and inconsistencies, I cannot agree with them.' My brother, make some of those inconsistencies appear, and it will be an act of solid friendship. But 'time will manifest matters, and what is of God will stand, and what is of man will come to nought.' Most true, and according to this sure rule, it has already appeared, whose work is of God, both at Bradford, at Horton, and in several towns, not far from your own neighbourhood.

"8. The account you give of the Moravians in general, is the very same I had given before; viz. that next to those of our own church, 'who have the faith and love which is among them, without those errors either of judgment or practice, the body of the Moravian church, however mistaken some of them are, are in the main, of all whom I have seen, the best Christians in the world.' In the same Tract, I sum up my latest judgment concerning them in these terms: 'I believe they love the Lord Jesus in sincerity, and have a measure of the mind that was in Him. And I am in great earnest when I declare once more, that I have a deep, abiding conviction, by how many degrees the good which is among them overbalances the evil, that I cannot speak of them but with tender affection, were it only for the benefits I have received from them; and that at this hour I desire union with them, (were those stumbling-blocks once put away, which have hitherto made that desire ineffectual) above all things under heaven.'

"9. In what respects the Brethren are Antinomians, in what sense they lean to Quietism, I have spoken at large.

If they can refute the charge, I shall rejoice more than if I had gained great spoils.

"My brother, I heartily wish both you and them the genuine, open Gospel-simplicity; that you may always use that artless, plainness of speech, in which you once excelled; and that by manifestation of the truth, you may commend yourself to every man's conscience in the sight of God. I am,

"Your affectionate brother,

"J. W."

Tuesday 9, I preached at Crowan. The night came upon us while I was speaking; but none offered to go away.

Wednesday 10, I preached at Portkellis, in Wendown, to many more than the house could contain. W—— T——, of Sithney, rode with me to Gwenap, a constant companion of Mr. N——'s, so long as he would join with him in riot and drunkenness. But with his drunkenness ended Mr. N——'s friendship.

When he heard that one John O——n, a tinner, was preaching, he went on purpose to make sport; but the word of God struck him to the earth. Yet he struggled in the toils; sometimes wanting to go again; sometimes resolving never to go any more. But one day, calling at his sister's, he took up a little girl, (about four years old), and said, "they tell me you can sing hymns. Come, sing me a hymn." She began immediately,

"My soul, don't delay!
Christ calls me away:
Rise! follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day!
No mortal doth know
What he can bestow:
What peace, love, and comfort: Go after Him, go!"

He started up at once, and went to the preaching. And the same night he found peace to his soul.

Thursday 11, E—— T—— (W—— T——'s sister) rode with me to Cambourn. When she heard her brother was

perverted, she went over to Sithney, on purpose to reclaim him. But finding neither fair words, nor hard names, nor oaths, nor curses, nor blows would prevail, she went away, renouncing him and all that belonged to him, and fully resolved to see him no more.

Six weeks after, she met him at Redruth, and desired him to step into a house. When they were sat down, she burst into tears, and said, "Brother, follow those men in God's name; and send me word when any of them preach in your house, and I will come and hear him."

He asked, "How is this? How came you to be so changed?" She replied, "A fortnight ago, I dreamed, a man stood by me and said, 'Do not speak evil of these men; for they are the servants of God.' I said, 'What are you one of them? I defy you all. I will keep to my church." He said, and when you are at church, how are your thoughts employed? or even at the Lord's table? And he went on, telling me all that was in my heart. And every word went through me. And I looked up, and saw him very bright and glorious. And I knew it was our Saviour. And I fell down at his feet. And then I waked."

The week after, she went to Sithney, where Mr. M—— was preaching, and saying, "Is there any of you that have shut your doors against the messengers of God? How, if our Lord shut the door of mercy against you?" She cried out, "It is I;" and dropped down. Nor had she any rest, till God made her a witness of the faith which once she persecuted.

Saturday 13, I took my leave of our brethren of St. Ives, and between one and two in the afternoon began preaching before Mr. Probi's house, at Bray, on *The promise* which *is given to them that believe*. Many were there who had been vehement opposers; but from this time they opposed no more.

At six I preached at Sithney. Before I had done, the night came on; but the moon shone bright upon us. I intended after preaching to meet the society, but it was hardly

practicable, the poor people so eagerly crowding in upon us. So I met them all together, and exhorted them not to leave their first love.

Sunday 14, For the sake of those who came from far, I delayed preaching till eight o'clock. Many of Helston were there, and most of those, who in time past had signalized themselves by making riots. But the fear of God was upon them; they all stood uncovered, and calmly attended from the beginning to the end.

About one I began preaching, near Portkellis, to a much larger congregation; and about half an hour after four, at Gwenap, to an immense multitude of people, on *To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.* I was at first afraid my voice would not reach them all; but without cause, for it was so strengthened, that I believe thousands more might have heard every word. In the close of my sermon, I read them the account of Thomas Hitchins's death. And the hearts of many burned within them, so that they could not conceal their desire to go to him, and to be with Christ. At six we took horse, and about nine (having bright moonshine) reached St. Columb.

Monday 15, A guide meeting us at Camelford, conducted us to St. Mary Week. Mr. Bennet overtook us on the road, and Mr. Thompson came in soon after, having lost his way, and so picked up Mr. Meyrick and Butts, who were wandering they knew not where. It was the time of the yearly revel, which obliged me to speak very plainly. Thence we rode to Laneast, where was a much larger congregation, and of quite another spirit.

Tuesday 16, I rode to Plymouth Dock, and preached in the evening, and the next morning at five. A little after ten I began preaching in a meadow near Tavistock. In the afternoon we called at Sticklepath, and about nine at night came, weary enough, to Exeter.

Thursday 18, About one I preached at Beercrocomb. About five we reached Bridgewater. We expected much

tumult here, the great vulgar stirring up the small. But we were disappointed. The very week before our coming, the grand jury had found the bill against the rioters, who had so often assaulted Mary Lockyer's house. This, and the awe of God, which fell upon them, kept the whole congregation quiet and serious.

Before I preached, my strength was quite exhausted, and I was exceedingly feverish through mere fatigue. But in riding to Middlesey I revived; and in the morning, Friday 19, I rose quite well. *My strength will I ascribe unto thee.*

After a long morning's ride, we came to Mr. Star's, at Waywick. Mr. S., a neighbouring gentleman, who not long since hired a mob to make a disturbance, coming in, Mrs. Star detained him till the time of preaching. He seemed struck much more than the congregation. In the evening we came to Bristol.

Tuesday 23, I went on to Road, where the mob threatened loud. I determined, however, to look them in the face. And at twelve I cried to the largest congregation by far, which I had ever seen in these parts, *Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near.* The despisers stood as men astonished, and neither spoke nor stirred till I had concluded my Sermon.

Between five and six I preached at Bearfield. The next evening at Blewberry. While I was afterwards meeting the society, one grievous backslider, who had been for some time as in the belly of hell, was struck to the earth and roared aloud. He ceased not till God restored the pearl he had lost. Does not our God abundantly pardon?

Thursday 25, I came to Wycombe. It being the day on which the Mayor was chosen, abundance of rabble, full of strong drink, came to the preaching, on purpose to disturb. But they soon fell out among themselves, so that I finished my sermon in tolerable quiet.

Friday 26, Mr. B. went to the Mayor and said, "Sir, I come to inform against a common swearer. I believe he

swore a hundred oaths last night; but I marked down only twenty." "Sir," said the Mayor, "you do very right in bringing him to justice. What is his name?" He replied, R—— D——. "R—— D——!" answered the Mayor; "why that is my son!" "Yes, Sir," said Mr. B.; "so I understand." "Nay, Sir," said he, "I have nothing to say in his defence. If he break the law, he must take what follows."

Saturday, October 4, My brother and I took up our cross, and talked largely with Mr. G——. But he still insisted, 1, That there was no repentance at all, antecedent to saving faith: 2, That naked faith alone was the only condition of everlasting salvation: and, 3, That no works need be preached at all, neither were necessary either before or after faith.

We took horse at nine, and soon after one came to Sevenoaks. After refreshing ourselves a little, we went to an open place near the Free-school, where I declared to a large, wild company, *There is no difference; for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.* They grew calmer and calmer till I had done, and then went quietly away. As we returned, a poor Shimei came to meet us, bitterly cursing and blaspheming. But we walked straight on, and even his companions, the mob, neither laughed nor opened their mouth.

Sunday 5, I preached in the church at Shoreham, morning and afternoon. The congregation seemed to understand just nothing of the matter. But God can give them understanding in his time.

Thursday 9, The day of public thanksgiving for the victory at Culloden was to us a day of solemn joy. Saturday 11, I had the pleasure of spending an hour with Mr. P. He said, "I rejoiced greatly when the Count came over, hoping now I should understand the truth of the matter, and I went to hear him, full of expectation. His text was, *Neither do I condemn thee.* He began, "The Saviour says, I came not to destroy the law; but the fact is contrary, for he does destroy it. It is plain, the law condemned this

woman, but the Saviour does not condemn her. Again, the law commands to keep the Sabbath holy. But the Saviour did not keep it holy. Nay, God himself does not keep the law. For the law says, *Put away all lying.* But God said, *Nineveh shall be destroyed;* yet Nineveh was not destroyed." The whole sermon was of the same thread. I understood him well, and do not desire to hear him any more.

Saturday 26, I buried the body of George Adams, a child about twelve years old. He is the first of the children brought up at our school, whom God has called to himself. From the time God manifested his love to him, he was eminently of a meek and quiet spirit. And as he lived, so he died in sweet peace.

Saturday, November 1, I dined at J—— E——'s. Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning? Has there been one in our memory that so signalized himself as an enemy to all serious, inward religion? But it is past. He was going out on pleasure, as usual. His foot slipped, and as he was falling, a thought came, "What if instead of falling to the earth, thou hadst now died and fallen into hell?" He heard and acknowledged the voice of God, and began to seek his face.

Wednesday 12, In the evening at the Chapel, my teeth pained me much. In coming home, Mr. Spear gave me an account of the rupture he had had for some years, which after the most eminent Physicians had declared it incurable, was perfectly cured in a moment. I prayed, with submission to the will of God. My pain ceased, and returned no more.

Sunday 16, I was desired to pray with one in despair. I had never seen her before, but soon found she was a sensible woman, and well acquainted with the theory of religion; yet when I spoke to her some of the first principles of Christianity, she cried out, as if she had never heard them before, "Here! He says, I may be saved! He says, God loves me! Christ died for me! And that I may live with him in heaven! O then, what is this world? What is life, what is

pain! I do not care for it. Let me die; let me suffer any thing here, so I may but live with Christ in heaven."

About this time I received a remarkable account, from Grimsby in Lincolnshire.

"William Blow, John Melton, and Thomas Wilkinson were going, on Friday last, in a boat on the sea, near Grimsby. John Melton could swim exceeding well, but William Blow not at all. When they were about half a league from the shore, they were both beat over-board. John Melton sunk to the bottom like a stone. William Blow sunk and rose several times, and was in the water near a quarter of an hour, before Thomas Wilkinson could get near him. At last he saw his hand above the water. He then struck down his boat-hook at a venture, and caught him by the flap of his coat, and pulled him to the boat-side. He was quite sensible, and said, 'Tommy, I am afraid you cannot get me in.' 'Nay then,' said Thomas, 'we will sink together, for I will not let thee go.' At last he did get him in, and brought him safe to land.

"We asked, 'How he could keep in the water so long, and not be drowned?' He said, 'God gave him that thought, to keep his mouth shut, and when he was almost choaked, he gave a spring up, and got a little breath.' I asked him, 'How he felt himself, when he was under water? If he were not afraid of death?' He answered, 'No, my soul was lifted up unto the Lord, and I freely resigned myself into his hands.'"

I received likewise from several of our brethren abroad, an account of the deliverance God had lately wrought for them.

"BUSH OFF BRABANT.

"REV. SIR,

"I have long had a desire to write, but had not an opportunity till we came to our winter-quarters. When we came over, we thought we should have had B. Haime with us, as formerly: but we were disappointed. We were about three weeks upon our march, and endured a great deal

through the heat of the weather, and for want of water. At Villear camp, we lay so near the enemy, and were forced to mount so many guards, that we had hardly any time to ourselves, nor had J. Haime time to meet with us. We left this camp in twelve or fourteen days time, and wherever we marched we had the French always in our view: only a few days, when we were marching through woods, and over high mountains. Coming back to Maestricht, at some camps we have lain so near the enemy, that their centries and ours have taken snuff with one another: having then no orders to fire at, or hurt each other. But the day we came off, we found it otherwise. For at eleven o'clock the night before, orders came for us to be ready to turn out at an hour before day, which was the 30th of September. At day-break, orders came to our regiment and Colonel Graham's, to advance about a mile and a half towards the French. We were placed in a little park, and Graham's regiment in another, to the right of us. We lay open to the French; only we cut down the hedge breast high, and filled it up with loose earth. Thus we waited for the enemy several hours, who came first with their right wing upon the Dutch, that were upon our left. They engaged in our right, and fired briskly upon each other, cannon and small shot for two hours. Then the Dutch, being overpowered, gave way, and the French advanced upon us, and marched a party over the ditch on the left of Graham's, and fell in upon them; notwithstanding our continual firing both with our small arms and four pieces of cannon. So when the French had got past us, our regiment retreated, or we should have been surrounded. In our retreat, we faced about twice and fired on the enemy, and so came off with little loss; though they fired after us with large cannon shot, I believe four and twenty pounders.

"We lost one brother of Graham's regiment, and two of our's, Andrew Paxton, shot dead in our retreat, and Mark Bend, who was wounded and left on the field. The Lord gave us all on that day an extraordinary courage, and a

word to speak to our comrades, as we advanced toward the enemy, to tell them, how happy they were that had made their peace with God. We likewise spoke to one another, while the cannon were firing, and we could all rely on God, and resign ourselves to his will.

"A few of us meet here twice a day; and thanks be to God, his grace is still sufficient for us. We desire all our brethren to praise God on our behalf. And we desire all your prayers, that the Lord may give us to be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

"I remain, your loving Brother,

"*Nov.* 17, 1747. "S. S."

Nearly the same account we received a few days before, in a letter from the camp near Maestricht. Part of this ran as follows:—

"Ever since the 22d of July, our army and the French have lain so close, and marched so close together, that we have expected them to come upon us almost every night, and have had, for many nights, strict orders, not to take off our accoutrements, but to be ready to turn out at a minute's warning. And almost every day, some of our out-guards have had skirmishes with them. On September 29, at night, Prince Charles had intelligence, that they design to fall upon us with all their force. So we had orders to be ready, and at break of day, our regiment and Graham's were ordered to march in the front of the army, with two Hessian, two Hanoverian, and a part of the Dutch. We marched a mile forward into little parks and orchards, a village being between us and our army. In this posture we remained about three hours, while their right wing was engaged with the Dutch, the cannon playing every where all this time. But we were all endued with strength and courage from God, so that the fear of death was taken away from us. And when the French came upon us, and overpowered us, we were troubled at our regiment's giving way, and would have stood our ground, and called to the rest of the regiment, to stop and face the enemy, but to no purpose. In

the retreat we were broke; yet, after we had retreated about a mile, we rallied twice and fired again. When we came where we thought the army was, they were all gone. So we marched good part of the night, and the next day, about four o'clock, we came to this camp. We left our brother, Mark Bend, in the field; whether he be alive or dead we cannot tell: but the last of our brothers that spoke to him, after he was wounded, found him quite resigned to the will of God. We, that he has spared a little longer, desire you to return thanks to God, for all his mercies to us."

AN

EXTRACT

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S

JOURNAL,

No. VII.

FROM NOVEMBER 25, 1746, TO JULY 20, 1749.

TUESDAY, Nov. 25, 1746, I laboured much to convince one, who had known me for several years, that she had left her first love, and was in the utmost danger of losing the things which she had wrought. But she was proof against argument as well as persuasion, and very civilly renounced all fellowship with me, "Because (she said) I was disaffected to the Government!" O! what will not those either believe or assert, who are resolved to defend a desperate cause!

Sunday 30, John Jones (late a zealous Calvinist) preached, for the first time, at the Foundery. I trust he will never rest, till He who *died for all*, hath *cleansed him from all unrighteousness*.

Thursday, December 4, I mentioned to the society my design of giving physic to the poor. About thirty came the next day: and in three weeks, about three hundred. This we continued for several years, till the number of patients still increasing, the expence was greater than we could bear. Mean time, through the blessing of God, many who had

been ill for months or years, were restored to perfect health.

Monday 15: Most of this week I spent at Lewisham, in writing *Lessons for Children:* consisting of the most practical Scriptures, with a very few, short, explanatory Notes.

Saturday 20, I had a visit from Mr. Bland, an accurate master of the Hebrew Tongue: but how exceeding far from the judgment of Mr. Hutchinson! He avers, (and thinks he has demonstrated, in a tract on that head, lately published,) that both the vowel and accent points are absolutely essential to the Hebrew Language; and that they are far elder than Ezra, yea co-eval with the giving of the law on Mount Sinai.

Monday 29, I resumed my vegetable diet, (which I had now discontinued for several years,) and found it of use both to my soul and body. But after two years, a violent flux which seized me in Ireland, obliged me to return to the use of animal food.

Wednesday 31, I heard an amazing instance of the providence of God. About six years ago, Mr. Jebner (as he related it himself) and all his family, being eight persons, were in bed, between ten and eleven at night. On a sudden he heard a great crack, and the house instantly fell, all at once, from the top to the bottom. They were all buried in the ruins. Abundance of people gathered together, and in two or three hours dug them out. The beds in which they had lain, were mashed in pieces, as well as all the furniture of the house. But neither man, woman, nor child, was killed or hurt. Only he had a little scratch on his hand.

Saturday, January 3, 1747, I called upon poor Mr. C., who once largely *tasted of the good word and of the powers of the world to come.* I found him very loving,—and very drunk, as he commonly is, day and night. But I could fix nothing upon him. "He may fall *foully;* but not *finally!*"

Sunday 11, In the evening I rode to Brentford; the next day to Newbury; and Tuesday 13, to the Devizes. The town was in an uproar from end to end, as if the French were just entering: and abundance of swelling words we heard, oaths, curses, and threatenings. The most active

man in stirring up the people, we were informed, was Mr. J., the C.; he had been indefatigable in the work, going all the day from house to house. He had also been at the pains of setting up an advertisement in the most public places of the town, "Of an Obnubilative, Pantomime Entertainment, to be exhibited at Mr. Clarks," (where I was to preach.) The latter part of it contained a kind of double entendre, which a modest person cannot well repeat. I began preaching at seven, on *The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ*. Many of the mob came in, listened a little, and stood still. No one opened his mouth, but attention sat on the face of every hearer.

Wednesday 14, I rode on to Bristol, and spent a week in great peace.

Thursday 22, About half an hour after twelve I took horse for Wick, where I had appointed to preach at three. I was riding by the wall through St. Nicholas' gate, (my horse having been brought to the house where I dined,) just as a cart turned short from St. Nicholas' street, and came swiftly down the hill. There was just room to pass between the wheel of it and the wall; but that space was taken up by the car-man. I called to him to go back, or I must ride over him. But the man, as if deaf, walked straight forward. This obliged me to hold back my horse. In the meantime, the shaft of the cart came full against his shoulder, with such a shock as beat him to the ground. He shot me forward over his head, as an arrow out of a bow, where I lay, with my arms and legs, I know not how, stretched out in a line, close to the wall. The wheel ran by, close to my side, but only dirtied my clothes. I found no flutter of spirit, but the same composure as if I had been sitting in my study. When the cart was gone, I rose. Abundance of people gathered round, till a gentleman desired me to step into his shop. After cleaning myself a little, I took horse again, and was at Wick by the time appointed.

I returned to Bristol (where the report of my being killed had spread far and wide) time enough to praise God in the great congregation, and to preach, on *Thou, Lord, shalt save*

both man and beast. My shoulders, hands, side, and both my legs, were a little bruised; my knees something more, my right thigh the most, which made it a little difficult to me to walk. But some warm treacle took away all the pain in an hour, and the lameness in a day or two.

After visiting the little societies in Somersetshire and Wiltshire, on Thursday 29, I preached at Bearfield in my way, and thence rode on to the Devizes; I found much pains had been taken again, to raise a mob: but it was lost labour. All that could be mustered were a few straggling soldiers, and forty or fifty boys. Notwithstanding these, I preached, in great peace, on *All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.* In the morning, January 30, I explained and applied, *He healeth them that are broken in heart.* We then took horse, in the midst of a quiet, civil multitude, and the next afternoon came to London.

Monday, February 2, I began examining the classes. Having desired the Leaders, such as had leisure, to give me a short account in writing of those under their care, among many others, I received the following note:—

"DEAR SIR,

"I hope my class are bending one way. But it seems to me, we all want advice that is plain and cutting, and awakening and shaking, and hastening us, like that of the angel, *Escape for thy life. Look not behind thee, neither tarry thou in all the plain.* I find the Lord often waking me as with thunder. Yet I find a spirit of stillness and lukewarmness to cleave to me like the skin to my flesh. The Lord shews me, at times, how insensibly it steals upon me, and makes me tremble, because I have not been fearing always. May he give us to feel the true state of our souls! Which, I hope, will ever be the prayer of

"Your unworthy Son in the Gospel,

"JOHN HAGUE."

Ye who loved and profited by this man of God, when he was alive, hear what *being dead he yet speaketh.*

Tuesday 10, My brother returned from the north, and I prepared to supply his place there. Sunday 15, I was very

weak and faint. But on Monday 16, I rose soon after three, lively and strong, and found all my complaints were fled away like a dream.

I was wondering the day before at the mildness of the weather, such as seldom attends me in my journies. But my wonder now ceased: the wind was turned full north, and blew so exceedingly hard and keen, that when we came to Hatfield, neither my companions nor I had much use of our hands or feet. After resting an hour, we bore up again, through the wind and snow, which drove full in our faces. But this was only a squall. In Baldock Field the storm began in earnest. The large hail drove so vehemently in our faces, that we could not see, nor hardly breathe. However, before two o'clock we reached Baldock, where one met and conducted us safe to Potten.

About six I preached to a serious congregation. Tuesday 17, we set out as soon as it was well light. But it was really hard work to get forward. For the frost would not well bear or break. And the untracked snow covering all the roads, we had much ado to keep our horses on their feet. Mean time the wind rose higher and higher, till it was ready to overturn both man and beast. However, after a short bait at Bugden we pushed on, and were met in the middle of an open field, with so violent a storm of rain and hail, as we had not had before. It drove through our coats, great and small, boots, and every thing, and yet froze as it fell, even upon our eyebrows; so that we had scarce either strength or motion left, when we came into our inn at Stilton.

We now gave up our hopes of reaching Grantham, the snow falling faster and faster. However, we took the advantage of a fair blast to set out, and made the best of our way to Stamford Heath. But here a new difficulty arose, from the snow lying in large drifts. Sometimes horse and man were well nigh swallowed up. Yet in less than an hour we were brought safe to Stamford. Being willing to get as far as we could, we made but a short stop here; and about sun-set came, cold and weary, yet well, to a little town called Brig-casterton.

Wednesday 18, Our servant came up and said, "Sir, there is no travelling to-day. Such a quantity of snow has fallen in the night, that the roads are quite filled up." I told him, "At least we can walk twenty miles a day, with our horses in our hands." So in the name of God we set out. The north-east wind was piercing as a sword, and had driven the snow into such uneven heaps, that the main road was not passable. However, we kept on, a-foot or on horseback, till we came to the White Lion at Grantham.

Some from Grimsby had appointed to meet us here. But not hearing any thing of them, (for they were at another house by mistake,) after an hour's rest, we set out straight for Epworth. On the road we overtook a clergyman and his servant; but the tooth-ache quite shut my mouth. We reached Newark about five. Soon after we were set down, another Clergyman came and enquired for our fellow-traveller. It was not long before we engaged in close conversation. He told me some of our preachers had frequently preached in his parish. And his judgment was, 1, That their preaching at Hunfleet had done some good, but more harm. Because, 2, Those who attended it had only turned from one wickedness to another; they had only exchanged sabbath-breaking, swearing or drunkenness, for slandering, backbiting, and evil-speaking: and, 3, Those who did not attend it, were provoked hereby to return evil for evil. So that the former were, in effect, no better; the latter worse than before.

The same objection (in substance) has been made in most other parts of England. It therefore deserves a serious answer, which will equally hold in all places. Whether, then, we speak of Hunfleet, Leeds, Bristol, or London, it is allowed, "1, That our preaching has done some good: common swearers, sabbath-breakers, drunkards, thieves, fornicators, having been reclaimed from those outward sins:" but it is affirmed, "2, That it has done more harm, the persons so reclaimed, only changing one wickedness for another: and their neighbours being so provoked thereby, as to become worse than they were before."

"Those who have left their outward sins," you affirm, "have only changed drunkenness or sabbath-breaking, for backbiting and evil-speaking." I answer, if you affirm this of them all, it is notoriously false. Many we can name, who left cursing, swearing, and backbiting, drunkenness, and evil-speaking, altogether, and who are to this day just as fearful of slandering, as they are of cursing or swearing. And if some are not yet enough aware of this snare of the devil, we may hope they will be ere long. Mean time see that you bless God for what he has done, and pray that he would deliver them from this death also.

You affirm farther, "That their neighbours are provoked hereby, to return evil for evil; and so while the former are no better, the latter are worse than they were before."

I answer, 1, These are worse than they were before. But why? Because they do fresh *despite to the Spirit of grace?* because they *despise* that *long-suffering* love *of God,* which would lead them (as it does their neighbours) to repentance. And in laying the blame of this on those who will *no longer run with them to the same excess of riot,* they only fulfil the Scriptures, and fill up the measure of their own iniquity.

I answer, 2, There is still no proportion at all, between the good on the one hand, and the harm on the other; for they who reject the goodness of God, were servants of the devil before; and they are but servants of the devil still. But they who accept it, are brought from the power of Satan, to serve the living and true God.

Thursday 19, The frost was not so sharp: so that we had little difficulty till we came to Haxey-Car. But here the ice which covered the dykes, and great part of the common, would not bear, nor readily break. Nor did we know, there being no track of man or beast, what parts of the dykes were fordable. However, we committed ourselves to God, and went on. We hit all our fords exactly, and without any fall or considerable hinderance, came to Epworth in two hour full as well as when we left London.

Sunday 22, I preached at five and at eight in the room, after evening prayers at the Cross. I suppose most of the grown people in the town were present. A poor drunkard made a noise for some time: till Mr. Maw (the chief gentleman of the town) took him in hand, and quieted him at once.

Monday 23, leaving Mr. Meyrick here, I set out with Mr. Larwood, and a friend from Grimsby. At two I preached at Laseby in the way, to a quiet and serious congregation. We reached Grimsby by five, and spoke to as many of the society as could conveniently come at that time. About seven I would have preached to a very large audience; but a young gentleman with his companions quite drowned my voice, till a poor woman took up the cause, and by reciting a few passages of his life, wittily and keenly enough turned the laugh of all his companions full upon him. He could not stand it, but hastened away. When he was gone, I went on with little interruption.

Tuesday 24, I wrote a few lines to Mr. C., giving him an account of his kinsman's behaviour. He obliged him to come straight to me, and ask my pardon. Since that time we have had no disturbance at Grimsby.

At noon I examined the little society at Tetney. I have not seen such another in all England. In the class-paper (which gives an account of the contribution for the poor) I observed one gave eight-pence, often ten-pence a week: another thirteen, fifteen or eighteen-pence: another sometimes one, sometimes two shillings. I asked Micah Elmoor, the leader, (an Israelite indeed, who now rests from his labour,) "How is this? Are you the richest Society in England?" He answered, "I suppose not: but all of us who are single persons, have agreed together, to give both ourselves and *all we have* to God: and we do it gladly, whereby we are able from time to time, to entertain all the strangers that come to Tetney, who often have no food to eat, nor any friend to give them a lodging.

We came to Hainton soon after sun-set. I never before

saw so large a congregation here. I declared to them all, (Protestants and Papists) "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and they seemed to be indeed, (as Homer says) ἔπεα πτερόεντα, *winged words*; that flew as arrows from the hand of the Most High, to the heart of every hearer.

Wednesday 25, I had designed to go straight for Epworth. But W. Fenwick begged I would call on the little flock at Tealby. Mr. B. (he said) the Minister of the place had preached against them with the utmost bitterness, had repelled them from the Lord's table, and zealously endeavoured to stir up the whole town against them. I called there about seven; and began to talk with two or three that were in the house where we alighted. Presently the house was full from end to end. I stood up and declared, *By grace ye are saved, through faith.* Even at Hainton I did not find such a blessing as here. Surely this day was the Scripture fulfilled, "If ye be reproached for the sake of Christ, happy are ye: for the Spirit of Glory and of God resteth upon you."

About two in the afternoon I preached at Ferry, and in the evening at Epworth. Thursday 26, I left them all in peace and love, and rode to Sykehouse, where W. Shent met me, and one from Acomb. I preached at three and at seven, and we were not a little comforted.

Friday 27, Honest muddy M. B. conducted me to his house at Acomb. I now found out (which I could not comprehend before) what was the matter with him. He and one or two more, since I saw them last, had been studying the profound Jacob Behmen. The event was (as might easily have been foreseen) he had utterly confounded their intellects, and filled them so full of sublime speculations, that they had left Scripture and common sense far behind.

I preached at seven, on *Repent ye, and believe the Gospel.* The congregation, many of whom came from York, were surprisingly quiet, though I used the utmost plainness of speech. Several of York came again at five in the morning. After preaching I spoke with a few, who were de-

sirous to join heart and hand together, in seeking the kingdom of God.

Saturday 28, I called at Shipton, on Mr. C., the minister of Acomb, who had desired to see me: and after half an hour, both agreeably and usefully spent, rode on to Thirsk.

Here I rejoiced with T. Brooke and his wife, lights shining in a dark place. God has lately added to them a third; one formerly famous for all manner of wickedness, who was cut to the heart while Mr. Brooke was talking to him, and went down to his house justified. This had struck the whole town; so that when I went down about five, to preach in a vacant house, it was quickly filled, within and without, the Justice being one of the congregation. In the morning, about six, I preached again to a congregation more numerous than before. Nor did any man open his mouth, either at the time of preaching, or while I walked through the town, unless it were to bid me God speed, or to enquire when I would come again.

Sunday, March 1, I came to Osmotherly about ten o'clock, just as the Minister (who lives some miles off) came into town. I sent my service to him, and told him, "If he pleased, I would assist him, either by reading prayers or preaching." On receiving the message, he came to me immediately, and said, "He would willingly accept of my assistance." As we walked to Church, he said, "Perhaps it would fatigue you too much to read prayers and preach too." I told him, "No: I would choose it, if he pleased;" which I did accordingly. After service was ended, Mr. D. said, "Sir, I am sorry I have not a house here to entertain you. Pray let me know whenever you come this way." Several asking, "Where I would preach in the afternoon?" One went to Mr. D. again, and asked "If he were willing I should preach in the Church?" He said, "Yes, whenever Mr. Wesley pleases." We had a large congregation at three o'clock. Those who, in time past, had been the most bitter gainsayers, seemed now to be melted into love. All

were convinced, we are no Papists. How wisely does God order all things in their season!

Monday 2, I rode to Newcastle. The next day, I met the Stewards, men who had approved themselves in all things. They are of one heart and of one mind. I found all in the house of the same spirit; pouring out their souls to God many times in a day together, and breathing nothing but love and brotherly kindness.

Wednesday 4, Being Ash-wednesday, I spent some hours in reading the Exhortations of Ephraim Syrus. Surely never did any man, since David, give us such a picture of a broken and contrite heart.

This week I read over with some young men, a Compendium of Rhetoric, and a System of Ethics. I see not why a man of tolerable understanding may not learn in six months time, more of solid Philosophy than is commonly learned at Oxford, in four (perhaps seven) years.

Sunday 8, I preached at Gateshead, and declared the loving-kindness of the Lord. In the evening, observing abundance of strangers at the room, I changed my voice and applied those terrible words, *I have overthrown some of you as I overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah, and the rest of you were as brands plucked out of the burning; yet have ye not turned unto me, saith the Lord.*

On Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, I examined the classes. I had been often told, "It was impossible for me, to distinguish the precious from the vile, without the miraculous discernment of spirits." But I now saw, more clearly than ever, that this might be done, and without much difficulty, supposing only two things: First, courage and steadiness in the examiner: Secondly, common sense and common honesty in the leader of each class. I visit, for instance, the class in the Close, of which Robert Peacock is leader. I ask, "Does this, and this person in your class, live in drunkenness or any outward sin? Does he go to Church, and use the other means of grace? Does he meet you as often as he has opportunity? Now if Robert Peacock has common sense, he *can* answer these questions truly,

and if he has common honesty, he will. And if not, some other in the class has both, and can and will answer for him. Where is the difficulty then of finding out, if there be any disorderly walker in this class? And consequently, in any other? The question is not, concerning the heart, but the life. And the general tenor of this, I do not say, cannot be *known*, but cannot be *hidden*, without a miracle.

Where then is the need of any miraculous discernment, in order to purge one of these societies? Nay, where is the use of it? For if I had that discernment, I am to pass sentence only *ex allegatis & probatis:* not according to what I miraculously discern, but according to what is proved in the face of the sun.

The society, which, the first year, consisted of above eight hundred members, is now reduced to four hundred. But, according to the old proverb, the half is more than the whole. We shall not be ashamed of any of these, when we speak with our enemies in the gate.

Friday 13, I found Mr. P. and I. almost discouraged, at the doctrine of absolute and connotative nouns. I wonder any one has patience to learn Logic, but those who do it on a principle of conscience, unless he learns it, as three in four of the young gentlemen in the Universities do; that is, goes about it and about it, without understanding one word of the matter.

In some of the following days I snatched a few hours, to read "The History of the Puritans." I stand in amaze. First, at the execrable spirit of persecution, which drove those venerable men out of the Church, and with which Queen Elizabeth's clergy were as deeply tinctured as ever Queen Mary's were: Secondly, at the weakness of those holy confessors, many of whom spent so much of their time and strength in disputing about surplices and hoods, or kneeling at the Lord's supper!

Thursday 19, I considered, 'What would I do now, if I were sure I had but two days to live? All outward things are settled to my wish. The houses at Bristol, Kingswood, and Newcastle, are safe. The deeds whereby they are con-

veyed to the Trustees, took place on the 5th instant. My Will is made. What have I more to do, but to commend my soul to my merciful and faithful Creator?'

Some days I spent in every week in examining the Societies round Newcastle. And great cause I found to rejoice over them.

Tuesday 24, I rode to Blanchland, about twenty miles from Newcastle. The rough mountains round about were still white with snow. In the midst of them is a small winding valley, through which the Darwent runs. On the edge of this the little town stands, which is, indeed, little more than a heap of ruins. There seems to have been a large cathedral church, by the vast walls which still remain. I stood in the church-yard, under one side of the building, upon a large tomb-stone, round which, while I was at prayers, all the congregation kneeled down on the grass. They were gathered out of the lead mines from all parts; many from Allandale, six miles off. A row of children sat under the opposite wall, all quiet and still. The whole congregation drank in every word, with such earnestness in their looks, that I could not but hope that God will make this wilderness sing for joy.

In the evening I came back to Newlands, where also John Brown has gathered a society. O! what may not a man of small, natural talents do, if he be full of faith and love!

Sunday 29, After preaching at South Biddick at five, I hastened to Sunderland, where I preached at eight, and again at two, in the main street, to a Kennington-Common congregation. I admire the spirit of this people. From the first day I preached here to this hour, I have not seen a man behave indecently. Those who did not approve, quietly went away.

Monday 30, I had leisure to reflect on the strange case of Francis Coxon, who was at first the grand support of the society at Biddick. But after a time he grew weary of well-doing, complaining, "That it took up too much of his

time." He then began to search after curious knowledge, and to converse with those who were like-minded. The world observed it, and courted his company again, "Now he was not so precise." His school was filled with children. Money flowed in, and he said, *Soul, take thy ease for many years.* He came to Newcastle with John Reach the Saturday after I came; but had no leisure to call upon me. At night they set out homeward. He was walking a little before his companion, about three miles from Newcastle, in a way he knew as well as his own house-floor, when John heard him fall, and asked, "What is the matter?" He answered, "God has overtaken me. I am fallen into the quarry, and have broken my leg." John ran to some houses that were near, and having procured help, carried him thither. Thence he was removed to another house, and a Surgeon sent for, who came immediately. He soon recovered his spirits, and asked how long it would be before he could be in his school again? And on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, was full of the world, nor was God in all his thoughts. On Wednesday, the Surgeon told him honestly, "He thought he could not live." Then he awoke out of sleep. The snares of death came about him; the pains of hell overtook him. He continued all Thursday and Friday in the lowest pit, in a place of darkness, and in the deep, warning all to beware of drawing back unto perdition, and calling upon God with strong cries and tears. On Sunday, he found a little dawning of hope: this gradually increased all the day. On Monday, he knew God had healed his backsliding, and sorrow and sighing fled away. He continued all day in fervent prayer, mingled with praise and strong thanksgiving. "This night (said he) will be a glorious night to me. My warfare is accomplished. My sin is pardoned." Then he broke out again into vehement prayer. About eight he left off speaking, and soon after, without any struggle or groan, gave up his soul to God.

Wednesday, April 1, I rode to Winlinton Mills, a place famous above many, and called the Rebels, "To lay down

their arms, and be reconciled to God through his Son." I saw neither old nor young that behaved amiss, for the dread of the Lord was upon them.

Sunday 5, We set out early, and about eight went out into the market-place at Hexham. A multitude of people soon ran together, the greater part mad as colts untamed. Many had promised to do mighty things. But the bridle was in their teeth. I cried aloud, *Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts.* They felt the sharpness of the two-edged sword, and sunk into seriousness on every side; insomuch, that I heard not one unkind or uncivil word, till we left them standing and staring one at another. At one I preached at Horsely; and about five in the evening at Newcastle.

Monday 6, Having been informed there were many large colliers, three or four miles north and north-west from Durham, I rode to a village, called Renton, in the midst of them, and proclaimed, *The Lord God, gracious and merciful.* Abundance of people gave earnest heed to every word which was spoken; kneeled down when I prayed, sung (after their manner) when I sung, and crowded into the house when I went in, crying out, one and all, "Aye, they were only too long a coming! Why did they not come sooner?"

Tuesday 7, Finding the people about Dent's-hole were grown dead and cold, I preached there at twelve o'clock; *if happily it might please God yet again to breathe on the dry bones that they might live.*

Wednesday 8, I found the congregation at Blanchland abundantly increased. I preached in the evening at Spen, and the next day at noon to a serious congregation at Winlaton Mills; a gentleman who had talked of making a disturbance, found not one man to second him.

Friday 10, Having settled all the societies in the country, I began examining that of Newcastle again. It was my particular concern, to remove, if possible, every hindrance of brotherly love. And one odd one I found creeping in upon us, which had already occasioned much evil; namely,

a fancy, that *we must not justify ourselves*, (some of the spawn of mystic divinity;) just contrary to the Scriptural injunction, *Be ready to give* a reason of *the hope that is in you*. For want of doing this in time some offences were now grown incurable. I found it needful, therefore, to tear up this by the roots; to explain this duty from the foundation, and to require all who desired to remain with us to *justify themselves*, whenever they were blamed unjustly; and not to swallow up both peace and love in their *voluntary humility*.

Sunday 12, I preached at Gateshead in the morning, at Swalwell about two; and at the Room in the evening. I scarce ever heard so fine a defence of a weak cause as was Mr. S.'s sermon in the morning; wherein he laboured much to prove the unlawfulness of laymen's preaching: but with such tenderness and good-nature, that I almost wished the sermon were printed, for a pattern to all polemical writers.

Sunday 19, being Easter-day, I preached in Gateshead for the last time; afterwards at Swalwell, and at Newcastle in the evening. I could gladly have spent six weeks more in these parts; but my time being now expired, I preached my farewell sermon at five.

On Monday 20, a great part of the congregation (which filled the Room) were some of the finest people I had ever seen there. Surely God is working a new thing in the earth. Even to the rich is the Gospel preached! And there are, of these also, who have ears to hear, and hearts to receive the truth as it is in Jesus.

About nine I preached to a large congregation at Renton, and before six reached Osmotherly. Finding Mr. D. (as I expected) had been vehemently attacked by the neighbouring clergy and gentry, that he might be exposed to no farther difficulty on my account, I did not claim his promise, but preached on a tombstone near the church, on *The Lord is risen indeed!* How wisely does God order all things! Some will not hear even the word of God out of a church. For the sake of these we are often permitted to preach in a church. Others will not hear it in a church.

For their sakes we are often compelled to preach in the highways.

Here John Nelson met me. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, he had preached at Acomb and the neighbouring places; on Good Friday, in particular, on Heworth Moor, to a large and quiet congregation. On Easter Sunday, at eight, he preached there again, to a large number of serious hearers. Towards the close of his discourse, a mob came from York, hired and headed by some (miscalled) gentlemen. They stood still, till an eminent Papist cried out, "Why do not you knock the dog's brains out?" On which they immediately began throwing all that came to hand, so that the congregation was quickly dispersed. John spoke a few words, and walked towards York. They followed with showers of bricks and stones; one of which struck him on the shoulder, one on the back: and a little before he came to the city, part of a brick hit him on the back of the head, and felled him to the ground. When he came to himself, two of Acomb lifted him up, and led him forward between them. The gentlemen followed throwing as before, till he came to the city gate, near which lived an honest tradesman, who took him by the arm, and pulled him into his house. Some of the rioters swore they would break all his windows, if he did not turn him out. But he told them resolutely, "I will not; let any of you touch my house at your peril. I shall make you remember it as long as you live." On this they thought good to retire.

After a Surgeon had dressed the wound in his head, John went softly on to Acomb. About five he went out, in order to preach, and began singing a hymn. Before it was ended, the same gentlemen came in a coach from York with a numerous attendance. They threw clods and stones so fast on every side, that the congregation soon dispersed. John walked down into a little ground, not far from Thomas Slaton's house. Two men quickly followed; one of whom swore desperately he would have his life. And he seemed to be in good earnest. He struck him several times, with all his force, on the head and breast; and at length threw him

down, and stamped upon him, till he left him for dead. But, by the mercy of God, being carried into a house, he soon came to himself; and after a night's rest was so recovered, that he was able to ride to Osmotherly.

Tuesday 21, I called at Thirsk. But finding the town full of holiday folks, drinking, cursing, swearing, and cock-fighting, I did not stop at all, but rode on to Boroughbridge, and in the afternoon to Leeds.

Wednesday 22, I spent an hour with Mr. M., and pressed him to make good his assertion, that our preaching had done more harm than good. This he did not choose to pursue, but enlarged on the harm it might occasion in succeeding generations. I cannot see the force of this argument. I dare not neglect the doing certain, present good, for fear of some probable ill consequences in the succeeding century.

Sunday 26, I met the Leeds society at five; preached at seven, on *The Spirit and the Bride say, come;* and at one, to an unwieldy multitude, several hundreds of whom went away, it being impossible for them to hear. Such another congregation I had at Birstal; yet here I believe my voice reached all that were present.

Monday 27, I preached at Birstal, at Wibsey Moor, and at Bradford, and regulated the societies. Tuesday 28, one of Pudsey would take no denial, so I promised to preach there at eight o'clock. Coming before the hour, we walked to the new house of the Germans. It stands on the side of a hill, commanding all the vale beneath, and the opposite hill. The front is exceedingly grand, though plain, being faced with fine, smooth, white stone. The Germans suppose it will cost, by that time it is finished, about three thousand pounds. It is well if it be not nearer ten. But this is no concern to the English brethren. For they are told, (and potently believe,) that "All the money will come from beyond sea!"

I preached at eight at the place appointed, and thence rode to Dewsbury, where I was to preach at noon. But first I called on the minister, Mr. Robson: and in an ac-

ceptable time. Abundance of little offences had arisen, and been carefully magnified by those who sought such occasions. But we both spoke our minds without reserve; and the snare was presently broken.

After sermon, Mr. R., having sent a note to desire I would call upon him again, I went and passed such an hour as I have not had since I left London. We did not part without tears. Who knows how great a work God can accomplish in a short time!

Thursday 30, I rode to Keighley. The ten persons I joined here are increased to above a hundred. And above a third of them can rejoice in God, and walk as becomes the Gospel.

Friday, May 1, I read prayers and preached in Haworth church to a numerous congregation. In the evening I preached near Skircoat-green, and baptized Eliz. K., late a Quaker. Saturday 2, I preached at Halifax, to a civil, senseless congregation; at noon in Gildersom, and in the evening at Armley.

Sunday 3, At one I preached to a vast congregation at Hunsleet; and about five to a still larger at Birstal. I preached, on *All things are ready; come to the marriage.* And some, I trust, were *compelled to come in.*

Monday 4, At his earnest request I began examining those that are called W. D.'s societies. At three I preached at Great Harding; in the evening at Roughlee, where there was a large society. But since the men of smooth tongue broke in upon them, they are every man afraid of his brother; half of them ringing continually in the ears of the rest, "No works, no law, no bondage." However, we gathered above forty of the scattered sheep, who are still minded to stand in the old paths.

Tuesday 5, I preached at Roughlee at five; about eleven at Hinden, and about three at Widdap, a little village in the midst of huge, barren mountains, where also there was a society. But Mr. B. had effectually dispersed them, so that I found but three members left.

We rode thence about five miles to Stonesey-gate, which lies in a far more fruitful country. Here was a larger congregation at six o'clock than I had seen since my leaving Birstal. They filled both the yard and the road to a considerable distance, and many were seated on a long wall adjoining, which being built of loose stones, in the middle of the sermon all fell down at once. I never saw, heard, or read of such a thing before. The whole wall, and the persons sitting upon it, sunk down together, none of them screaming out, and very few altering their posture. And not one was hurt at all; but they appeared sitting at the bottom, just as they sat at the top. Nor was there any interruption either of my speaking, or of the attention of the hearers.

Wednesday 6, I rode to Shore, four miles south from Stonesey, lying about half way down a huge, steep mountain. Here I preached at twelve to a loving, simple-hearted people. We then climbed up to Todmorden-edge, the brow of a long chain of mountains, where I called a serious people to *Repent and believe the Gospel.*

Thursday 7, We left the mountains and came down to the fruitful valley of Rosendale. Here I preached to a large congregation of wild men; but it pleased God to hold them in chains. So that even when I had done, none offered any rudeness, but all went quietly away.

We came to Manchester between one and two. I had no thought of preaching here, till I was informed John Nelson had given public notice that I would preach at one o'clock. I was now in a great strait. Their house would not contain a tenth part of the people. And how the unbroken spirits of so large a town would endure preaching in the street, I knew not. Besides, that having rode a swift trot for several hours, and in so sultry a day, I was both faint and weary. But after considering that I was not going a warfare at my own cost, I walked straight to Salford Cross. A numberless crowd of people, partly ran before, partly followed after me. I thought it best not to sing, but looking round, asked abruptly, "Why do you look as if you had never seen me before? Many of you

have seen me in the neighbouring church, both preaching and administering the sacrament." I then began, *Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found; call upon him while he is near.* None interrupted at all, or made any disturbance, till, as I was drawing to a conclusion, a big man thrust in, with three or four more, and bade them "bring out the Engine." Our friends desired me to remove into a yard just by; which I did, and concluded in peace.

About six we reached Davy-holme, five miles from Manchester, where I was much refreshed both in preaching and meeting the society. Their neighbours here used to disturb them much. But a Justice of Peace, who feared God, granting them a warrant for the chief of the rioters, from that time they were in peace.

Friday 8, I preached at Oldfield-brow to a much larger congregation, though many of them had been hurt by doubtful disputations. But they now began again to take root downward, and bear fruit upward.

In the evening I preached at Booth-bank, among a quiet and loving people. But a famous Baptist teacher, Joseph Pickup by name, had lately occasioned some disturbance among them. He had given them a particular account of a conference he had had with me on the road: "What he said, and what I said, and how he had stopped my mouth with the Seventeenth Article." In the morning I told them the plain fact. I had overtaken him on the road, and we rode half a bow-shot together, but did not exchange five sentences till we parted.

About noon I preached at Mr. Anderton's, near Northwich; several of the gay and rich were there. I continued praying and talking with them till past two. We were then obliged to take horse for Astbury.

Here likewise I found an open door, though many fine people were of the congregation. But they behaved as people fearing God; as seriously as the poor ploughmen.

Sunday 10, I preached at Astbury at five; and at seven proclaimed at Congleton-Cross, *Jesus Christ, our wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.* It

rained most of the time that I was speaking; but that did not hinder abundance of people from quietly attending. Between twelve and one I preached near Macclesfield, and in the evening at Woodly-green.

Monday 11, I preached at noon about a mile from Ashton, and in the evening at Stahley-hall. Tuesday 12, I rode to Bongs, and explained to a serious people the Parable of the Prodigal Son. In the evening I exhorted them at Chinley, *Earnestly to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints.*

Wednesday 13, I preached at noon in the High-peak, and in the evening at Sheffield. Thursday 14, I rode to Barley-hall. As soon as I had done preaching, William Shent told me he was just come from Leeds, where he had left Mr. Perronet in a high fever. I had no time to spare. However, at three in the morning, on Friday 15, I set out, and between seven and eight came to Leeds. By the blessing of God, he recovered from that hour.

Being willing to redeem the time, I preached at noon, and then hastened back to Barley-hall, where I preached at seven, on *Glorify God with your bodies and your spirits, which are God's.*

Saturday 16, I spent an hour or two at Nottingham, and then rode on to Markfield. At eight I preached. The Church was pretty well filled, and God gave a blessing with his word.

Sunday 17, Desiring to improve the time we had, I preached at eleven in the morning, and in the evening. Monday 18, I rode to Wednesbury, and after two or three days spent there and at Birmingham, on Thursday 21, came to London.

Sunday 31, I preached at seven in Moorfields to a large and well-behaved congregation. Mr. Baleman desired me to preach a charity sermon at his church, St. Bartholomew the Great, in the afternoon. But it was with much difficulty that I got in; not only the Church itself, but all the entrances to it, being so thronged with people ready to tread upon one another. The great noise made me afraid

at first that my labour would be in vain. But that fear was soon over; for all was still as soon as the service began. I hope God gave us this day a token for good. If He will work, who shall stay his hand?

Thursday, June 4, I reduced the sixteen stewards to seven: to whom were given the following instructions.

1, You are to be men full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, that you may do all things, in a manner acceptable to God.

2, You are to be present every Tuesday and Thursday morning, in order to transact the temporal affairs of the society.

3, You are to begin and end every meeting with earnest prayer unto God, for a blessing on all your undertakings.

4, You are to produce your accounts the first Tuesday in every month, that they may be transcribed into the Ledger.

5, You are to take it in turn, month by month, to be chairman. The chairman is to see, that all the rules be punctually observed, and immediately to check him who breaks any of them.

6, You are to do nothing without the consent of the Minister, either actually had, or reasonably presumed.

7, You are to consider, whenever you meet, "God is here." Therefore, be deeply serious. Utter no trifling word. Speak, as in his presence, and to the glory of his great name.

8, When any thing is debated, let one at once stand up and speak, the rest giving attention. And let him speak just loud enough to be heard, in love and in the spirit of meekness.

9, You are continually to pray and endeavour, that a holy harmony of soul may in all things subsist among you: that in every step you may keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

10, In all debates, you are to watch over your spirits, avoiding as fire, all clamour and contention, being *swift to hear, slow to speak;* in honour every man preferring another before himself.

11, If you cannot relieve, do not grieve the poor. Give them soft words, if nothing else. Abstain from either sour looks, or harsh words. Let them be glad to come, even though they should go empty away. Put yourself in the place of every poor man; and deal with him as you would God should deal with you.

These instructions, we whose names are under-written, (being the present stewards of the society at London) do heartily receive, and earnestly desire to conform to. In witness whereof we have set our hands.

N. B. If any steward shall break any of the preceding rules, after having been thrice admonished by the Chairman, (whereof notice is to be immediately given the Minister) he is no longer steward.

Saturday 6, I appointed to speak with those who had applied to us on a physical account. I found there had been about six hundred, in about six months. More than three hundred of these came twice or thrice, and we saw no more of them. About twenty of those who had constantly attended, did not seem to be either better or worse. Above two hundred were sensibly better; and fifty-one thoroughly cured. The entire expence from the beginning till this time, was about thirty pounds.

Sunday 14, I preached at St. Bartholomew's again. I admire the behaviour of this people. None betrays either lightness or inattention. Surely all the seed sown here will not be lost.

Monday 15, Our Conference began, and ended on Saturday 20. The Minutes of all that passed therein, were, some time after, transcribed and published.

Sunday 21, I preached once more at St. Bartholomew's, on the Gospel for the day, the story of Dives and Lazarus. I was constrained to speak very plain and strong words. But God gave the audience ears to hear: so that they appeared as far from anger on the one hand, as from sleepiness on the other.

After preaching at the chapel in the afternoon, I set out for Brentford with Robert Swindels. The next day we

reached Marlborough; where one in the room beneath us was swearing desperately. Mr. Swindels stepped down and put into his hand, the paper entitled, *Swear not at all.* He thanked him, and promised to swear no more. And he did not while he was in the house.

Tuesday 23, We took horse at three, breakfasted at Chippenham, and dined at Kingswood, whence I walked to Bristol. About seven I went to the Old Orchard, where were rich and poor, a great multitude. We had a solemn and a joyful hour. Surely these fields are white unto the harvest!

Wednesday 24, We rode to Beercrocomb, hoping to reach Tavistock the next day. We set out at three. The rain began at four. We reached Colestock dropping wet, before seven. The rain ceased while we were in the house, but began when we took horse, and attended us all the way to Exeter. While we stayed here to dry our clothes, I took the opportunity of writing *A Word to a Freeholder.* Soon after three we set out. But it was near eight before we could reach Oakhampton.

Friday 26, We came to Tavistock before noon. But it being market-day, I did not preach till five in the evening. The rain began almost as soon as we began singing, and drove many out of the field. After preaching, (leaving Mr. Swindels there) I went on for Plymouth-Dock.

Within two miles of Plymouth, one overtook and informed us, that the night before, all the Dock was in an uproar; and a Constable, endeavouring to keep the peace, was beaten and much hurt. As we were entering the Dock, one met us, and desired we would go the back-way. "For," said he, "there are thousands of people waiting about Mr. Hide's door." We rode up straight into the midst of them. They saluted us with three huzzas, after which I alighted, took several of them by the hand, and began to talk with them. I would gladly have passed an hour among them, and believe if I had, there had been an end of the riot; but the day being far spent (for it was past nine o'clock) I was

persuaded to go in. The mob then recovered their spirits, and fought valiantly with the doors and windows. But about ten they were weary, and went every man to his own home.

Saturday 27, I preached at four, and then spoke severally to part of the society. As yet I have found only one person among them, who knew the love of God before my brother came. No wonder the devil was so still: for *his goods were in peace.*

About six in the evening I went to the place where I preached the last year. A little before we had ended the hymn, came the Lieutenant, a famous man, with his retinue of soldiers, drummers, and mob. When the drums ceased, a gentleman barber began to speak: but his voice was quickly drowned in the shouts of the multitude, who grew fiercer and fiercer, as their numbers increased. After waiting about a quarter of an hour, perceiving the violence of the rabble still increasing, I walked down into the thickest of them, and took the Captain of the mob by the hand. He immediately said, "Sir, I will see you safe home. Sir, no man shall touch you. Gentlemen, stand off. Give back. I will knock the first man down that touches him." We walked on in great peace; my conductor every now and then stretching out his neck, (he was a very tall man,) and looking round, to see if any behaved rudely, till we came to Mr. Hide's door. We then parted in much love. I stayed in the street near half an hour after he was gone, talking with the people, who had now forgot their anger, and went away in high good humour.

Sunday 28, I preached at five on the Common to a well-behaved, earnest congregation; and at eight near the Room, on *Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found.* The congregation was much larger than before, and equally serious and attentive. At ten I went to Church. Mr. Barlow preached an useful sermon, on *God be merciful to me a sinner!* And a thundering one in the afternoon, on *Where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched.*

At one I preached again near the Room, from those words in the Gospel for the day, *Come, for all things are ready.* And the hearts of all that were round about, seemed to bow down before the Lord. I designed to have preached on Stoke's-hill at five, but the rain would not permit. However, before six I went to the head of the town, where we had a large and venerable assembly. The fear of God seemed to spread itself over all, and they received what was spoken as the Word of God. Yet once more he hath opened the door, that the Gospel may have free course here also.

Monday 29, I took horse between three and four, and reached Perrin-will, three miles beyond Truro, about six. I preached to a very large congregation at seven, and the word was as the rain on the tender herb.

Tuesday 30, We came to St. Ives before morning prayers, and walked to Church without so much as one huzza. How strangely has one year changed the scene in Cornwall! This is now a peaceable, nay, honourable station. They give us good words almost in every place. What have we done, that the world should be so civil to us?

Wednesday, July 1, I spoke severally to all those who had votes in the ensuing election. I found them such as I desired. Not one would even eat or drink at the expence of him for whom he voted. Five guineas had been given to W. C., but he returned them immediately. T. M. positively refused to accept any thing. And when he heard, that his mother had received money privately, he could not rest till she gave him the three guineas, which he instantly sent back.

Thursday 2, was the day of election for Parliament-men. It was begun and ended without any hurry at all. I had a large congregation in the evening, among whom two or three roared for the disquietness of their heart: as did many at the meeting which followed; particularly those who had lost their first love.

Saturday 4, About two I preached in the street at Redruth. The congregation was large, and deeply attentive.

Indeed there are now scarce any in the town (but gentlemen) who are not convinced of the truth.

At seven I preached at Stithians, and at five in the morning. Sunday 5, we rode thence to St. Agnes. At two I preached to a large multitude of quiet hearers, many of whom seemed deeply affected. Yet soon after I had done, some began to divert themselves with throwing dirt and clods. Mr. Shepherd's horse was frighted at this, and as one of them stooped down, leaped clear over him. The man screamed amain, but finding himself not hurt, he and his comrades poured a shower of stones after him. Knowing nothing of the matter, I rode, soon after, through the midst of them; and none lifted up a hand, or opened his mouth.

About half an hour after five I began at Gwenap. I was afraid my voice would not suffice for such an immense multitude. But my fear was groundless, as the evening was quite calm, and the people all attention.

It was more difficult to be heard in meeting the society, amidst the cries of those on the one hand, who were pierced through as with a sword, and of those on the other, who were filled with joy unspeakable.

Monday 6, I preached about twelve at Bray. But neither the house nor the yard would contain the congregation. And all were serious. The scoffers are vanished away. I scarce saw one in the county.

I preached in the evening at Cambourn to an equally serious congregation. I looked about for John Rogers, the champion who had so often sworn, "I should never preach in that parish." But it seems, he had given up the cause, saying, "One may as well blow against the wind."

Tuesday 7, I preached at St. Ives. Wednesday 8, at Sithney. On Thursday the Stewards of all the societies met. I now diligently enquired, what exhorters there were in each society? Whether they had gifts meet for the work? Whether their lives were eminently holy? And whether there appeared any *fruit* of their labour? I found

ı the whole, 1, That there were no fewer than eighteen ırters in the county: 2, That three of these had no gifts .for the work, neither natural, nor supernatural: 3, That a h, had neither gifts nor grace, but was a dull, empty, self-eited man: 4, That a fifth had considerable gifts, but had ently made shipwreck of the grace of God: these there-I determined immediately to set aside, and advise our so-ss, not to hear them: 5, That J. B., A. L. and J. W., gifts and grace, and had been much blest in the work. ly, That the rest might be helpful when there was no cher, in their own or the neighbouring societies: pro-d they would take no step without the advice of those had more experience than themselves.

iday 10, I preached at Gulval-cross, in the midway een Penzance and Marazion. Saturday 11, I examined classes at St. Just, established and settled in the grace od.

ınday 12, At five I preached at St. Just: at twelve to argest congregation I ever saw at Morva. I then went hurch at Zunnor, and when the service was ended, ched under the Church-yard wall.

ence I rode to Newlin, a little town on the South-sea, ıt a mile from Penzance. At five I walked to a rising nd, near the sea-shore, where was a smooth, white sand and on. An immense multitude of people was gathered ther; but their voice was as the roaring of the sea. I n to speak, and the noise died away. But before I had d my prayer, some poor wretches of Penzance began ing and swearing, and thrusting the people off the t. In two minutes I was thrown into the midst of them: a one of Newlin, a bitter opposer till then, turned about swore, "None shall meddle with the man: I will lose life first." Many others were of his mind. So I walked ındred yards forward, and finished my sermon with-ıny interruption.

onday 13, I preached at Terdinny, in Beryan parish, re was a large and earnest congregation, notwithstand-he wonderful stories which they had frequently heard

related in the pulpit for certain truths. In the morning I wrote as follows :—

"TERDINNY, JULY 14, 1747.

"REV. SIR,

"I WAS exceedingly surprised when I was informed yesterday, of your affirming publicly in the Church, in the face of a whole congregation, 'Now Wesley has sent down for a hundred pounds; and it must be raised directly. Nay, it is true.' O Sir, is this possible? Can it be that you should be so totally void (I will not say of conscience, of religion, but) of good nature, as to credit such a tale? And of good manners and common sense, as *thus* to repeat it?

"I must beg that you would either justify or retract this: (for it is a point of no small concern,) and that I may know what you propose to do before I set out for London.

"I am, Rev, Sir,

"Your Brother and Servant for Christ's sake."

But he never favoured me with an answer.

I was welcomed into Port-Isaac by more company than I expected. The man who had some time since headed the mob, when they left Edward Grenfill for dead, had gathered all his troops, and received us as soon as we entered the first street. They all attended us to Mr. Scantlebury's door, who (Mr. T. informed me) desired I would lodge at his house. I knocked long at the door, but no one answered; at length, the master of the house appeared, an hoary, venerable old man. I asked, "Pray is Mr. T. here?" He replied, "Mr. T. is not here. But pray what may thy name be?" I answered, "My name is John Wesley." He said, "I have heard of thee." Perceiving that he had no more to say, I turned back to another house. The mob followed, hallooing and shouting; but none of them offered to strike, or even throw any thing. Only their capta i after some hard words, lifted up his stick at me once or twice. But one of his companions interposed. He then went quietly away.

After spending half an hour, we rode on to Camelford. We stopped at a friend's house near the town, and between

r and five walked to Mr. M.'s, who had often desired, t if Mr. Wesley came, he would preach either in his ıse or Bowling-green. But word came from the Mayor, ile I was there, "That if I did preach, he would prose- e him." Finding no convenient place could be procured, thought it best to go on to Mr. Bennett's. As I walked ough the town, we had a large train to attend us. Only stone struck me on the shoulder. Fifty or a hundred ited upon us about half a mile; we then went on quietly Tregeer.

Sunday 26, I preached at Tamerton Church in the morn- , Mary-week in the afternoon, and St. Ginny's in the ning. Monday 27, in the evening I preached in Tres- re Church, and at five on Tuesday and Wednesday rning. Tuesday evening I preached in Laneast Church: Wednesday noon, on St. Stephen's-down, near Launces- . Thence we rode to Cockernwells; and on Thursday he afternoon, came once more to Beercrocomb.

Friday 31, About noon I preached at Taunton. Much osition was expected, and several young gentlemen ıe, as it seemed, with that design; but they did not put ı execution. From hence we rode to Bridgwater: and n at this dry, barren place, God largely watered us with dew of heaven. After preaching I rode to Middlesey, nding only to meet the society. But notice had been en, that I would preach there. So I gave an exhortation ll that were present.

aturday, August 1, I preached here soon after four: ut noon at Waywick, and in the evening at Bristol.

unday 2, I preached in Kingswood at eight: in the af- oon at Connam; and at five in the old Orchard, to the est congregation which I ever remember to have seen Bristol. What hath God wrought in this city! and yet, haps, the hundredth part of his work does not now ear.

Tuesday 4, I set out for Ireland. We rode that day (but as hard labour,) to Builth, where I preached in the ning on the Prodigal Son. Wednesday 5, taking horse

early in the morning, we rode over the rough mountains of Radnorshire and Montgomeryshire, into Merionethshire. In the evening I was surprised with one of the finest prospects, in its kind, that ever I saw in my life. We rode in a green vale, shaded with rows of trees, which made an arbour for several miles; the river laboured along on our left hand, through broken rocks of every size, shape, and colour. On the other side of the river, the mountain rose to an immense height, almost perpendicular: and yet the tall, straight oaks stood, rank above rank, from the bottom to the very top; only here and there, where the mountain was not so steep, were interposed pastures or fields of corn; at a distance, as far as the eye could reach, as it were, by way of contrast—

"A mountain huge uprear'd
Its broad, bare back:"

with vast, rugged rocks hanging over its brow, that seemed to nod, portending ruin.

Thursday 6, Between three and four in the afternoon, we with some difficulty, reached Caernarvon. This has the face of a fortified town, having walls (such as they are,) and a castle as considerable as that of Cardiff. Here we parted with our guide and interpreter; Mr. Philips, Mr. Tucker, and I, set out for Holyhead. We intended to cross over into Anglesey, at Baldon-Ferry, four miles from Caernarvon; but not being able to enquire our way (as we spoke no Welsh, and the country people no English,) we could not find where the Ferry was, till we saw the boat coming over.

We went into the boat about sun-set, and lodged that night at a little inn by the water-side.

Friday 7, We made a little stop at Llangevenye, seven miles from the Ferry. We should have hired a guide, to have steered us over the sands; but it was quite out of my mind, till we came to them. So we went straight across, and came to Holyhead, without any stop or hindrance at all.

Saturday 8, Finding one of the packet-boats ready, we went on board about eight o'clock in the morning. It was a dead calm when we rowed out of the harbour; but about two in the afternoon the wind sprung up, and continued till near four on Sunday morning, when we were in sight of the Irish shore.

I could not but observe, 1, That while we were sailing with a fresh gale, there was no wind at all a mile off; but a ship which lay a-breast of us was quite becalmed, till we left her out of sight: 2, That a French privateer, which for several days had taken every ship which sailed on that coast, was taken and brought into Dublin Bay, the very morning we arrived there.

Before ten we came to St. George's Quay. Soon after we landed, hearing the bells ringing for Church, I went thither directly. Mr. Lunell came to the Quay just after I was gone, and left word at the house where our things were, "He would call again at one." He did so, and took us to his house. About three I wrote a line to the Curate of St. Mary's: who sent me word, "He should be glad of my assistance." So I preached there (another gentleman reading prayers) to as gay and senseless a congregation as ever I saw. After sermon Mr. R. thanked me very affectionately, and desired I would favour him with my company in the morning.

Monday 10, I met the society at five, and at six preached on *Repent and believe the Gospel.* The room, large as it was, would not contain the people, who all seemed to taste the good word.

Between eight and nine I went to Mr. R., (the Curate of St. Mary's) he professed abundance of good will, commended my sermon in strong terms, and begged he might see me again the next morning: but at the same time, he expressed the most rooted prejudice against lay-preachers, or preaching out of a Church; and said, "The Archbishop of Dublin is resolved to suffer no such irregularities in his diocese."

I went to our brethren, that we might pour out our souls

before God. I then went straight to wait upon the Archbishop himself. But he was gone out of town.

In the afternoon a gentleman desired to speak with me. He was troubled that it was not with him as in times past; when at the age of fourteen, the power of God came mightily upon him, constraining him to rise out of bed, to pour out his prayers and tears, from an heart overflowed with love and joy in the Holy Ghost. For some months he scarce knew whether he was in the body, continually walking and talking with God. He has now an abiding peace; but cannot rest, till the love of God again fills his heart.

Between six and seven I went to Marlborough-street. The house wherein we preached, was originally designed for a Lutheran Church, and will contain about four hundred people. But four or five times the number may stand in the yard. Many of the rich were there, and many Ministers of every denomination. I preached on *The Scripture hath concluded all under sin*, and spoke closely and strongly. But none at all seemed to be offended. If my brother or I could have been here for a few months, I question if there might not have been a larger society here, than even in London itself.

Tuesday 11, I waited on the Archbishop at Newbridge, ten miles from Dublin. I had the favour of conversing with him two or three hours; in which I answered abundance of objections. In the evening I returned to Mr. Lunell's. John Trembath preached at Marlborough-street, to a large congregation both of Laity and Clergy, who behaved with much decency.

Wednesday 12, I purposely delayed examining the Classes, till I had gone through the Rules of the Society, part of which I explained to them at large, with the reasons of them, every morning.

Thursday 13, We walked in the afternoon to see two persons who were sick near Phœnix-Park. That part of it which joins to the city, is sprinkled up and down with trees, not unlike Hyde-Park. But about a mile from the town is a thick grove of old, tall oaks; and in the centre of this,

round open green (from which are vistas all four ways) ith a handsome stone pillar in the midst, having a phœnix i the top.

I continued preaching morning and evening, to many ore than the house would contain, and had more and ore reason to hope, they would not all be unfruitful arers.

Friday 14, I procured a genuine account of the great ish Massacre in 1641. Surely never was there such a ansaction before, from the beginning of the world! More an two hundred thousand men, women, and children, itchered within a few months in cool blood, and with such rcumstances of cruelty, as to make one's blood run cold! is well if God has not a controversy with that nation, on is very account to this day.

Saturday 15, I stayed at home and spoke to all that me. But I found scarce any Irish among them. At least nety-nine in a hundred of the native Irish, remain in e religion of their fore-fathers. The Protestants, whether Dublin or elsewhere, are almost all transplanted lately om England. Nor is it any wonder, that those who are rn Papists, generally live and die such; when the Protstants can find no better ways to convert them, than Penal ws and Acts of Parliament.

Sunday 16, We went to St. James's Church in the rning, (there being no service at St. Patrick's,) and in e afternoon to Christ-church. When I came out of the oir, I could not but observe well nigh the whole congreation, drawn up in rows in the body of the Church, from e end to the other. I walked through the midst of them. nd they stared their fill. But scarce one spoke either good bad. In the evening I had a large number of them in arlborough-street, both within doors and without.

Monday 17, I began examining the society, which I nished the next day. It contained about two hundred and urscore members, many of whom appeared to be strong faith. The people, in general, are of a more teachable irit, than in most parts of England. But on that very

account they must be watched over with the more care, being equally susceptible of good and ill impressions.

Tuesday 18, I was informed, that Mr. Latrobe, the Moravian Preacher, had read in his pulpit, part of the Short View of the Difference between the Moravians and Methodists, with the addition of many bitter words. Herein he did us, unawares, a signal favour: giving an authentic proof that we have nothing to do with them.

Friday 21, I was desired to see the town and the College. The town has scarce any public building, except the Parliament-house, which is not at all remarkable. The Churches are poor and mean, both within and without. St. Stephen's-green might be made a beautiful place, being abundantly larger than Lincoln's-Inn-Square. But the houses round about it (besides that some are low and bad,) are quite irregular, and unlike each other. And little care is taken of the Green itself, which is as rough and uneven as a common.

The College contains two little quadrangles, and one about as large as that of New College in Oxford. There is likewise a bowling-green, a small garden, and a little park; and a new built handsome library.

I expected we should have sailed on Saturday 22, but no packet-boat was come in. In order to make the best of our time, I preached this day at noon as well as in the evening. It was not for nothing that our passage was delayed. Who knows what a day may bring forth?

Sunday 23, The Room was so crowded in the morning, that I thought it best to begin before the usual time in the evening. Yet were a multitude of people got together, in the house, yard, and street, far more than my voice could reach. I cried aloud to as many of them as could hear, *All things are ready: come ye to the marriage.* I had then delivered my message. So before ten we took boat, and about eleven reached the ship.

The wind was right a-head. Then succeeded a dead calm. So that we did not get out of the bay till Monday evening, nor within sight of Wales till Wednesday 26. By

this mean we had an opportunity of talking largely both with our fellow-passengers and the sailors, many of whom received our words with gladness. About two in the afternoon we landed at Holyhead. Between three and four we took horse, and came in the evening to Thomas Thomas's, near Ryd-y-Spardon. He had before desired Jonathan Reeves to call there in his return. But we were at a great loss, none in the house understanding English, and none of us understanding Welsh; till Mr. Morgan, a neighbouring schoolmaster came, who took us to his own house; and in the morning, Thursday 27, rode with us to the Passage. We reached Caernarvon before ten, Tannabull in the evening, and Lanidlos, Friday 28.

Saturday 29, About noon we came to Builth. At three I preached in the main street, and at Garth in the evening, where I met my brother, going to Ireland.

Sunday 30, He preached at Builth about nine. Thence we went to Maesmynis' Church. But it would not near contain the congregation: so that I was constrained to preach in the Church-yard. Thence I rode to Lansenfried. Here also the Church not being able to hold the people, I came out to a large tombstone, under a shady tree, and proclaimed the *Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

One of the audience pressed me much to preach at Clero; telling me Mr. J. had often said, "I should be welcome to his pulpit." Monday 31, I rode thither and called on Mr. J. But (as I supposed it would) his heart failed. I preached in a large smooth meadow, on *Christ our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.* And a multitude of people were gathered from all parts, though on so short a warning.

We set out early, September 1, and after a short stop near Crickhowell, aimed at the nearest way, over the mountains, to Cardiff. But it was near four in the afternoon before we could reach a little village at the foot of the hills called Risca. The people at the inn here were civil above measure; particularly, a young, genteel man, who

was son to the woman of the house, and lived at a small distance from it. He rode with us two miles, to shew us the nearest way, and desired, if we came again, we would lodge at his house. The reason of all this kindness was, that a year or two ago, he had heard me preach at Bristol.

I reached Cardiff between seven and eight, and immediately went to the Room. My strength just lasted till I had done preaching. I was then quite ready to lie down and rest.

Wednesday 2, I spent some time with T. Prosser, who had filled the society with vain janglings. I found the fault lay in his head rather than his heart; he is a honest, well-meaning man: but no more qualified either by nature or grace to expound Scripture than to read Lectures in Logic and Algebra.

Yet even men of sense have taken this dull mystical man to be far deeper than he is. And it is very natural so to do. If we look into a dark pit, it seems deep; but the darkness only makes it seem so. Bring the light, and we shall see it is very shallow.

In the evening I preached at Fonmon. But the congregation being larger than the chapel would contain, I was obliged to preach in the court. I was myself much comforted, in comforting the weary and heavy-laden.

Friday 4, There was a very large congregation at Cardiff Castle-yard in the evening. I afterwards met the society, spoke plainly to them, and left them once more in peace.

Saturday 5, In my road to Bristol I read over Q. Curtius, a fine writer, both as to thought and language. But what a hero does he describe? Whose murder of his old friend and companion Clitus (though not done of a sudden, as is commonly supposed, but deliberately, after some hours consideration,) was a virtuous act in comparison of his butchering poor Philotas, and his good old father Parmenio. Yet even this was a little thing, compared to the thousands and ten thousands he slaughtered, both in battle, and in and after taking cities, for no other crime than defending their

wives and children. I doubt whether Judas claims so hot a place in hell as Alexander the Great.

Thursday 10, I preached at Bath about noon, and in the evening at Bearfield. Friday 11, we rode to Reading; Mr. Richards, a tradesman in the town, came to our inn, and intreated me to preach at a room which he had built for that purpose; I did so at six in the morning, and then rode on. It rained all the way till we came to London.

Saturday 19, Mrs. Baddiley desired me to go up to her son, who had been out of order for some days. For one or two years he was a pattern to all the family, till he began to converse more with some *good sort of men*. He then grew cooler and cooler in the ways of God, and in a few months quitted the society, resolving, he said, to "keep to his church, and live a sober life, and that was enough." That was too much in a little time. He grew tired of his church too, and dropped that and sobriety together. He was now, his mother informed me, dead as a stone to all the things of God. I spake a few words, and went to prayer. And God broke his heart. He continued weeping and praying all the day, and all the night, and at six in the morning fell asleep.

Tuesday 22, I rode to Shoreham, where I preached every morning in the house, and every evening in the Church. But the season for fruit is not yet.

Sunday 27, I preached in Moorfields, morning and evening, and continued so to do till November. I know no church in London (that in West-street excepted) where there is so serious a congregation.

Monday 28, I talked with one, who a little time before was so overwhelmed with affliction, that she went out one night to put an end to it all, by throwing herself into the New River. As she went by the Foundery (it being a watch-night) she heard some people singing. She stopped and went in: she listened awhile, and God spake to her heart. She had no more desire to put an end to her life, but to die to sin and live to God.

Tuesday 29, I retired to Mrs. Sparrow's, at Lewisham, where also I preached every evening.

Saturday, October 3, I returned to London. In the evening I buried a young man, who had but lately known God. But from that time, he had lived much in a little space. His soul was clouded at the beginning of his illness, but the clouds soon vanished away, and he continued in the calm joy of faith, till his spirit returned to God.

Friday 9, We had a watch-night at the chapel. Being weak in body, I was afraid I could not go through it. But the longer I spoke, the more strength I had; insomuch, that at twelve o'clock all my weariness and weakness were gone, and I was as one refreshed with wine.

The former part of the next week, and of some others, I spent at Newington and Lewisham in writing. Friday 16, I went with two or three friends, to see what are called, The Electrical Experiments. How must these also confound those poor half-thinkers, who will believe nothing but what they can comprehend. Who can comprehend how fire lives in water, and passes through it as freely as through air? How flame issues out of my finger, real flame, such as sets fire to spirits of wine? How these and many more as strange phænomena arise from the turning round a glass globe? It is all mystery: if happily, by any means, God may hide pride from man!

Tuesday 20, I read Dr. Doddridge's Account of Colonel Gardiner. And what matters it, whether his soul was set at liberty by a fever, or a lochaber axe; seeing he is gone to God.

Thursday 29, T. C., who had been with the brethren some years, desired to speak with me. He said, "He could find no rest any where else, and was constrained to return where he was first called." I believe he obeyed that conviction for a month. *Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.*

Monday, November 2, I preached at Windsor at noon, and in the afternoon rode to Reading. Mr. J. R. had just sent his brother word, "That he had hired a mob to pull

down his preaching-house that night." In the evening, Mr. R. S. overtook a large company of bargemen walking towards it, whom he immediately accosted, and asked, "If they would go with him and hear a good sermon!" Telling them, "I will make room for you, if you were as many more. They said, they would go with all their hearts. "But, neighbours," said he, "would it not be as well to leave those clubs behind you? Perhaps some of the women may be frightened at them." They threw them all away, and walked quietly with him to the house, where he set them in a pew.

In the conclusion of my sermon, one of them who used to be their captain, being a head taller than his fellows, rose up, and looking round the congregation, said, "The gentleman says nothing but what is good, I say so, and there is not a man here that shall dare to say otherwise."

Thursday 5, I began examining the Classes, and every person severally, touching that bane of religion, evil speaking; as well as touching their manner of life before they heard this preaching, and by comparing what they were with what they are now, we found more abundant cause to praise God.

Friday 20, I was informed of a remarkable providence. One going home the last watch-night, met a woman in Black-Friars, who enquired, which was the way to the water-side? She said, "It is so late, I doubt you will get no boat." The woman answered, "I do not want one." On this she stopped and began to question her more closely, "what she was going to do?" After a while, she confessed she was going to drown herself, being under heavy affliction. But she was soon brought to a better mind, and seemed resolved to cast her care on him who had so signally cared for her.

Sunday 22, I spent an hour with Mary Cheesebrook, a strange monument of the mercy of God. About six years ago, she was without God in the world, being a kept mistress. An acquaintance brought her one evening to the Chapel in West-street, where God gave her a new heart. She shed abundance of tears, she plucked out the right eye,

and cast it from her; and from that time procured for herself, by hard labour what was needful for life and godliness. She missed no opportunity of coming to the preaching; often after a hard day's work at May-Fair, she came to the Foundery in the evening, running the greater part of the way. Every Saturday, after paying her little debts, she gave away all the money that remained; leaving the morrow to take thought for the things of itself.

Two years ago she caught a violent cold, which she neglected, till it settled upon her lungs. I knew nothing of her illness till it was past cure, she being then worn to a skeleton. Upon my mentioning her case to Mrs. ——, she sent her half-a-guinea. Molly immediately sent for a poor man, a baker, of whom she had lately taken her bread. She owed him about ten shillings. But an earnest dispute arose between them. For the man would not take the money, saying, "She wanted it more than he." But at length she prevailed, saying, "She could not die in peace, if she owed any man any thing."

But I found that something still lay upon her mind. Upon my pressing her to speak freely, she told me it was a concern for her child, a girl about eight years old, who, after she was gone, would have no friend to take care either of her soul or body. I replied, "Be at rest in this thing also. I will take care of the child." From that time she lay (two or three weeks) quietly waiting for the salvation of God.

Friday 27, Poor Mr. Simpson spent an hour with me, distressed on every side: drawn up to London by fair and specious promises: and then left to perish, unless he would promise, "Never more to preach out of a Church."—Alas! what a method of conversion is this! I love the Church too. But I would no more *starve* men into the Church, than *burn* them into it.

Saturday 28, Mr. H., one of the first ten who met in band with my brother and me, desired to speak with me. I had not exchanged a word with him before, since we parted at Fetter-lane. He said, "About six years ago, the Brethren told me, it was the will of the Lamb, that I should give

myself to the public work, quitting all secular business." He obeyed, discharged his men, sold his goods, parted with his house. From that time he not only preached, but was employed in places of the greatest trust.

About two years ago, having many doubts upon his mind, concerning their method of proceeding, he wrote a long letter to the Count, who seemed to take it well; and he continued labouring as before, both in preaching and in the government of the Church.

But about a month ago, he was ordered to leave off preaching, and return to his trade. Having learned not to dispute, but obey, he hired a house, and set up a sign. Nevertheless he could not be easy. He mused much, and prayed much, and at last resolved to come to me.

He seemed to tell me all his heart, both at this and our following interviews. If he only *seemed*, let him look to it. *Ego in portu navigo.*

Sunday 29, About six in the morning Mrs. Witham slept in the Lord. A mother in Israel hast thou also been, and thy works shall praise thee in the gates. Some years ago, before Mr. Witham died, she seemed to stand on the brink of eternity. But God renewed her strength, till she had finished the work which he had given her to do. She was an eminent pattern of calm boldness for the truth, of simplicity and godly sincerity: of unwearied constancy in attending all the ordinances of God, of zeal for God, and for all good works; and of self-denial in every kind. Blessed is the dead that hath thus lived and died in the Lord! For she rests from her labours, and her works follow her.

Monday 30, I set out early, and called on Mr. H. at Brentford, who rode on with me to Basingstoke that night. We were thoroughly wet with the heavy rain, which intermitted in the night, but began again before we took horse in the morning.

Tuesday, December 1, About noon we reached Stockbridge. The rain then changed into snow. Seeing no prospect of fair weather, after resting a while, we set out in the

midst of the storm. It blew such a hurricane, as I have scarce known in England, and that full in our teeth, so that our horses reeled to and fro, and had much ado to keep their feet. The snow likewise drove so vehemently in our faces, in riding over the open Downs, where for several miles there was neither house nor tree, nor shrub to shelter, that it was hard labour to get forward. But in about an hour, the sky cleared up, and we rode on comfortably to Salisbury.

From the concurring account of many witnesses, who spoke no more than they personally knew, I now learned as much as is hitherto brought to light, concerning the fall of poor Mr. H.

Twelve years ago he was, without all question, filled with faith and the love of God. He was a pattern of humility, meekness, seriousness, and above all, of self-denial: so that in all England I knew not his fellow.

It were easy to point out the several steps, whereby he fell from his steadfastness; even till he fell into a course of adultery, yea, and avowed it in the face of the sun!

Thursday 3, I took my leave of this uncomfortable place, and set out for Bristol. But the heavy rains, together with the melting snow, had made the lower parts of the road scarce passable. However, we made a shift to reach Philipsnorton that night, and Bristol the next day.

We found fresh proof every day, that God had brought us hither, both to give and to receive a blessing.

Monday 14, We had a glorious hour, with a few that knew the Lord: we then rode to Bearfield, where I preached at noon, with a deep sense of his presence. Some who were laughing when I began, hid their faces soon, being ashamed to be seen in tears. We rode on in the afternoon, and came the next evening, thoroughly weary and wet to Reading.

Monday 21, I went to Newington. Here, in the intervals of writing, I read the deaths of some, of the order *de la Trappe*. I am amazed at the allowance which God makes for invincible ignorance. Notwithstanding the mixture of superstition, which appears in every one of these,

yet what a strong vein of piety runs through all! What deep experience of the inward work of God! Of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost!

Being not convinced, that I yet delivered my own soul, with regard to that unhappy man, on Tuesday 22, I wrote once more to Mr. Hall, as follows:—

"LONDON, DEC. 22, 1747.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"1, When you were at Oxford with me, fourteen or fifteen years ago, you were holy and unblamable in all manner of conversation. I greatly rejoiced in the grace of God which was given unto you, which was often a blessing to my own soul. Yet even then you had frequently starts of thought which were not of God, though they at first appeared so to be. But you were humble and teachable: you were easily convinced, and those imaginations vanished away.

"2, More than twelve years ago, you told me, 'God had revealed it to you, that you should marry my youngest sister.' I was much surprised, being well assured that you were *able to receive* our Lord's *saying* (so you had continually testified,) and to be a *Eunuch for the kingdom of heaven's sake.* But you vehemently affirmed, 'The thing was of God: you were certain it was his will. God had made it plain to you, that you must marry, and that she was the very person.' You asked and gained her consent, and fixed the circumstances relating thereto.

"3, Hence I date your fall. Here were several faults in one. You leaned altogether to your own understanding, not consulting either me, who was then the guide of your soul, or the parents of your intended wife, till you had settled the whole affair. And while you followed the voice of nature, you said, 'It was the voice of God.'

"4, In a few days you had a counter revelation, 'That you were not to marry her, but her sister.' This last error was far worse than the first. But you were now quite above conviction. So, in spite of her poor astonished parent, of her brothers, of all your vows and promises, you shortly after jilted the younger, and married the elder sister. The

other who had honoured you as an angel from heaven, and still loved you much too well, (for you had stole her heart from the God of her youth,) refused to be comforted. She fell into a lingering illness, which terminated in her death. And doth not her blood still cry unto God from the earth? Surely it is upon *your* head.

"5, Till this time you were a pattern of lowliness, meekness, seriousness, and continual advertence to the presence of God. And, above all, of self-denial in every kind, and of suffering all things with joyfulness. But there was now a worm at the root of the goard, yet it did not presently wither away; but for two years or more after your marriage, you behaved nearly the same as before.

"Then anger and surliness began to appear, particularly toward your wife. But it was not long before you were sensible of this, and you seemed to have conquered it.

"6, You went up to London ten years ago. After this you began to speak on any head, not with your usual diffidence and self-abasement, but with a kind of confidence in your own judgment, and an air of self-sufficiency. A natural consequence was, the treating with more sharpness and contempt, those who opposed either your judgment or practice.

"7, You came to live in London; you then for a season appeared to gain ground again, you acted in concert with my brother and me, heard our advice, and sometimes followed it. But this continued only till you contracted a fresh acquaintance with some of the brethren of Fetter-lane. Thenceforward you were quite shut up to us, we had no manner of influence over you, you were more and more prejudiced against us, and would receive nothing that we said.

"8, About six years ago you removed to Salisbury, and began a society there; for a year or two you went with them to the Church and sacrament, and simply preached faith working by love. God was with you, and they increased both in number, and in the knowledge and love of God.

"About four years since you broke off all friendship with us; you would not so much as make use of our hymns,

ther in public or private, but laid them quite aside, and ok the German hymn-book in their stead.

"You would not willingly suffer any of your people to ad any thing which we wrote. You angrily caught one f my sermons out of your servant's hands; saying, 'You ould have no such books read in your house:' In much ie same manner you spoke to Mrs. Whitemarsh, when you ound her reading one of the Appeals: So that, as far as in ou lay, you fixed a great gulph between us and you hich remains to this day, notwithstanding a few steps tely made towards a re-union.

"About the same time you left off going to Church, as ell as to the sacrament. Your followers very soon trod in our steps; and not content with neglecting the ordinances God, they began, (after your example,) to despise them, nd all that continued to use them: speaking with equal ontempt of the public service, of private prayer, of baptism, nd of the Lord's supper.

"From this time also you began to espouse and teach any uncommon opinions: as, 'That there is no resurrecon of the body, that there is no general judgment to come; nd that there is no hell, no worm that never dieth, no fire at never shall be quenched.'

"9, Your seriousness and advertence to the presence of od now daily declined. You could talk on any thing, r nothing, just as others did. You could break a jest, or ugh at it heartily; and as for fasting, abstinence, and lf-denial, you, with the Moravians, 'trampled it under ot.'"

In the following paragraphs I recited to him the things he ad done, with regard to more than one or two, or three omen: concluding thus:

"And now you know not that you have done any thing miss! You can eat, drink, and be merry! You are every ay engaged with variety of company, and frequent the offee-houses! Alas, my brother, what is this! How are ou above measure hardened by the deceitfulness of sin! Do

you remember the story of Santon Barsisa? I pray God your last end may not be like his! O how have you grieved the Spirit of God! Return to him with weeping, fasting, and mourning. You are in the very belly of hell; only the pit hath not yet shut its mouth upon you. Arise, thou sleeper, and call upon thy God! Perhaps he may yet be found. Because he still bears with me, I cannot despair for you. But you have not a moment to lose. May God, this instant, strike you to the heart, that you may feel his wrath abiding on you, and have no rest in your bones, by reason of your sin, till all your iniquities are done away!"

Friday 25, We met at four, and solemnly rejoiced in God our Saviour. I found much revival in my own soul this day; and so did many others also. Both this and the following days, I strongly urged the wholly giving up ourselves to God, and renewing in every point our covenant, that the Lord should be our God.

Saturday 26, I called on one, with whose mother I had prayed, a little before her death. I knew not till now, how she came to desire me, of all persons, to pray with her. It seems her daughter, who was of a lion-like spirit, came to me some time before, and told me, she had just been quarrelling with her aunt, on my account, and was so angry that she struck her. I told her, "Then go and ask her pardon." She went home, ran to her aunt, and asked her pardon. While they were hanging upon each other, both in tears, her mother came in, being afraid they were fighting, she cried out, "Sister, what is Sally doing to you?" She replied, "She has been just asking me pardon." "I never knew her to do such a thing since she was born," said her mother: "Sally, who taught you that?" "My Minister," said Sally. All were struck, and their enmity was at an end.

January 1, 1748, We began the year at four in the morning, with joy and thanksgiving. The same spirit was in the midst of us, both at noon and in the evening. Surely we shall, at length, present ourselves a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God.

Wednesday 6, I conversed an hour with Counsellor G., many years eminent for an utter disregard of all religion. He had lately contracted an acquaintance with Mr. K., in consequence of which, he soon set upon his wife. She told him, "Sir, here is a fuller answer to your objections, than I am able to give;" and desired him seriously to read the Earnest Appeal. He did so, and was thoroughly convinced, that there is reality in religion.

I believe he told me all that was in his heart. He stayed till the Watch-night service was ended, and appeared much affected. Let but a little seed be sown, and God is able to give it an increase.

Saturday 16, Upon reviewing the account of the sick, we found great reason to praise God. Within the year, about three hundred persons had received medicines occasionally. About one hundred had regularly taken them, and submitted to a proper regimen. More than ninety of these were entirely cured of diseases they had long laboured under. And the expense of medicines for the entire year, amounted to some shillings above forty pounds.

Sunday 17, I made a public collection towards a Lending-stock for the Poor. Our rule is, To lend only twenty shillings at once, which is repayed weekly within three months. I began this about a year and a half ago: thirty pounds sixteen shillings were then collected; and out of this, no less than two hundred and fifty-five persons have been relieved in eighteen months. Dr. W., hearing of this design, sent a guinea toward it; as did an eminent Deist the next morning.

Monday 25, I preached at four, and afterward set out for Brentford. Thence I rode to Windsor, and preached about noon. We lodged at Morrel-green, and came to Fisherton on Tuesday, about two o'clock.

Mr. Hall having heard I was coming, had given strict orders, that no one should be let in. The inner door he had locked himself, and (I suppose,) taken away the key. Yet when I knocked at the outer gate, which was locked

also, William Sims opened the wicket. I walked straight in. A girl stood in the gate-way, but turned as soon as she saw me. I followed close at her heels, and went in after her, at a back door. I asked the maid, "Where is Mr. H.?" She said, "In the parlour," and went in unto him: I followed her, and found him sitting with my sister. But he presently rose and went up stairs. He then sent William Sims down, and bid him, "Tell my brother, he has no business in my house." After a few minutes, I went to a house in the town, and my sister came to me. In about an hour she returned home. But he sent word to the gate, "She might go to the place whence she came."

I met a little company, gathered up out of the wreck, both in the evening, and at five in the morning, and exhorted them, to go on in the Bible-way, and not to be wise above that which is written.

Thursday 28, I commended them to the grace of God, and set out for Deverel Long-bridge. About ten o'clock we were met by a loaded waggon, in a deep, hollow way. There was a narrow path between the road and the bank. I stepped into this, and John Trembath followed me. When the waggon came near, my horse began to rear, and to attempt climbing up the bank. This frighted the horse, which was close behind, and made him prance and throw his head to and fro, till the bit of the bridle catched hold of the cape of my great coat, and pulled me backward off my horse. I fell as exactly on the path between the waggon and the bank, as if one had taken me in his arms, and laid me down there. Both our horses stood stock still, one just behind me, the other before: So, by the blessing of God, I rose unhurt, mounted again, and rode on.

At twelve, I preached at Deverel; in the evening at Bearfield; and on Friday 29, came to Bristol.

Monday, February 1, I received an account of Mr. Towers of Leeds, who had even prayed, that he might *not know* his sins forgiven, (as believing it was the highest presumption.) But notwithstanding this, as he lay one night

upon his bed, he did receive the knowledge of salvation, by the remission of sins. And he declared it boldly, to the confusion at least, if not conviction of those who denied the truth.

Saturday 6, I preached at eight in the morning at Bath, and in the evening at Coleford. The Colliers of this place were *darkness* indeed: but now they are *light in the Lord.*

Tuesday 9, I met about sixty of the Society in Bristol, to consult about enlarging the Room; and indeed securing it; for there was no small danger of its falling upon our heads. In two or three days, two hundred and thirty pounds were subscribed. We immediately procured experienced builders to make an estimate of the expense; and I appointed five Stewards (besides those of the society,) to superintend the work.

Friday 12, After preaching at Oakhill about noon, I rode on to Shepton, and found them all under a strange consternation. A mob, they said, was hired, prepared, and made sufficiently drunk, in order to do all manner of mischief. I began preaching between four and five, none hindered or interrupted at all. We had a blessed opportunity, and the hearts of many were exceedingly comforted. I wondered what was become of the mob; but we were quickly informed they mistook the place, imagining I should alight (as I used to do,) at William Stones' house, and had summoned by drum all their forces together to meet me at my coming. But Mr. Swindels innocently carrying me to the other end of the town: they did not find their mistake till I had done preaching; so that the hindering this, which was one of their designs, was utterly disappointed.

However, they attended us from the Preaching-house to William Stones's, throwing dirt, stones, and clods in abundance; but they could not hurt us, only Mr. Swindels had a little dirt on his coat, and I a few specks on my hat.

After we were gone into the house, they began throwing great stones, in order to break the door; but perceiving this would require some time, they dropped that design for the

present. They first broke all the tiles on the pent-house over the door, and then poured in a shower of stones at the windows. One of their Captains in his great zeal, had followed us into the house, and was now shut in with us. He did not like this, and would fain have got out; but it was not possible. So he kept as close to me as he could, thinking himself safe when he was near me. But staying a little behind, when I went up two pair of stairs, and stood close on one side, where we were a little sheltered, a large stone struck him on the forehead, and the blood spouted out like a stream. He cried out, "O Sir, are we to die to-night? What must I do? What must I do?" I said, "Pray to God. He is able to deliver you from all danger." He took my advice, and began praying in such a manner, as he had scarce done ever since he was born.

Mr. Swindels and I then went to prayer: after which I told him, "We must not stay here. We must go down immediately." He said, "Sir, we cannot stir, you see how the stones fly about." I walked straight through the room, and down the stairs; and not a stone came in, till we were at the bottom. The mob had just broke open the door, when we came into the lower room; and exactly while they burst in at one door, we walked out at the other. Nor did one man take any notice of us, though we were within five yards of each other.

They filled the house at once, and proposed setting it on fire; but one of them happening to remember that his own house was next, with much ado persuaded them not to do it. Hearing one of them cry out, "They are gone over the grounds," I thought the advice was good. So we went over the grounds to the farther end of the town, where Abraham Jenkins waited, and undertook to guide us to Oak-hill.

I was riding on in Shepton-lane, it being now quite dark, when he cried out, "Come down: come down from the bank." I did as I was bid; but the bank being high, and the side very near perpendicular, I came down all at once, my horse and I tumbling one over another. But we both rose

unhurt. In less than an hour we came to Oak-hill, and the next morning to Bristol.

Sunday 14, At seven I preached at Bedminster. At Kingswood I began between eight and nine. At Connam about two, (where I read prayers also) and in Bristol at five. After the society was the love-feast: at which my soul was refreshed; but my body was worn out, so that I could hardly speak to be heard: nor did I recover my voice for several days.

Monday 15, I set out for Ireland. We came to the New Passage at ten. After waiting about five hours, we found (which they did not care to confess) that the boatmen did not dare to venture out. It blew a storm. We then rode to the Old Passage; but the boat was just gone off.

Tuesday 16, They talked of passing early; but the storm was too high. I then walked to Aust, where I preached about ten, to a small, serious congregation. Between four and five, the wind somewhat abating, a boat ventured out, and carried us over. We passed through Chepstow soon after sun-set, and pushed on, though it grew dark, and the untracked snow lay thick upon the ground. About eight we reached the Star, a good, though small inn, five long miles from Chepstow. It snowed all night.

Wednesday 17, We set out before day; but found it bad travelling, there being no path to be seen, neither foot-step of man or beast. However, in four or five hours we reached Abergavenny, and Brecknock before three in the afternoon.

Our landlady here almost forced us to take a guide. And it was extremely well she did. For the snow had so entirely covered the roads, that our guide himself mistook the way more than once. So that if he had not been with us, we should, without doubt, have lodged upon the mountains.

I preached in the evening at Builth, and at noon the next day; at Garth in the evening, and twice on Friday.

Saturday 20, I preached in Maesmennys' Church in the afternoon; at Garth morning and evening.

Sunday 21, I preached in the morning in Lanzanfried Church. The service at Builth was not over till past two. I then began in the Church-yard, notwithstanding the North-east wind, to call sinners to repentance. More than all the town were gathered together in that pleasant vale, and made the woods and mountains echo while they sung,—

> "Ye mountains and vales, in praises abound!
> Ye hills and ye dales, continue the sound:
> Break forth into singing ye trees of the wood:
> For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God."

In the evening I preached at Garth, and on Monday 22, at five in the morning. A little before sun-rise we took horse, it being a clear sharp frost. We had waited four days in hopes the snow would melt, fearing the drifts of it would lie deep upon the mountain; particularly as we journeyed Northward. But quite contrary to our expectation, the farther Northward we went, the less snow we found, so that it scarce hindered us after the first day. About eleven we came to Lanidlos. At the earnest request of one who lived there, I preached at noon in the Market-place, to such a congregation as no one could have expected at an hour's warning.

It was as much as we could do to reach Machuntleth that night. It snowed again from about midnight till morning: so that no path was to be seen for several miles: however, we found our way to Tannabull, and passed the sands in the afternoon, being determined to reach Caernarvon, if possible. And so we did, notwithstanding my horse losing a shoe: but not till between nine and ten at night.

Wednesday 24, We hastened on to Holyhead. But all the ships were on the other side. Thursday 25, no packet-boat being come, I gave notice of preaching in the evening. The hearers were many more than the Room could contain. And they all behaved with decency.

Friday 26, I preached again in the evening, Mr. E., the Minister, came in towards the close. He was speaking warmly to our landlord, when Mr. Swindels went to him, and spoke a few mild words. Mr. E. asked him, to step

with him to his lodgings, where they had a long and friendly conversation.

Saturday 27, Mr. Swindels informed me that Mr. E. would take it a favour if I would write some little thing, "To advise the Methodists not to leave the Church, and not to rail at their Ministers." I sat down immediately and wrote, "A Word to a Methodist," which Mr. E. translated into Welsh, and printed.

Sunday 28, In the evening I read prayers at our Inn, and preached to a large and serious audience. I did the same on Monday and Tuesday evening. Perhaps our stay here may not be in vain.

I never knew men make such poor, lame excuses, as these Captains did for not sailing. It put me in mind of the Epigram,

> "There are if rightly I may think
> Five causes why a man should drink;"

which with a little alteration, would just suit them.

> 'There are, unless my memory fail,
> Five causes, why we should not sail;
> The fog is thick: the wind is high:
> It rains: or may do by and by:
> Or—any other reason why.'

Wednesday, March 2, finding no more probability of sailing now, than the first day we came to Holyhead, we rode into the country to see for Mr. William Jones, who had some acquaintance with my brother. We procured a guide to shew us the way to his house; but all we learnt there, was that he was not at home. We lodged at the Bull's-head. All the family came up to prayers, and we had a quiet and comfortable night.

Thursday 3, Mr. Holloway, a neighbouring Exciseman, invited us to breakfast with him. He once began to run well; and now resolved to set out afresh. I trust we were sent to him for good.

His wife bitterly opposed this way, till one day, as she was sitting in her house, a flash of lightning killed a cat which sat just by her, and struck her to the earth, scorch-

ing her flesh in many parts, and yet not at all singing her clothes; when she came to herself, she could not but acknowledge the loud call of God: but her seriousness did not continue long; her acquaintance soon laughed her out of it.

Yet God called her again, in dreams and visions of the night. She thought she was standing in the open air, when one appeared in the clouds, exceeding glorious, above the brightness of the sun: she soon after saw a second, and then a third. One had a kind of spear in his hand; the second, a besom, wherewith he was going to sweep the earth; the third, an hour-glass, as though the time was short. This so deeply affected her, that she began from that time to seek God with her whole heart.

At noon we went to Mr. Morgan's, where I lodged in August last. About two we met Mr. Jones and Mr. Williams, a Clergyman from South-Wales, at Ryd-y-Spardon. After Mr. W. had preached in Welsh, I preached in English. Many understood me, and felt the power of God.

Friday 4, We went to Llandaniel, a mile or two from Baldon-ferry. Here again Mr. W. preached in Welsh, and I in English. I was much pleased with this loving, artless people, and readily complied with their request, of preaching again in the afternoon.

Saturday 5, At two I preached at Ryd-y-Spardon to a little, earnest company, who were ready to devour every word. We spent the evening very agreeably with Mr. Jones at Trefollwin.

Sunday 6, We went to Llangefrye-church, though we understood little of what we heard. O what a heavy curse was the confusion of tongues! and how grievous are the effects of it! all the birds of the air, all the beasts of the field understand the language of their own species. Man only is a barbarian to man, unintelligible to his own brethren.

In the afternoon I preached at Llangfehengel, about six miles south-west of Llangefrye. I have not seen a people so deeply affected since we came into Anglesey; their cries and tears continued a long time without any intermission.

O that we could declare to them, in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God.

In the evening I preached at Glanygorse. When I had done, Mr. Jones repeated in Welsh, (as he likewise did in the afternoon) the substance of what I had said. The next morning we returned to Holyhead, and found there all the packet-boats which we had left.

I was determined not to stay another day at an inn. So in the afternoon I took a lodging in a private house, not a bow-shot distant from the town, and removed thither without delay.

My congregation this evening was larger than ever. And several of the gentry agreed to come the next. But it was a little too late; for at midnight the wind came fair, and before one we sailed out of the harbour. Tuesday 8, having a gentle gale, it soon lulled me fast asleep. I was waked before five by a violent storm; this continued two or three hours longer, and left us within sight of Howth, with a small breeze, which brought us to the Black-rock, about four in the afternoon.

We hired horses here, and rode to Dublin, Mr. Meriton, Swindels, and I. We came to our house in Cork-street, (vulgarly called Dolphin's-barn lane,) while my brother was meeting the society. But it was some time before my voice could be heard, for the noise of the people, shouting and praising God. The remaining days of the week I dispatched all the business I could, and settled, with my brother, all things relating to the work.

Sunday 13, My brother preached both morning and evening, expecting to sail at night; but before night the wind turned full east, and so continued all the week.

Monday 14, I began preaching at five in the morning, an unheard-of thing in Ireland. I expounded part of the first chapter of the Acts, which I purpose, God willing, to go through in order.

Wednesday 16, I enquired into the state of the society. Most pompous accounts had been sent me from time to time of the great numbers that were added to it; so that I

confidently expected to find therein six or seven hundred members. And how is the real fact? I left three hundred and ninety-four members; and I doubt, if there are now three hundred and ninety-six!

Let this be a warning to us all, how we give into that hateful custom of painting things beyond the life. Let us make conscience of not magnifying or exaggerating any thing. Let us rather speak under than above the truth. We, of all men, should be punctual in all we say, that none of our words may fall to the ground.

Sunday 20, I preached at eight on Oxmantown-green. We expected noise, but there was none; the whole congregation was as quiet and still as that in Bristol or London.

In the afternoon my brother embarked. I preached about three in Marlborough-street, and in the evening at our own house in Cork-street.

Wednesday 23, I talked with a warm man, who was always very zealous for the Church when he was very drunk, and just able to stammer out the Irish proverb, "No gown, no crown." He was quickly convinced, that whatever we were, he was himself a child of the devil. We left him full of good resolutions, which held several days.

I preached at Newgate at three; but found no stirring at all among the dry bones.

Friday 25, I preached in Marlborough-street at five to the largest congregation I have yet seen in a morning. At two I began in Ship-street, where were many of the rich and genteel. I was exceeding weak in body, having been examining classes all the day. But I felt it not after I had spoken two sentences. I was strengthened both in body and soul.

I finished the classes the next day, and found them just as I expected. I left three hundred and ninety-four persons united together in August. I had now admitted between twenty and thirty, who had offered themselves since my return to Dublin. And the whole number was neither more nor less than three hundred and ninety-six.

Sunday 27, It rained most of the day, so that I was

constrained to preach in the house only, viz. at our own house morning and evening, and at Marlborough-street in the afternoon.

Tuesday 29, I preached in Skinner's-alley at five to a large and quiet congregation. I preached in Newgate at two in the Common Hall, the Jailor refusing us the room where we used to preach; but that is not the worst. I see no fruit of our labour.

Wednesday 30, I rode to Philip's-town, the shire town of the King's County. I was obliged to go into the street, which was soon filled with those who flocked from every side; to whom I declared, *Jesus Christ, our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.*

Thursday 31, One would have dissuaded me from preaching at five, being sure none would rise so soon. But I kept my hour, and had a large and serious congregation. After preaching I spoke severally to those of the society, of whom forty were troopers. At noon I preached to (I think) the largest congregation I had seen since I came from Builth. God did then make a clear offer of eternal life to all the inhabitants of Philip's-town. But how few retained these good impressions one week! or would effectually *come to him, that they might have life!*

In the evening I preached at Tullamore, to most of the inhabitants of the town. Abundance of them came again at five in the morning. But he that endureth to the end shall be saved.

Friday, April 1, I preached at Clara to a vast number of well-behaved people; although some of them came in their coaches, and were (I was informed) of the best quality in the country. How few of these would have returned empty, if they had heard the word of God, not out of curiosity merely, but from a real desire to know and do his will!

In the evening I preached at Temple-Macqueteer, and again at five in the morning. Saturday 2, about one, we came to Moat, the pleasantest town I have yet seen in Ireland. Here I preached to a handful of people, and then hastened on to Athlone. At six I preached from the win-

dow of an unfinished house opposite to the market-house, (which would not have contained one half of the congregation,) on *Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.* I scarce ever saw a better behaved, or more attentive congregation. Indeed so civil a people as the Irish in general, I never saw either in Europe or America.

Sunday 3, I preached at five to, at least, three hundred hearers. I walked from thence to see a poor woman that was sick, about a mile from the town: about an hundred and fifty people ran after me. After I had prayed with the sick person, being unwilling so many people should go empty away, I chose a smooth grassy place near the road, where we all kneeled down to prayer, after which we sung a psalm, and I gave them a short exhortation. At eleven, we went to Church, and heard a plain, useful sermon. At two I preached on the Connaught side of the bridge, where there are only (they informed me) five or six families of Protestants. Such a company of people (many said) had never before been seen together in Athlone; many coming from all the country round, and, for the present, receiving the word with joy. I preached again at six in the same place, and to nearly the same (only a little larger) congregation: the greater part whereof, (notwithstanding the prohibition of their priests,) I afterwards found, were Papists.

Monday 4, I preached once more at five; great part of the congregation were in tears. Indeed, almost all the town appeared to be moved, full of good-will and desires of salvation. But the waters spread too wide to be deep. I did not find one under any strong conviction, much less had any one attained the knowledge of salvation, in hearing above thirty sermons. So that, as yet, no judgment could be formed of the future work of God in this place.

I took horse at ten, and about twelve preached at Moat, to a little larger congregation than before. I could not but observe the zeal of these young disciples; they were vehemently angry at a man's throwing a cabbage-stalk. Let them keep their courage till they see such a sight as that at Walsal, or Shepton.

In the evening I preached at Tyrrel's-pass, and found great enlargement of heart. But when the society met, I was quite exhausted; so that I dismissed them after a short exhortation.

Tuesday 5, Our Room was filled at five. After preaching I examined the classes. I found a surprising openness among them. When I asked one in particular, "How he had lived in time past;" he spread abroad his hands, and said, with many tears, "Here I stand, a grey-headed monster of all manner of wickedness!" Which, I verily believe, had it been desired, he would have explained before them all. Much in the same manner spoke one who came from Connaught, but with huge affliction and dismay; we determined to wrestle with God in her behalf, which we did for above an hour; and he heard the prayer, so that her soul was filled with joy unspeakable. Mr. Jonathan Handy, greatly sorrowing before, was also now enabled to rejoice in God: and four other persons were cut to the heart, and cried aloud to him that is mighty to save.

Wednesday 6, I baptized seven persons educated among the Quakers. In the afternoon we rode to Philip's-town, but the scene was changed. The curiosity of the people was satisfied, and few of them cared to hear any more.

As soon as I mounted my horse, he began to snort and run backward without any visible cause, one whipped him behind, and I before, but it profited nothing: he leaped to and fro, from side to side, till he came over against a gate-way, into which he ran backward, and tumbled head over heels. I rose unhurt. He then went on quietly.

At Tullamore in the evening, well nigh all the town, rich and poor, were gathered together. I used great plainness of speech in applying those words, *All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.* The next day, being Good-Friday, I preached at five to a large and serious congregation. Between one and two, I preached at Clara, and then rode to Athlone. I preached at six, on *Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and after that to enter into his glory?* So general a drawing I never knew

among any people, so that, as yet, none even seem to oppose the truth.

Saturday 9, I preached in Connaught, a few miles from Athlone. Many *heard;* but, I doubt, *felt* nothing.

The Shannon comes within a mile of the house where I preached. I think there is not such another river in Europe: it is here ten or twelve miles over, though scarce thirty miles from its fountain-head. There are many islands in it, once well inhabited, but now mostly desolate. In almost every one are the ruins of a Church: in one, the remains of no less than seven. I fear, God hath still a controversy with this land, because it is defiled with blood.

Sunday 10, Easter-day; never was such a congregation seen before at the sacrament in Athlone. I preached at three. Abundance of Papists flocked to hear; so that the Priest, seeing his command did not avail, came in person at six, and drove them away before him like a flock of sheep.

Monday 11, I preached at five the terrors of the Lord, in the strongest manner I was able. But still they who were ready to eat up every word, did not appear to *digest* any part of it.

In the evening there appeared more emotion in the congregation than ever I had seen before. But it was in a manner I never saw: not in one here and there, but in all. Perhaps God is working here in a way we have not known, going on with a slow and even motion through the whole body of the people, that they may all remember themselves, and be turned unto the Lord.

Tuesday 12, I rode to Clara, where I was quickly informed, that there was to begin in an hour's time a famous cock-fight, to which almost all the country was coming from every side. Hoping to engage some part of them in a better employ, I began preaching in the street as soon as possible. One or two hundred stopped, and listened awhile, and pulled off their hats, and forgot their diversion.

The congregation at Tullamore in the evening was larger than ever before, and deep attention sat on every face.

Toward the latter end of the sermon, there began a violent storm of hail. I desired the people to cover their heads, but the greater part of them would not; nor did any one go away till I concluded my discourse.

Wednesday 13, I preached in the evening at Tyrrel's-pass. The congregation here also was larger than ever; and the word of God seemed to take deeper root here than in any other part of this country.

Thursday 14, The house was full at five in the evening, many of the neighbouring gentlemen were present, but none mocked. That is not the custom here, all attend to what is spoken in the name of God: they do not understand the making sport with sacred things; so that whether they approve or not, they behave with seriousness.

Friday 15, I rode to Eden-derry. Abundance of people were quickly gathered together. Having been disturbed in the night by Mr. Swindels, who lay with me, and had a kind of apoplectic fit, I was not at all well about noon, when I began to preach, in a large walk, on one side of the town, and the sun shone hot upon my head, which had been aching all the day: but I forgot this before I had spoken long, and when I had finished my discourse, I left all my weariness and pain behind, and rode on in perfect health to Dublin.

Saturday 16, I found great reason to praise God for the work wrought among the people in my absence. But still there is not such a work as I look for. I see nothing yet but drops before a shower.

Sunday 17, I preached at Skinner's-alley, both morning and evening. About four I went to St. Luke's Church, being very near us. When I came out, I had a large attendance, even in the Church-yard, hallooing and calling names. I am much mistaken, if many of the warmest zealots for the Church, would ever come within the doors, if they were thus to run the gauntlet every time they came. Would they not rather sleep in a whole skin?

Wednesday 20, I spent an agreeable hour with Mr. Miller, the Lutheran Minister. From him I learned, that

the earnest religion which I found, in so many parts of Germany, is but of late date, having taken its rise from one man, August Herman Francke. So can God, if it please him, enable one man to revive his work throughout a whole nation!

Saturday 23, I read some hours, an extremely dull book, Sir James Ware's Antiquities of Ireland. By the vast number of ruins which are seen in all parts, I had always suspected what he shews at large, namely, that in ancient times it was more populous ten-fold than it is now: many that were large cities, being now ruinous heaps; many shrunk into inconsiderable villages.

I visited one in the afternoon who was ill of a fever, and lay in a very close room. While I was near him, I found myself not well. After my return home, I felt my stomach out of order. But I imagined it was not worth any notice, and would pass off before the morning.

Sunday 24, I preached at Skinner's-alley at five, and on Oxmantown-green at eight. I was weak in body, but was greatly revived by the seriousness and earnestness of the congregation. Resolving to improve the opportunity, I gave notice of preaching there again in the afternoon: which I did, to a congregation much more numerous, and equally attentive. When I came home I was glad to lie down, having a quinsey, attended with a fever. However, when the society met, I made shift to creep in among them. Immediately my voice was restored. I spoke without pain, for near an hour together. And great was our rejoicing over each other; knowing that God would order all things well.

Monday 25, Finding my fever greatly increased, I judged it would be best to keep my bed, and to live a while on apples and apple-tea. On Tuesday I was quite well, and should have preached, but that Dr. R. (who had been with me twice,) insisted on my resting for a time.

I read to-day what is accounted the most correct History of St. Patrick that is extant. And on the maturest consideration, I was much inclined to believe, that St. Patrick and St. George were of one family. The whole story

smells strong of romance. To touch only on a few particulars: I object to his first setting out. The Bishop of Rome had no such power in the beginning of the fifth century, as the account supposes. Nor would his uncle, the Bishop of Tours, have sent him in that age to Rome, for a commission to convert Ireland; having himself as much authority over that island, as any Italian Bishop whatever. Again, if God had sent him thither, he would not so long have buried his talent in the earth. I never heard before of an Apostle sleeping thirty-five years, and beginning to preach at threescore. But his success staggers me the most of all; no blood of the martyrs is here: no reproach, no scandal of the cross; no persecution to those that will live godly. Nothing is to be heard of from the beginning to the end, but kings, nobles, and warriors, bowing down before him. Thousands are converted, without any opposition at all; twelve thousand at one sermon. If these things were so, either there was then no devil in the world, or St. Patrick did not preach the Gospel of Christ.

Wednesday 27, In the evening I read the letters: my voice being weak, but I believe audible. As I was reading one from S. G., a young woman dropped down, and cried out exceedingly. But in a few minutes her sorrow was turned into joy, and her mourning into praise.

Thursday 28, was the day fixed for my going into the country. But all about me began to cry out, "Sure you will not go to-day! See how the rain pours down!" I told them, "I must keep my word, if possible." But before five the man of whom I had bespoke a horse, sent word, "His horse should not go out in such a day." I sent one who brought him to a better mind. So about six I took horse. About nine I called at Kilcock. The old landlord was ill of the gout; and his wife of a complication of distempers. But when I told her, "The Lord loveth whom he chasteneth, and all these are tokens of his love," she burst out, "O Lord, I offer thee all my sufferings, my pain, my sickness. If thou lovest me, it is enough. Here I am: take me, and do with me what thou wilt!"

Between one and two we came to Kinnegad. My strength was now pretty well exhausted; so that when we mounted again, after resting an hour, it was as much as I could do to sit on my horse. We had near eleven Irish (measured) miles to ride, which are equal to fourteen English. I got over them pretty well in three hours, and by six reached Tyrrel's-pass.

At seven I recovered my strength, so as to preach, and meet the society; which began now to be at a stand, with regard to number; but not with regard to the grace of God.

Friday 29, I rode to Temple-macqueteer, and thence toward Athlone. We came at least an hour before we were expected. Nevertheless, we were met by many of our brethren. The first I saw, about two miles from the town, were a dozen little boys running with all their might: some bare-headed, some bare-footed and bare-legged: so they had their desire of speaking to me first, the others being still behind.

Saturday 30, I found the roaring lion began to shake himself here also. Some Papists, and two or three good Protestant families were cordially joined together, to oppose the work of God; but they durst not yet do it openly, the stream running so strong against them.

Sunday, May 1, Great part of the town were present at five, and I found began to *feel* what was spoken. Yet still the impression is not made as in other places, on one here and there only; but the main body of the hearers seem to go on together with an even pace.

About two I preached on the Connaught side of the bridge, to an attentive multitude both of Protestants and Papists: whose Priest, perceiving he profited nothing, at five came himself. I preached, on *Is there no balm in Gilead?* And could not help applying to the Papists in particular. I am satisfied many of them were almost persuaded, to give themselves up to the great Physician of souls.

Tuesday 3, I rode to Birr, twenty miles from Athlone, and the key of the Sessions-house not being to be found, declared, *The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ*, in the street,

to a dull, rude, senseless multitude. Many laughed the greater part of the time. Some went away just in the middle of a sentence. And yet, when one cried out, (a Carmelite Friar, Clerk to the Priest,) "You lie, you lie;" the zealous Protestants cried out, "Knock him down." And it was no sooner said than done. I saw some bustle, but knew not what was the matter till the whole was over.

In the evening we rode to Ballyboy. There being no house that could contain the congregation, I preached here also in the street. I was afraid, in a new place, there would be but few in the morning; but there was a considerable number, and such a blessing as I had scarce found since I landed in Ireland.

Wednesday 4, I rode to Clara, and preached to a small company, who were not afraid of a stormy day. I spent half an hour after sermon with a few serious people, and then rode to Tullamore.

One who looks on the common Irish cabins, might imagine Saturn still reigned here:

Cum frigida parvas
Præberet spelunca domos; ignemq; laremq;
Et pecus et dominos communi clauderet umbra.

Communi umbra indeed: for no light can come into the earth or straw-built cavern, on the master and his cattle, but at one hole, which is both window, chimney, and door.

In the evening I preached to a large, quiet congregation, though not so large as the last.

Thursday 5, Though my flux continually increased, (which was caused by my eating a bad egg at Birr) yet I was unwilling to break my word, and so made a shift to ride in the afternoon to Mountmelick. I had not seen such a congregation before, since I set out from Dublin. And the greater part did not stand like stocks and stones, but seemed to understand what I spake of worshipping *God in spirit and in truth.*

Friday 6, More people came at five, than I had seen at that hour in any part of Ireland. And I found my heart so moved towards them, that in spite of weakness and pain, I

enforced for more than an hour, those solemn words, *The kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe the Gospel.*

Hence I rode to Philip's-town, a poor, dry, barren place. I pray God, the first may not be last!

Saturday 7, I set out in the morning, and after resting two hours at Tullamore, and two or three more at Moate, I rode on to Athlone, and preached at six, on *He healeth them that are broken in heart.* I felt no weariness or pain till I had done speaking, but then found, I could not meet the society, being ill able to walk the length of the room. But God gave me refreshing sleep.

Sunday 8, I preached at five, though I could not well stand. I then set out for Aughrim, in the county of Galway, thirteen Connaught, *i. e.* Yorkshire miles, from Athlone. The morning prayers, so called, began about twelve; after which we had a warm sermon against Enthusiasts. I could not have come at a better time: for I began immediately after, and all that were in the Church, high and low, rich and poor, stopped to hear me. In explaining the inward kingdom of God, I had a fair occasion to consider what we had just heard; and God renewed my strength, and I trust, applied his word to the hearts of most of the hearers.

Mr. S., a neighbouring Justice of Peace, as soon as I had done, desired me to dine with him. After dinner I hastened back to Athlone, and began preaching about six; five Clergymen were of the audience, and abundance of Romanists. Such an opportunity I never had before in these parts.

Monday 9, Having not had an hour's sound sleep from the time I lay down till I rose, I was in doubt, whether I could preach or not: however, I went to the Market-place as usual; and found no want of strength, till I had fully declared *the redemption that is in Jesus Christ.* I had designed afterwards to settle the society thoroughly; but I was not able to sit up so long.

Many advised me, not to go out at night, the wind being

extremely cold and blustering; but I could in no wise consent to spare myself, at such a time as this. I preached, on *Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden;* and I found myself at least as well when I had done, as I was before I begun.

Tuesday 10, With much difficulty I broke away from this immeasurably-loving people; and not so soon as I imagined neither; for when we drew near to the turnpike, about a mile from the town, a multitude waited for us at the top of the hill. They fell back on each side, to make us way, and then joined and closed us in. After singing two or three verses, I put forward, when on a sudden I was a little surprised, by such a cry of men, women, and children, as I never heard before. Yet a little while, and we shall meet to part no more; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away for ever.

Instead of going straight to Tullamore, I could not be easy, without going round by Coolylough; I knew not why; for I did not know then that Mr. Handy's wife, who had been brought to bed a few days, had an earnest desire to see me once more before I left the kingdom. She could not avoid praying for it, though her sister checked her again and again, telling her, "It could not be." Before the debate was concluded, I came in. So they wondered, and praised God.

In the evening I preached at Tullamore, and at five in the morning. I was then glad to lie down. In the afternoon, Wednesday 11, I rode once more to Mountmelick. The congregation, both in the evening and the next morning, was larger than before.

After preaching, a grey-headed man came to me, bitterly lamenting that he had lived many years without knowing that he had need of a Physician. Immediately came another, who had been as harmless a man as any in the town; he would have spoke, but could not. I then spoke to him; but not two minutes, before he sunk to the ground. So I perceived I had not spent my little strength here, *as one that beateth the air.*

I took the straight road from hence to Dublin. Here likewise I observed abundance of ruined buildings; but I observed also that some of them were never finished; and some had been pulled down by those who built them. Such is the amazing fickleness of this people. Almost every one who has his fortune in his own hands, *Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis*, and leaves those monuments of his folly to all succeeding generations.

I reached Dublin in the evening, faint and weary, but the two next days I rested. Sunday 15, finding my strength greatly restored, I preached at five, and at eight on Oxmantown-green. I expected to sail as soon as I had done; but the Captain putting it off, (as their manner is,) gave me an opportunity of declaring the Gospel of peace to a still larger congregation in the evening. One of them, after listening some time, cried out, shaking his head, "Ay, he is a Jesuit; that's plain." To which a Popish Priest, who happened to be near, replied aloud, "No, he is not. I would to God he was."

Monday 16, Observing a large congregation in the evening, and many strangers among them, I preached more roughly than ever I had done in Dublin, on those awful words, *What is a man profited, if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*

Tuesday 17, I spoke strong and plain words again, both in the morning and evening: and should not have regretted my being detained, had it been only for the blessings of this day.

Wednesday 18, We took ship, the wind was small in the afternoon, but exceeding high towards night. About eight I laid me down on the quarter-deck. I was soon wet from head to foot, but I took no cold at all. About four in the morning we landed at Holyhead, and in the evening reached Caernarvon.

Friday 20, I rode with Mr. C. Perronet to Machuntleth, and the next day, Saturday 21, to Builth. I had no desire to go further, as it rained hard; but Mr. Philips pressed

us to go on to Garth. We came thither just as they were singing before family prayer; so I took the book and preached on those words, *Behold, to fear the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil, that is understanding.*

Sunday 22, At eight I preached at Garth, afterwards in Maesmennys' Church, and at Builth in the afternoon. We proposed going this evening to John Price's at Mertha; but fearing he might be at the society, (two miles from his house,) we went round that way, and came while the Exhorter was in the midst of his sermon. I preached when he had done. About eight we came to Mertha, and slept in peace.

Monday 23, We were on horseback at four o'clock, and at four in the afternoon came to Cardiff. The rain obliged me to preach in the Room. Tuesday 24, I breakfasted at Fonmon, dined at Wenvo, and preached at Cardiff in the evening. Wednesday 25, we set out after preaching, and in the afternoon came to Bristol.

Whitsunday, May 29, Our service began about four, at the Weavers' Hall. At seven I preached in the old Orchard. At ten I began in Kingswood: where at two (the house being two small for the congregation,) I preached under the sycamore-tree. At five I preached in the old Orchard, and then rode to Kingswood, where we concluded the day with a love-feast.

Monday 30, I preached at three in the old Orchard, and in the evening at Bath. Tuesday 31, in the evening I preached at Reading, and on Wednesday, June 1, reached London.

We had an exceeding solemn meeting of the bands this evening, and of the society the next.

Saturday 4, I was sent for by Captain H., one who had been strongly prejudiced against us. But the arrows of the Almighty now constrained him to cry out, "Lord, send by whom thou wilt send!"

Sunday 5, I preached in Moorfields both morning and evening. There had been much tumult there the last Sun-

day: but all was quiet now: and the power of God seemed even to compel sinners to come in.

Sunday 12, I designed preaching in the fields at seven; but the thunder, and lightning, and rain prevented. At eleven I preached in St. Bartholomew's Church. Deep attention sat on every face, while I explained, and, by the grace of God, pressed home those words, *Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.*

Monday 13, I spent an hour or two with Dr. Pepusch, he asserted, "That the art of music is lost: that the ancients only understood it in its perfection: that it was revived a little in the reign of King Henry VIII., by Tallys and his cotemporaries: as also in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who was a judge and patroness of it: that after her reign it sunk for sixty or seventy years, till Purcell made some attempts to restore it; but that ever since, the true, ancient art, depending on nature, and mathematical principles, had gained no ground, the present masters having no fixed principles at all."

Wednesday 15, I preached once more at St. Bartholomew's. How strangely is the scene changed! What laughter and tumult were there among "the best of the parish," when we preached in a London Church ten years ago! and now all are calm and quietly attentive, from the least even to the greatest!

Sunday 19, The congregation in Moorfields was greatly increased, both morning and afternoon; and their seriousness increased with their number, so that it was comfortable even to see them. In the evening to ease me a little in my journey, as I had not yet recovered my strength, Col. Gumley carried me in his chair to Brentford.

Monday 20, I preached at Reading at noon, to a serious, well-behaved congregation, and in the afternoon rode to Hungerford. Tuesday 21, I preached in the old Orchard at Bristol, on *Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous.*

Friday 24, The day we had appointed for opening the School at Kingswood, I preached there, on, *Train up a*

child in the way that he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it. My brother and I administered the Lord's Supper to many who came from far. We then agreed on the General Rules of the School, which we published presently after.

Monday 27, I rode to Wall-bridge near Stroud, and preached at one to a lively congregation. About two we set out for Stanley. I scarce ever felt the sun so scorching hot in England. I began preaching in Farmer Finch's orchard, (there not being room in the house,) between seven and eight, and the poor, earnest people, devoured every word.

Tuesday 28, I rode to Evesham, and exhorted them to *Strengthen the things that remained, which were ready to die.* Wednesday 29, we took horse at four, and calling at Studley, found a woman of a broken heart, mourning continually after God, and scarce able to speak without tears. About one I began preaching in the open air at Birmingham; at the same time it began raining violently, which continued about a quarter of an hour; but did not disturb either me or the congregation.

At half an hour after six I preached at Wednesbury, to an exceeding large congregation; and every man, woman, and child, behaved in a manner becoming the Gospel.

Thursday 30, We set out between three and four, and reached Nottingham in the afternoon. Friday, July 1, I rode to Sheffield, and preached in the evening, at the end of the house, to a quiet congregation.

Saturday 2, I rode to Epworth, and preached to a large congregation, many of them, established in the grace of God.

Sunday 3, I preached in the Room at five, but at nine, on my usual stand at the Cross. The clouds came just in time (it being a warm, sunshiny morning) to shade me and the congregation: but at the same time both the light and power of the Most High were upon many of their souls.

I was quite surprised when I heard Mr. R. preach.

That soft, smooth, tuneful voice, which he so often employed to blaspheme the work of God, was lost, without hope of recovery: all means had been tried, but none took place. He now spoke in a manner shocking to hear; and impossible to be heard distinctly by one quarter of the congregation.

Mr. Hayes, the Rector, reading prayers, I had once more the comfort of receiving the Lord's Supper at Epworth. After the evening service, I preached at the Cross again, to almost the whole town. I see plainly, we have often judged amiss, when we have measured the increase of the work of God, in this and other places, by the increase of the society only. The society here is not large; but God has wrought upon the whole place, sabbath-breaking and drunkenness are no more seen in these streets: cursing and swearing are rarely heard. Wickedness hides its head already. Who knows but, by and by, God may utterly take it away?

I was peculiarly pleased with the deep seriousness of the congregation at Church, both morning and evening. And all the way we walked down the Church-lane, after the sermon was ended, I scarce saw one person look on either side, or speak one word to another.

Monday 4, I rode to Hainton, the congregation here was but small, which was chiefly owing to the miserable negligence of the poor Rector. Art thou also to die? and to give an account to God of every word and work?

Tuesday 5, We rode to Coningsby on the edge of the Fens. Mr. B., a Baptist minister, had written to me to London, begging me to lodge with him, whenever I came to Coningsby. But he was gone out of town that very morning. However, one rode after him and brought him back in the afternoon. I was scarce set down in his house before he fell upon the point of baptism. I waved the dispute for some time, but finding there was no remedy, I came close to the question, and we kept to it for about an hour and a half. From that time we let the matter rest, and confirmed our love towards each other.

At seven I preached in the street to one of the largest congregations I had seen in Lincolnshire. In the morning, Wednesday 6, we had another quiet and comfortable opportunity. We thence rode to Ludborough, where I preached at eleven, and in the afternoon to Grimsby.

At seven I preached in that large Room, but it was not near large enough to contain the congregation. Many stood on the stairs and in the adjoining rooms, and many below in the street. The fear of God has lately spread in an uncommon degree among this people also. Nor has Mr. P. been able to prevent it, though he bitterly curses us, in the name of the Lord.

Thursday 7, Immediately after preaching I rode to Laseby, and preached at seven to a small, earnest congregation. We stopped no more till we came to Epworth, where we had a joyful meeting in the evening.

Friday 8, I took horse immediately after preaching and rode to Mr. S.'s, of Crowle. I began preaching soon after eight, but so wild a congregation I had not lately seen. However, as I stood within the Justice's garden, they did not make any disturbance.

About noon I preached at Sykehouse: the little society here also seemed to partake of the general revival. We took horse at ten, and soon after eight, came to Boroughbridge.

Saturday 9, Setting out between two and three, we reached Newcastle about three in the afternoon. Sunday 10, I began exhorting all that loved their own souls, solemnly to renew their covenant with God: the nature of which I explained at large, on the mornings of the ensuing week.

I had designed preaching between eight and nine at Sandgate; but the rain drove us into the room. In the afternoon I preached on the first lesson, David's conquest of Goliah. But the house would in no wise contain the people, so that many were forced to go away.

On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, I examined the Classes, and found not only an increase of number, but like-

wise more of the life and power of religion among them than ever I had found before.

The same thing I observed in all the country societies, among which I spent one or more nights every week.

Sunday 17, We had a glorious hour in the morning. At half an hour past eight, I preached in the Castlegarth, and again at four in the afternoon to a vast multitude of people.

Monday 18, I began my journey Northward, having appointed to preach at Morpeth at noon. As soon as I had sung a few verses at the Cross, a young man appeared at the head of his troop, and told me very plainly and roughly, "You shall not preach there." I went on, upon which he gave the signal to his companions, who prepared to force me into better manners. But they quickly fell out among themselves. Meantime I began my sermon, and went on without any considerable interruption, the congregation softening more and more, till towards the close, the far greater part appeared exceeding serious and attentive.

In the afternoon we rode to Widdrington, which belonged to Lord Widdrington, till the Rebellion in 1716. The people flocked in from all parts, so that the congregation here was larger than at Morpeth. It was a delightful evening and a delightful place, under the shade of tall trees: and every man hung upon the word; none stirred his head or hand, or looked to the right or left, while I declared in strong terms, *The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

Tuesday 19, We rode to Alemouth, a small seaport town, famous for all kinds of wickedness. The people here are sinners convict, they have nothing to pay, but plead guilty before God. Therefore I preached to them without delay, *Jesus Christ our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.*

After dinner we rode to Alnwick, one of the largest inland towns in the county of Northumberland. At seven I preached at the Cross, to as large a congregation as at Newcastle

on Sunday evening. This place seemed much to resemble Athlone; all were moved a little, but none very much. The waters spread wide but not deep. But the Lord worketh as seemeth him good.

Wednesday 20, We took horse between eight and nine, and a little before two came to Berwick. I sent to the Commander of the Garrison, to desire the use of a green place near his house, which he readily granted. I preached at seven to (it was judged) two thousand people. I found the generality of them just such as I expected: serious and decent, but not easy to be convinced of any thing. For who can tell them what they did not know before?

Thursday 21, After preaching we walked round the walls, which they were repairing and rebuilding. I could not but observe to-day, how different the face of things was, from what it appeared yesterday, especially after I had preached at noon: yesterday we were hallooed all along the streets. To-day none opened his mouth as we went along; the very children were all silent. The grown people pulled off their hats on every side, so that we might even have fancied ourselves at Newcastle. How well is it, that honour is balanced with dishonour, and good report with evil report!

At seven I preached to a far larger congregation than before. And now the word of God was as a fire and an hammer. I began again and again, after I thought I had done: and the latter words were still stronger than the former: so that I was not surprised at the number which attended in the morning, when we had another joyful solemn hour. Here was *the loud call* to the people of Berwick, if happily they would know the day of their visitation.

Friday 22, I preached about noon at Tuggle, a village about three miles from Barnborough: and then went on to Alnwick, where, at seven, was such a congregation, as one would not have thought the whole town could afford. And I was enabled to deal faithfully with them, in explaining, *Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.* I was constrained to speak twice as long as usual: but none offered to

go away: and I believe the most general call of God to the people of Alnwick was at this hour.

Saturday 23, I preached at noon at Long-Horseley. The Minister here was of a truly *moderate* spirit. He said, "I have done all I can for this people. And I can do them no good. Now let others try. If they can do any I will thank them with all my heart."

Sunday 24, I preached at five; at half an hour past eight in the Castle-garth, and at four in the afternoon. I was weary and faint when I began to speak. But my strength was quickly renewed. Thence we went to the society. I had designed to read the Rules. But I could not get forward. As we began, so we went on till eight o'clock, singing, and rejoicing, and praising God.

Wednesday 27, I rode to Blanchland, intending to preach there; but at the desire of Mr. W., the steward of the Lead mines, I went about a mile farther, to a house where he was paying the miners, it being one of their general pay-days. I preached to a large congregation of serious people, and rode on to Allandale.

Thursday 28, We rode over the Moors to Nint-head, a village south-west from Allandale, where I preached at eight. We then went on to Alstone, a small market town in Cumberland. At noon I preached at the Cross, to a quiet, staring people, who seemed to be little concerned, one way or the other. In the evening I preached at Hindley-hill again, and we praised God with joyful lips.

Friday 29, At noon I went to the Cross in Allandale town, where Mr. Topping, with a company of the better sort, waited for us. I soon found it was but a vain attempt to dispute or reason with him. He skipped so from one point to another, that it was not possible to keep up with him. So after a few minutes I removed about a hundred yards, and preached in peace to a very large congregation; it being the general pay-day, which is but once in six months.

Saturday 30, At noon I preached at Newlands; about three near Tanfield Cross, and at Newcastle in the evening.

nday 31, At eight I preached in the street at Sunder-
, and at one in the afternoon. I rode thence straight
he Castle-Garth, and found abundance of people ga-
ed together. Many were in tears all round while those
fortable words were opened and applied, *He healeth*
that are broken in heart, and giveth medicine to heal
r sickness.

onday, August 1, One of my old companions returned,
head-ache, which I never had while I abstained from
al food. But I regarded it not, supposing it would
ff in a day or two of itself.

uesday 2, I preached about noon at Biddick, and at
on in the evening. I intended to have given an exhort-
n to the society; but as soon as we met, the spirit of
plication fell upon us, so that I could hardly do any thing
pray and give thanks, till it was time for us to part.

Vednesday 3, I found it absolutely necessary to publish
following advertisement:

Whereas one Thomas Moor, *alias* Smith, has lately
eared in Cumberland, and other parts of England,
ching, as he calls it, in a clergyman's habit, and then
ecting money of his hearers; this is to certify, whom it
r concern, that the said Moor is no clergyman, but a
se and impostor; and that no preacher in connexion
n me, either directly or indirectly, asks money of any

"JOHN WESLEY."

hursday 4, I preached in the evening at Spen; Fri-
5, about noon at Horseley. As I rode home I found
head-ache increase much. But as many people were
e from all parts, (it being the monthly watch-night,) I
ld not be content to send them empty away. I almost
ot my pain while I was speaking, but was obliged to go
ed as soon as I had done.

aturday 6, The pain was much worse than before. I
n applied cloths dipped in cold water. Immediately my
d was easy, but I was exceeding sick. When I laid
m, the pain returned and the sickness ceased: when I
up, the pain ceased and the sickness returned. In the

evening I took ten grains of Ipecacuanha. It wrought for about ten minutes. The moment it had done I was in perfect health, and felt no more either of pain or sickness.

Sunday 7, I preached as usual at five, and at half an hour after eight. In the afternoon all the street was full of people, come from all parts to see the Judges. But a good part of them followed me into the Castle-Garth, and found something else to do. This put a zealous man that came by, quite out of patience, so that I had hardly named my text, when he began to scold and scream, and curse and swear, to the utmost extent of his throat. But there was not one of the whole multitude, rich or poor, that regarded him at all.

Monday 8, I set out once more for the North. At noon I preached at the Cross in Morpeth; in the evening at Alnwick, where many now began to fear God and tremble at his word.

Tuesday 9, About noon I preached at Tuggle; and between six and seven in the evening at Berwick. More of the gentry were there than ever before; and I think but three went away. Wednesday 10, the congregation was nearly doubled, and the word seemed to sink into their hearts. It was with great difficulty that I afterwards met the society; so many crowded after me, (though without the least incivility) and knew not how to go away.

Thursday 11, Abundance of them were with us in the morning. We took horse as soon as we could after preaching, and before twelve reached Alemouth, where all the publicans and sinners drew near to hear. Nay, and all the gentry: the chief of whom invited us to dinner, where we spent two hours in agreeable and useful conversation. In the evening I preached to the earnest congregation at Widdrington. There is always a blessing among this people.

Friday 12, In riding to Newcastle, I finished the tenth Iliad of Homer. What an amazing genius had this man! To write with such strength of thought and beauty of expression, when he had none to go before him! And

what a vein of piety runs through his whole Work, in spite of his Pagan prejudices! Yet one cannot but observe such improprieties intermixed, as are shocking to the last degree. What excuse can any man of common sense make for

"His scolding heroes and his wounded gods?"

Nay, does he not introduce even his "Father of gods and men," one while shaking heaven with his nod, and soon after using his sister and wife, the empress of heaven, with such language as a car-man might be ashamed of? And what can be said for a king, full of days and wisdom, telling Achilles, "How often he had given him wine, when he was a child and sat in his lap, till he had vomited it upon his clothes?" Are these some of those "Divine boldnesses which naturally provoke short-sightedness and ignorance to shew themselves?"

Tuesday 16, We left Newcastle. In riding to Leeds, I read Dr. Hodge's Account of the Plague in London. I was surprised, 1, That he did not learn even from the symptoms related by himself, that the first part seized by the infection was the stomach; and, 2, That he obstinately persevered in the hot regimen; though he continually saw the ill success of it, a majority of the patients dying under his hands. Soon after twelve I preached near the Market-place in Stockton, to a very large and very rude congregation. But they grew calmer and calmer, so that long before I had done, they were quiet and serious. Some gentlemen of Yarm earnestly desired, that I would preach there in the afternoon. I refused for some time, being weak and tired, so that I thought preaching thrice in the day, and riding upwards of fifty miles, would be work enough. But they would take no denial. So I went with them about two o'clock, and preached at three in the Market-place there, to a great multitude of people gathered together at a few minutes warning. About seven I preached in the street at Osmotherly. It rained almost all the time. But none went

away. We took horse about five, Wednesday 17, and in the afternoon came to Leeds.

On Thursday and Friday, I preached in the neighbouring towns. Saturday 20, at the earnest desire of the little society, I went to Wakefield. I knew the madness of the people there. But I knew also they were in God's hand. At eight I would have preached in Francis Scot's yard; but the landlord would not suffer me, saying, "The mob would do more hurt to his houses, than ever we should do him good." So I went per-force into the main street, and proclaimed pardon for sinners. None interrupted, or made the least disturbance from the beginning to the end. About one I preached at Halton, where likewise all is now calm, after a violent storm of several weeks, wherein many were beaten, and wounded, and outraged various ways; but none moved from their steadfastness. In the evening I preached at Armley, to many who *want* a storm, being quite unnerved by a constant sunshine.

Sunday 21, I preached as usual, at Leeds and Birstal. Monday 22, after preaching at Heaton, I rode to Skircoat-green. Our brethren here were much divided in their judgment. Many thought I ought to preach at Halifax-cross. Others judged it to be impracticable; the very mention of it, as a possible thing, having set all the town in an uproar. However, to the Cross I went. There was an immense number of people, roaring like the waves of the sea. But the far greater part of them were still, as soon as I began to speak. They seemed more and more attentive and composed: till a gentleman got some of the rabble together, and began to throw money among them, which occasioned much hurry and confusion. Finding my voice could not be heard, I made signs to the people, that I would remove to another place. I believe nine in ten followed me to a meadow, about half a mile from the town; where we spent so solemn an hour as I have seldom known, rejoicing and praising God.

Tuesday 23. The congregation was larger at five in the

morning, than it was in the evening when I preached here before. About one I preached at Baleden, in the evening at Bradford, where none behaved indecently, but the Curate of the parish!

Wednesday 24, At eight I preached at Ecclesal, and about one at Keighley. At five Mr. Grimshaw read prayers and I preached at Haworth, to more than the Church could contain. We began the service in the morning at five: and even then the Church was nearly filled.

Thursday 25, I rode with Mr. Grimshaw to Roughlee, where Thomas Colbeck, of Keighley, was to meet us. We were stopped again and again, and begged "Not to go on; for a large mob from Colne was gone before us." Coming a little farther, we understood they had not reached Roughlee. So we hastened on, that we might be there before them. All was quiet when we came. I was a little afraid for Mr. Grimshaw. But it needed not. He was ready to go to prison or death for Christ's sake. At half an hour after twelve I began to preach. I had about half finished my discourse, when the mob came pouring down the hill like a torrent. After exchanging a few words with their Captain, to prevent any contest, I went with him as he required. When we came to Barrowford, two miles off, the whole army drew up in battle array, before the house into which I was carried, with two or three of my friends. After I had been detained above an hour, their Captain went out and I followed him, and desired him to conduct me whence I came, he said, he would: but the mob soon followed after: at which he was so enraged, that he must needs turn back to fight them, and so left me alone. A farther account is contained in the following letter, which I wrote the next morning:

"WIDDOP, AUGUST 26, 1748.

"SIR,

"YESTERDAY, between twelve and one o'clock, while I was speaking to some quiet people, without any noise or tumult, a drunken rabble came, with clubs and staves, in a tumultuous and riotous manner, the Captain of

whom, R. B. by name, said, he was a deputy-constable, and that he was come to bring me to you. I went with him: but I had scarce gone ten yards, when a man of his company struck me with his fist in the face with all his might. Quickly after, another threw his stick at my head. I then made a little stand. But another of your champions, cursing and swearing in the most shocking manner, and flourishing his club over his head, cried out, 'Bring him away.' With such a convoy I walked to Barrowford, where they informed me you were, their drummer going before, to draw all the rabble together from all quarters. When your deputy had brought me into the house, he permitted Mr. Grimshaw, the Minister of Haworth, Mr. Colbeck, of Keighley, and one more, to be with me, promising, that none should hurt them. Soon after you and your friends came in, and required me to promise 'I would come to Roughlee no more,' I told you, I would sooner cut off my hand, than make any such promise. Neither would I promise, that none of my friends should come. After abundance of rambling discourse (for I could keep none of you long to any one point) from about one o'clock till between three and four, (in which one of you frankly said, 'No, *we* will *not* be like Gamaliel; we will proceed like the Jews.') you seemed a little satisfied with my saying, 'I will not preach at Roughlee at this time.'— You then undertook to quiet the mob, to whom you went and spoke a few words, and their noise immediately ceased. I then walked out with you at the back door. I should have mentioned, that I had several times before desired you to let me go in, but in vain: and that when I attempted to go with R. B., the mob immediately followed, with oaths, curses, and stones; that one of them beat me down to the ground, and when I rose again, the whole body came about me like lions, and forced me back into the house. While you and I went out at one door, Mr. Grimshaw and Mr. Colbeck went out at the other. The mob immediately closed them, tossed them to and fro with the utmost violence, threw Mr. Grimshaw down, and loaded them both

with dirt and mire of every kind: not one of your friends offering to call off your blood-hounds from the pursuit. The other quiet, harmless people, who followed me at a distance, to see what the end would be, were treated still worse, not only by the connivance, but by the express order of your deputy. They made them run for their lives, amidst showers of dirt and stones, without any regard to age or sex. Some of them they trampled in the mire, and dragged by the hair, particularly Mr. Mackford, who came with me from Newcastle. Many they beat with their clubs without mercy. One they forced to leap down (or they would have thrown him headlong) from a rock, ten or twelve feet high, into the river. And when he crawled out, wet and bruised, they swore they would throw him in again, which they were hardly persuaded not to do. All this time you sat well-pleased close to the place, not attempting, in the least, to hinder them. And all this time you were talking of justice and law! Alas, Sir, suppose we were Dissenters, (which I deny) suppose we were Jews or Turks, are we not to have the benefit of the laws of our country? Proceed against us by the law, if you can or dare; but not by lawless violence: not by making a drunken, cursing, swearing, riotous mob, both judge, jury, and executioner: this is flat rebellion against God and the King, as you may possibly find to your cost."

Between four and five we set out from Roughlee. But observing several parties of men upon the hills, and suspecting their design, we put on and past the lane they were making for, before they came. One of our brothers, not riding so fast, was intercepted by them. They immediately knocked him down, and how it was that he got from amongst them he knew not. Before seven we reached Widdop. The news of what had passed at Barrowford, made us all friends. The person in whose house Mr. B. preached, sent and begged I would preach there: which I did at eight, to such a congregation as none could have expected, on so short a warning. He invited us also to lodge at his house, and all jealousies vanished away.

Friday 26, I preached at five, to much the same congregation. At twelve we came to Heptonstal-bank. The house stands on the side of a steep mountain, and commands all the vale below. The place in which I preached was an oval spot of ground, surrounded with spreading trees, scooped out, as it were, in the side of a hill, which rose round like a theatre. The congregation was equal to that at Leeds. But such serious and earnest attention! It lifted up my hands, so that I preached as I scarce ever did in my life. About four, I preached again to nearly the same congregation, and God again caused the power of his love to be known. Thence we rode to Midgeley. Many flocked from all parts, to whom I preached till near an hour after sun set. The calmness of the evening agreed well with the seriousness of the people; every one of whom seemed to drink in the word of God, as a thirsty land the refreshing showers.

Saturday 27, I preached once more at seven to the earnest people at the Bank, and then rode to Todmorden-edge. Here several prisoners were set at liberty, as was Mr. Mackford the day before. At five I preached at Mellerburn in Rosendale. There were a few rude people; but they kept at a distance, and it was well they did, or the unawakened hearers would have been apt to handle them roughly. I observed here what I had not then seen, but at one single place in England. When I had finished my discourse, and even pronounced the blessing, not one person offered to go away: but every man, woman, and child, stayed just where they were, till I myself went away first.

Sunday 28, I was invited by Mr. U., the Minister of Goodshaw, to preach in his Church. I began reading prayers at seven; but perceiving the Church would scarce contain half the congregation, after prayers I went out, and standing on the Church-yard wall, in a place shaded from the sun, explained and enforced those words in the second Lesson, *Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.* I wonder at those, who still talk so loud of the indecency of field-preaching. The highest indecency is in St. Paul's

Church, when a considerable part of the congregation are asleep, or talking, or looking about, not minding a word the preacher says. On the other hand, there is the highest decency in a Church-yard or field, when the whole congregation behave and look, as if they saw the Judge of all, and heard him speak from heaven. At one I went to the Cross in Bolton. There was a vast number of people, but many of them utterly wild. As soon as I began speaking, they began thrusting to and fro; endeavouring to throw me down from the steps on which I stood. They did so once or twice; but I went up again, and continued my discourse. They then began to throw stones; at the same time some got upon the Cross behind me to push me down, on which I could not but observe, how God overrules even the minutest circumstances. One man was bawling just at my ear, when a stone struck him on the cheek, and he was still. A second was forcing his way down to me, till another stone hit him in the forehead, it bounded back, the blood ran down, and he came no farther. The third, being close to me, stretched out his hand, and in the instant a sharp stone came upon the joints of his fingers. He shook his hand, and was very quiet, till I concluded my discourse and went away. We came to Shackerly, six miles further, before five in the evening. Abundance of people were gathered before six, many of whom were disciples of Dr. Taylor, laughing at Original Sin, and consequently, at the whole frame of Scriptural Christianity. O what a providence is it which has brought us here also, among these silver-tongued Antichrists! Surely a few, at least, will recover out of the snare, and know Jesus Christ as their wisdom and righteousness!

Monday 29, I preached at Davy-holme. I had heard a surprising account, concerning a young woman of Manchester, which I now received from her own mouth. She said, "On Friday the 4th of last March, I was sitting in the house while one read the Passion hymn. I had always before thought myself good enough, having constantly gone to Church and said my prayers, nor had I ever heard any

of the Methodist preachers. On a sudden I saw our Saviour on the cross, as plain as if it had been with my bodily eyes: and I felt it was *my* sins for which he died. I cried out, and had no strength left in me. Whether my eyes were open or shut, he was still before me hanging on the cross, and I could do nothing but weep and mourn day and night. This lasted till Monday in the afternoon. Then I saw, as it were, heaven open, and God sitting upon his throne, in the midst of ten thousand of his saints: and I saw a large book in which all my sins were written; and he blotted them all out, and my heart was filled with peace, and joy, and love, which I have never lost to this hour."

In the evening I preached at Booth-bank. Tuesday 30, I preached about one at Oldfield-brow. We rode in the afternoon to Woodly; we saw, by the way, many marks of the late flood: of which John Bennet, who was upon the place, gave us the following account:

"On Saturday the 23d of July last, there fell, for about three hours, in and about Heyfield, in Derbyshire, so heavy a rain as caused such a flood as had not been seen by any now living in those parts. The rocks were loosened from the mountains: one field was covered with huge stones from side to side; several water-mills were clean swept away, without leaving any remains; the trees were torn up by the roots, and whirled away like stubble; two women of loose character were swept away from their own door and drowned: one of them was found near the place; the other was carried seven or eight miles; Heyfield Church-yard was all torn up, and the dead bodies swept out of their graves. When the flood abated, they were found in several places. Some were hanging on trees; others left in meadows or grounds; some partly eaten by dogs, or wanting one or more of their members."

Wednesday 31, John Bennet shewed me the house of a gentleman, who was a few years since utterly without God in the world. But two or three years ago, God laid his hand both upon his body and soul. His sins dropped off: He lived holy and unblamable in all things; and not

being able to *go about doing good*, he resolved to do what good he could at home. To this end he invited his neighbours to his house, every Sunday morning and evening, (not being near any Church) to whom he read the prayers of the Church, and a sermon. Sometimes he had a hundred and fifty, or two hundred of them at once. At Bongs I received an invitation from him; so John Bennet and I rode down together: and found him rejoicing under the hand of God, amidst all his pain and weakness.

In the evening I preached at Chinley: Thursday, September 1, near Finney-green at noon, and in the evening near Astbury. Friday 2, I preached at Wednesbury in the afternoon, and thence rode to Maridan. Riding long stages the next day, we reached St. Alban's, and the Foundery on Sunday morning. In the following week I examined the Classes, and settled all the business which had called me to London. Monday 12, I preached at Reading, and rode to Hungerford. Tuesday 13, I preached in the new-built room at Bristol. Thursday 15, I rode to Beercrocombe, where between six and seven, I preached to a serious congregation. At three, Friday 16, we took horse, and came in the evening to Lifton, near Launceston. One who removed from Camelford hither, received us gladly. I had not been well all the day, so that I was not sorry they had no notice of my coming. Being much better in the morning, I preached at seven in the street, to a listening multitude, on *Repent ye and believe the Gospel.* After preaching I rode on to Mr. Bennet's. In the evening I read prayers and preached in Tresmere Church. Sunday 18, I rode to St. Ginny's. Mr. Bennet read prayers and I preached, on *Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.* I question if there were more than two persons in the congregation, who did not take it to themselves. Old Mrs. T. did, who was in tears during a great part of the sermon. And so did Mr. B., who afterwards spoke of himself in such a manner as I rejoiced to hear. Between three and four we reached Tresmere, where a large congregation waited for us. There was no need of speak-

ing terrible things to these, a people ready prepared for the Lord. So I began immediately after prayers, *All things are of God, who hath reconciled us unto himself.* A little before six I preached again near St. Stephen's Downs. The whole multitude were silent while I was speaking. Not a whisper was heard. But the moment I had done, the chain fell off their tongues. I was really surprised. Surely never was such a cackling made, on the banks of Cayster, or the common of Sedgmoor.

Monday 19, I rode to Camelford, and preached about noon, none now offering to interrupt. Thence I went to Port-Isaac, and preached in the street at five to near the whole town: none speaking an unkind word. It rained most of the time; but I believe not five persons went away.

Tuesday 20, The Room was full at four. I breakfasted about seven, at Warbridge, with Dr. W., who was for many years a steady, rational Infidel. But it pleased God to touch his heart in reading the Appeal. And he is now labouring to be altogether a Christian. After preaching at one at St. Agnes, I went on to St. Ives. The lives of this society have convinced most of the town, that what we preach is the very truth of the Gospel.

Friday 23, I preached at St. Ives, Ligeon, and Gulval. Saturday 24, at St. Just. I rejoiced over the society here; their hearts are so simple and right toward God. And out of one hundred and fifty persons, more than a hundred walk in the light of his countenance.

Sunday 25, Believing my strength would not allow of preaching five times in the day, I desired John Whitford to preach at five. At eight I preached in Morva, near the village of Trembath. Hence I rode to Zennon: Mr. Simmonds came soon after, and preached a close, awakening sermon, which I endeavoured to enforce by earnestly applying those words, *Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.* I reached Newlin a little after four. Here was a congregation of quite a different sort. A rude, gaping, staring rabble-rout, some or other of whom were throwing

dirt or stones continually. But before I had done, all were quiet and still, and some looked as if they felt what was spoken. We came to St. Ives about seven: the Room would nothing near contain the congregation: but they stood on the orchard all round and could hear perfectly well. I found to-night, that God can wound by the Gospel as well as by the law, although the instances of this are exceeding rare, nor have we any Scripture-ground to expect them. While I was enforcing, *We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God*, a young woman, till then quite unawakened, was cut to the heart, and sunk to the ground: though she could not give a clear, rational account of the manner how the conviction seized upon her.

Monday 26, I took my leave of St. Ives; about noon preached at Sithney, and at six in the evening at Crowan. Tuesday 27, at one I preached in Penryn, in a convenient place, encompassed with houses. Many of the hearers were at first like those of Newlin; but they soon softened into attention. About four I came to ——, examined the Leaders of the classes for two hours: preached to the largest congregation I had seen in Cornwall: met the society, and earnestly charged them, to *beware of covetousness*. All this time I was not asked, either to eat or drink. After the society, some bread and cheese were set before me.

Wednesday 28, I took horse between three and four, and came to St. Mewan's at eight. It rained all the time I was walking to the Green, which was the usual place of preaching. But the moment I began to speak, the rain ceased, and did not begin again till I had done speaking. It rained with little intermission all the day after, which made the roads so bad, that it was pretty dark, when we came within two miles of Crimble passage. We were in doubt, whether the tide would allow us to ride along the sands, as we do at low-water. However, it being much the shortest way, we tried. The water was still rising. And at one step our foremost man plunged in, above the top of his boots. Upon enquiry, we found his horse had

stumbled on a little rock which lay under water. So we rode on, reached the passage about seven, and the Dock a little before eight. We found great part of the congregation still waiting for us. They attended again at four in the morning. At five we took horse, and by easy riding, soon after eight, came to Tavistock. After I had preached, we hasted on, rested an hour at Oakhampton, and soon after sun-set came to Crediton. We could willingly have stayed here, but John Slocomb had appointed to meet us at Collumpton. Soon after we set out, it was exceeding dark, there being neither moon nor stars. The rain also made it darker still, particularly in the deep, narrow lanes. In one of these we heard the sound of horses coming toward us, and presently a hoarse voice cried, "What have you got?" Richard Moss understood him better than I, and replied, "We have no panniers." Upon which he answered, "Sir, I ask your pardon;" and went by very quietly. There were abundance of turnings in the road, so that we could not easily have found our way at noon-day. But we always turned right, nor do I know that we were out of the way once. Before eight the moon rose: we then rode cheerfully on, and before ten reached Collumpton.

Friday 30, I preached at eleven in Taunton, at three in Bridgewater, at seven in Middlesey. Saturday, Oct. 1, I preached at Waywick about one, and then rode quietly on to Bristol. I examined the society the following week, leaving out every careless person, and every one who wilfully and obstinately refused to meet his brethren weekly. By this mean their number was reduced from nine hundred to about seven hundred and thirty.

Sunday 9, I began examining the Classes in Kingswood. I was never before so fully convinced of the device of Satan, which has often made our hands hang down, and our minds evil affected to our brethren. Now, as ten times before, a cry was gone forth, "What a scandal do *these people* bring upon the Gospel! What a *society* is this! With *all these* drunkards, and tale-bearers, and evil-speakers in it! I expected therefore, that I should find a heavy task upon

my hands, and that none of these *scandalous people* might be concealed, I first met all the Leaders, and enquired particularly of each person in every Class. I repeated this enquiry when the Classes themselves met. And what was the ground of all this outcry? Why, *two* persons had relapsed into drunkenness within three months time; and *one* woman was proved to have made, or at least related, an idle story concerning another! I should rather have expected *two and twenty* instances of the former, and *one hundred* of the latter kind.

Thursday 13, I preached in Bath at noon, to many more than the Room would contain. In the evening I preached in the street at Westbury, under Salisbury-plain. The whole congregation behaved well, though it was a town noted for rough and turbulent people. Friday 14, I preached at Reading, and on Saturday 15, rode to London.

Saturday 22, I spent an hour in observing the various works of God in the Physic Garden at Chelsea. It would be a noble improvement of the design, if some able and industrious person were to make a full and accurate enquiry into the use and virtues of all these plants: without this, what end does the heaping them thus together answer, but the gratifying an idle curiosity?

Tuesday, November 1, Being All-Saints-day, we had a solemn assembly at the Chapel: as I cannot but observe we have had on this very day, for several years. Surely, "right dear in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints!"

Sunday 13, Sarah Peters, a lover of souls, a mother in Israel, went to rest. During a close observation of several years, I never saw her, upon the most trying occasions, in any degree ruffled, or discomposed, but she was always loving, always happy. It was her peculiar gift and her continual care, to seek and to save that which was lost; to support the weak; to comfort the feeble-minded, to bring back what had been turned out of the way. And in doing this, God endued her above her fellows, with the love that *believeth, hopeth, and endureth all things*. "For these four

years last past (says one who was intimately acquainted with her,) we used once or twice a week to unbosom ourselves to each other. I never knew her to have one doubt concerning her own salvation. Her soul was always filled with the holy flame of love, and ran after Christ as the chariots of Aminadab. She used to say, 'I think I am all spirit; I must be always moving; I cannot rest day or night, any longer than I am gathering in souls to God.' Yet she would often complain of her weakness and imperfections, and cry out, 'Lord, I am an unprofitable servant.' I was sometimes jealous that she carried her charity too far, not allowing herself what was needful. But she would answer, 'I can live upon one meal a day, so that I may have to give to them that have none.'"

On Sunday, October 9, she went with one more to see the condemned malefactors in Newgate. They enquired for John Lancaster in particular, who had sent to desire their coming. He asked them to go into his cell, which they willingly did, although some dissuaded them from it, because the goal-distemper (a kind of pestilential fever) raged much among the prisoners. They desired he would call together as many of the prisoners as were willing to come. Six or seven of those who were under sentence of death came. They sung a hymn, read a portion of Scripture, and prayed. Their little audience were all in tears, most of them appeared deeply convinced of their lost estate. From this time her labours were unwearied among them, praying with them, and for them, night and day. John Lancaster said, "When I used to come to the Foundery every morning, which I continued to do for some time, I little thought of ever coming to this place. I then often felt the love of God, and thought I should never commit sin more. But after awhile, I left off coming to the preaching; then my good desires died away. I fell again into the diversions I had laid aside, and the company I had left off. As I was one day playing at skittles with some of these, a young man, with whom I was now much acquainted, gave me a part of the money which he had just

been receiving for some stolen goods. This, with his frequent persuasions, so wrought upon me, that at last I agreed to go partners with him. Yet I had often strong convictions, but I stifled them as well as I could. We continued in this course till August last. As we were then going home from Bartholomew-fair, one morning about two o'clock, it came into my mind to go and steal the branches out of the Foundery. I climbed over the wall, and brought two of them away, though I trembled, and shook, and made so great a noise, that I thought all the family must be dead, or else they could not but hear me. Within a few days after, I stole the velvet, for which I was taken up, tried, and condemned."

Some being of opinion it would not be difficult to procure a pardon for him, S. Peters, though she never mentioned this to him, resolved to leave no means unattempted. She procured several petitions to be drawn, and went herself to Westminster, to Kensington, and to every part of the town where any one lived, who might possibly assist therein. In the mean time, she went constantly to Newgate, sometimes alone, sometimes with one or two others, visited all that were condemned in their cells, exhorted them, prayed with them, and had the comfort of finding them every time more athirst for God than before, and of being followed, whenever she went away, with abundance of prayers and blessings. After a time, she and her companions believed it would be of use to examine each closely as to the state of his soul. They spoke to John Lancaster first. He lifted up his eyes and hands, and after pausing awhile, said, "I thank God, I do feel, that he has forgiven me my sins. I *do* know it." They asked, "How, and when he knew it first?" He replied, "I was in great fear and heaviness, till the very morning you came hither first; that morning I was in earnest prayer; and just as St. Paul's clock struck five, the Lord poured into my soul such peace as I had never felt, so that I was scarce able to bear it. From that hour I have never been afraid to die. For I know, and am sure, as soon as my soul departs from

the body, the Lord Jesus will stand ready to carry it into glory."—The next who was spoken to was Thomas Atkins, nineteen years of age. When he was asked (after many other questions, in answering which he expressed the clearest and deepest conviction of all his sins, as well as that for which he was condemned,) if he were not afraid to die? he fixed his eyes upward and said, in the most earnest and solemn manner, "I bless God, I am not afraid to die; for I have laid my soul at the feet of Jesus." And to the last moment of his life, he gave all reason to believe, that these were not vain words.—Thomas Thompson, the next, was quite an ignorant man, scarce able to express himself on common occasions: yet some of his expressions were intelligible enough. "I do not know," (said he,) "how it is; I used to have nothing but bad and wicked thoughts in me, and now they are all gone, and I know God loves me, and he has forgiven my sins." He persisted in this testimony till death, and in a behaviour suitable thereto.—When John Roberts came first into Lancaster's cell, he was utterly careless and sullen. But it was not long before his countenance changed; the tears ran down his cheeks, and he continued from that hour earnestly and steadily seeking repentance and remission of sins. There did not pass many days before he likewise declared, that the burden of sin was gone; that the fear of death was utterly taken away, and it returned no more.—William Gardiner, from the time that he was condemned, was very ill of the goal-distemper. She visited him in his own cell, till he was able to come abroad. He was a man of exceeding few words, but of a broken and contrite spirit. Some time after, he expressed great readiness to die, yet with the utmost diffidence of himself. One of his expressions, to a person accompanying him to the place of execution was, "O Sir, I have nothing to trust to but the blood of Christ. If that will not do, I am undone for ever."—As soon as Sarah Cunningham was told, that the warrant was come down for her execution, she fell raving mad. She had but few intervals of reason, till the morning of her execution. She was then sensible,

but spoke little; till being told, "Christ will have pity upon you, if you ask him:" she broke out, "Pity upon me! Will Christ have pity upon *me?* Then I *will* ask him. Indeed I will:" which she did in the best manner she could, till her soul was required of her.—Samuel Chapman appeared to be quite hardened. He seemed to fear neither God nor devil. But when, after some time, Sarah Peters talked with him, God struck him down at one stroke. He felt himself a sinner, and cried aloud for mercy. The goal-distemper then seized upon him, and confined him to his bed, till he was carried out to die. She visited him frequently in his cell. He wept and prayed much; but never had any clear assurance of his acceptance with God.

It was the earnest desire of them all, that they, whom God had made so helpful to them, might spend the last night with them. Accordingly she came to Newgate at ten o'clock, but could not be admitted on any terms. However, so far they were indulged, that six of them were suffered to be in one cell. They spent the night, wrestling with God in prayer. She was admitted about six in the morning. As soon as the cell was opened, they sprang out, several of them crying, with a transport not to be expressed, "O what a happy night have we had! What a blessed morning is this! O when will the hour come that we long for, that our souls shall be set at liberty!" The Turnkey said, "I never saw such people before." When the bell-man came at twelve o'clock, to tell them, (as usual) "Remember you are to die to-day," they cried out, "Welcome news! Welcome news!" John Lancaster was the first who was called out, to have his irons knocked off. When he came to the block, at which this is done, he said, "Blessed be the day I came into this place! O what a glorious work hath the Lord carried on in my soul since I came in hither!" Then he said to those near him, "O my dear friends, join in praise with me a sinner. O for a tongue to praise him as I ought. My heart is like fire in a close vessel. I am ready to burst for want of vent. O that I could tell the thousandth part of the joys I feel!"

One saying, "I am sorry to see you in that condition;" he answered, "I would not change it for ten thousand worlds." From the press-yard, he was removed into a large room, where he exhorted all the officers to repentance, till Thomas Atkins was brought in: whom he immediately asked, "How is it between God and your soul?" He answered, "Blessed be God, I am ready." An officer asking about this time, "What is it o'clock?" was answered, "Near nine." On which Lancaster said, "By one I shall be in paradise, safely resting in Abraham's bosom." To another prisoner coming in, he said, "Cannot you see Jesus! I see him by faith, standing at the right hand of God, with open arms to receive our souls." One asking, "Which is Lancaster?" He answered, "Here I am. Come, see a Christian triumphing over death." A bye-stander said, "Be steadfast to the end." He replied, "I am, by the grace of God, as steadfast as the rock I am built upon, and that rock is Christ." Then he said to the people, "Cry to the Lord for mercy, and you will surely find it. I have found it. Therefore none should despair. When I came first to this place, my heart was as hard as my cell walls, and as black as hell. But now I am washed, now I am made clean by the blood of Christ." When William Gardiner came in, he said, "Well, my dear man, how are you?" He answered, "I am happy, and think the moments long; for I want to die, that I may be with him whom my soul loveth." Lancaster asked, "Had we not a sweet night?" He said, "I was, as it were, in heaven. O, if a foretaste be so sweet, what must the full enjoyment be!" Then came in Thomas Thompson, who, with great power, witnessed the same confession. The people around, in the mean time, were in tears, and the officers stood like men affrighted. Then Lancaster exhorted one in doubt, never to rest till he had found rest in Christ. After this he broke out into strong prayer, (mingled with praise and thanksgiving,) that the true Gospel of Christ might spread to every corner of the habitable earth: that the congregation at the Foundery might abound more and more in the know-

ledge and love of God: that he would, in a particular manner bless all those, who had taken care of his dying soul; and that God would bless and keep Messrs. Ws., that neither men nor devils might ever hurt them, but that they might, as a ripe shock of corn, be gathered into the garner of God.

When the last prisoner came into the room, he said, "Here is another of our little flock." An officer said tenderly, "He thought it was too large." He said, "Not too large for heaven: thither we are going." He said to Mr. M.: "O Sir, be not faint in your mind. Be not weary of well-doing. You serve a glorious Master. And if you go on, you will have a glorious reward." When the officers told them, it was time to go, they rose with inexpressible joy, and embraced each other, commending each other's soul to the care of Him, who had so cared for them. Lancaster then earnestly prayed, that all there present might, like him, be found of God, though they sought him not. Coming into the Press-yard, he saw Sarah Peters. He stepped to her, kissed her, and earnestly said, "I am going to Paradise to-day; and you will follow me soon." The crowd being great, they could not readily get through. So he had another opportunity of declaring the goodness of God. And to one in heaviness he said, "Cry unto the Lord, and he will be found. My soul for thine, he will have mercy upon thee." Then he said to all, "Remember Mary Magdalene, out of whom the Lord cast seven devils. So rely ye on him for mercy; and you will surely find it." As they were preparing to go into the cart, he said, "Come, my dear friends, let us go on joyfully, for the Lord is making ready to receive us into everlasting habitations." Then turning to the spectators, he said, "My friends, God be your guide. God direct you in the right way to eternal glory. It is but a short time and *we* shall be where all sorrow and sighing shall flee away. Turn from the evil of your ways, and you also with us shall stand with the innumerable company on Mount-Sion." As they went along, he frequently spoke to the people, exhorting them to repentance. To some he

said, "Ye poor creatures! you do not know where I am going. See that you love Christ; see that you follow Christ, and then you will come there too." He likewise gave out and sung several hymns; particularly that with which he was always deeply affected,

"Lamb of God, whose bleeding love
We still recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find.
Think on us, who think on thee,
And every struggling soul release:
O remember Calvary;
And let us go in peace."

All the people who saw them seemed to be amazed; but much more so when they came to the place of execution. A solemn awe overwhelmed the whole multitude. As soon as the executioner had done his part with Lancaster, and the two that were with him, he called for a hymn-book, and gave out a hymn with a clear, strong voice. And after the Ordinary had prayed, he gave out and sung the fifty-first Psalm. He then took leave of his fellow-sufferers, with all possible marks of the most tender affection. He blessed the persons who had attended him, and commended his own soul to God. Even a little circumstance that followed seems worth observing. His body was carried away by a company hired of the Surgeons: but a crew of sailors pursued them, took it from them by force, and delivered it to his mother, by which means it was decently interred, in the presence of many who praised God on his behalf. One thing, which occasioned some amazement was, that even after death there were no marks of violence upon him; his face was not at all bloated or disfigured; no, nor even changed from it's natural colour. But he lay with a calm, smiling countenance, as one in a sweet sleep. He died on Friday, and was buried on Sunday October 30.

Sarah Peters, having now finished her work, felt the body sink apace. November 3, she took to her bed, having the symptoms of a malignant fever. She praised God in the fire for ten days, continually witnessing

the good confession, "I have fought the good fight; I have kept the faith; I am going to receive the crown." And a little after midnight, on Sunday 13, her spirit also returned to God.

Monday 14, I rode to Windsor, and after preaching, examined the members of the Society. The same I did at Reading in the evening: at Wycombe on Tuesday, and on Wednesday at Brentford; in the afternoon I preached to a little company at Wandsworth, who had just begun to seek God; but they had a rough setting out; the rabble gathering from every side, whenever they met together, throwing dirt and stones, and abusing both men and women in the grossest manner. They complained of this to a neighbouring Magistrate, and he promised to do them justice. But Mr. C. walked over to his house, and spoke so much in favour of the rioters, that they were all discharged. It is strange, that a mild, humane man, could be persuaded by speaking quite contrary to the truth, (a mean as bad as the end,) to encourage a merciless rabble, in outraging the innocent! A few days after, Mr. C., walking over the same field dropped down and spoke no more! Surely the mercy of God would not suffer a well-meaning man to be any longer a tool to persecutors.

Monday 21, I set out for Leigh in Essex; it had rained hard in the former part of the night, which was succeeded by a sharp frost; so that most of the road was like glass; and the North-east wind sat just in our faces. However, we reached Leigh by four in the afternoon. Here was once a deep, open harbour; but the sands have long since blocked it up, and reduced a once flourishing town to a small, ruinous village. I preached to most of the inhabitants of the place in the evening, and to many in the morning, and then rode back to London.

Monday, December 5, I retired to Newington to write. I preached every evening to a little company; one who stumbled in among them on Wednesday, was a man eminent for all manner of wickedness: he appeared much affected, and went away full of good desires and resolutions.

Thursday 8, A poor mourner found peace. When she related it to me in the morning, I told her, "If you watch and pray, God will give you more of his love." She replied, "More! Why, is it possible I should feel more love to God than I do now?" The natural thought of newborn babes, who feel as much as their hearts will *then* contain. In the evening I saw one in a far different state. He was crying out, (in a high fever,) "O Sir, I am dying without God, without Christ, without hope!" I spoke strongly of the mercies of God in Christ, and left him a little revived. The next night he told me, "For some time after you were here, I was I know not how; so light and easy! I had no doubt but God would have mercy upon me; but now I am dark again, I fear, lest I should perish at the last." He then broke out into prayer. I left him a little easier, beginning again to cast his care upon God.

Sunday 11, Several of our brethren called upon him, and found his hope gradually increasing. Monday 12, he expressed a strong confidence in the mercy of God, and said, he feared nothing but lest he should live and turn back into the world. Before noon he was a little delirious; but as soon as any one spoke of God, he recovered himself and prayed so vehemently, as to set all who heard him, in tears. I called once more about six in the evening, and commended his soul to God. He was speechless, but not without sense, as the motion of his lips plainly shewed; though his eyes were generally fixed upwards, with a look which said, "I see God." About half an hour after I went away, his soul was set at liberty. Thus, in the strength of his years, died Francis Butts, one, in whose lips was found no guile. He was an honest man, fearing God, and earnestly endeavouring to work righteousness.

Thursday 15, Having procured a sight of that amazing compound of nonsense and blasphemy, the last hymn-book published by Count Zinzendorf's brethren, I believed it was my bounden duty to transcribe a few of those wonderful hymns, and publish them to all the world, as a standing

proof, that there is no folly too gross for those who are wise above what is written.

Saturday 24, I buried the body of William Turner, who, towards the close of a long illness, had been removed into Guy's Hospital, though with small hope of recovery. The night before his death he vas delirious, and talked loud and incoherently, which occasioned many in the ward to gather round his bed, in order to divert themselves. But in that hour it pleased God to restore him at once to the full use of his understanding; and he began praising God, and exhorting them to repent, so as to pierce many to the heart. He remained for some time in this last labour of love, and then gave up his soul to God.

Tuesday 27, Mr. Glanville died. He was at the burial of Francis Butts, and was then saying, "What a mercy it is, that I am alive! that I was not cut off a year ago!" The same night he was taken ill, and was for the most part delirious. In his lucid intervals he seemed intent on the things of God. I saw him not till the night before his death; he answered me sensibly once or twice, saying, "He hoped to meet me in a better place." Then he raved again; so I used a short prayer, and commended his spirit to God.

Monday, January 2, 1749, I had designed to set out with a friend for Rotterdam. But being much pressed to answer Dr. Middleton's book against the Fathers, I postponed my voyage, and spent almost twenty days in that unpleasing employment.

Saturday 28, I looked over the celebrated Tract of Mr. Daille on the Right Use of the Fathers. I soon saw what occasion that good man had given to the enemies of God to blaspheme; and that Dr. Middleton in particular had largely used that work, in order to overthrow the whole Christian System.

Sunday, February 5, Mr. Manning being dangerously ill, I was desired to ride over to Hayes. I knew not how the warm people would behave, considering the stories

which passed current among them, Mrs. B. having averred to Mr. M. himself, "That Mr. Wesley was unquestionably a Jesuit." Just such a Jesuit in principle, (and desirous of being such in practice,) as Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston was. But God made all things easy. Far from any tumult or rudeness, I observed deep attention in almost all the congregation. Sunday 12, Mr. M. having had a relapse, I rode over again; and again I observed the same decency of behaviour in a much larger congregation.

Tuesday 14, I rode with my brother to Oxford, and preached to a small company in the evening. Thursday 16, we rode to Ross, and on Friday to Garth.

Sunday 19, My brother preached at Maesmennys in the morning. I preached at Builth in the afternoon, and at Garth in the evening. Tuesday 21, I rode to Ragland, and the next day to Kingswood.

Thursday 23, My design was, to have as many of our Preachers here, during the Lent, as could possibly be spared; and to read lectures to them every day, as I did to my pupils in Oxford. I had seventeen of them in all: these I divided into two classes, and read to one, "Bishop Pearson on the Creed;" and to the other, "Aldrich's Logic;" and to both, "Rules for Action and Utterance."

Friday, March 3, I corrected the Extract of John Arndt, designed for part of the Christian Library. But who can tell, whether that and a hundred other designs will be executed or not? *When the breath of man goeth forth, he turneth again to his dust, and then all his thoughts perish!*

Saturday 11, I rode to Freshford, three or four miles from Bath. The house not containing the people, I was obliged to preach out of doors. It was dark when I began, and rained all the time I preached. But, I believe, none went away.

Sunday 12, After preaching at five, I rode to Bearfield, and preached there between eight and nine, and about one, at Seend; Mrs. Andrews, the wife of a neighbouring Clergy-

man, afterwards invited me to his house; (in her husband's name,) there I found

"An hoary, reverend, and religious man;"

the very sight of whom struck me with awe: he told me, "His only son, about nine years ago, came to hear me preach at Bearfield; he was then in the flower of his age, but remarkable above his years, both for piety, sense, and learning; he was clearly and deeply convinced of the truth, but returned home ill of the small-pox. Nevertheless, he praised God for having been there, rejoiced in a full sense of his love, and triumphed more and more over sickness, pain, and death, till his soul returned to God. He said, "He had loved me ever since, and greatly desired to see me; and that he blessed God he had seen me once before he followed his dear son into eternity." At five I preached at Bearfield again. This day I was wet from morning to night, with the continued rain; but I found no manner of inconvenience.

Tuesday 14, Having set apart an hour weekly for that purpose, I met the Children of our four schools together: namely, the boys boarded in the new house, the girls boarded in the old: the day-scholars (boys) taught by James Harding, and the girls taught by Sarah Dimmock. We soon found the effect of it in the children, some of whom were deeply and lastingly affected.

Friday 31, I began abridging Dr. Cave's Primitive Christianity. O what a pity that so great piety and learning should be accompanied with so little judgment!

Monday, April 3, I set out for Ireland. We waited more than four hours at the passage: by which delay I was forced to disappoint a large congregation at Newport. About three I came to Pedwas, near Caerphilly. The congregation had waited some hours. I began immediately, wet and weary as I was; and we rejoiced over all our labours.

In the evening, and the next morning, (Tuesday 4,) I preached at Cardiff. O what a fair prospect was here some years ago! Surely this whole town would have known God,

from the least even to the greatest, had it not been for men leaning to their own understanding, instead of the law and the testimony. At twelve I preached at Lanmais, to a loving, earnest people; who do not desire to be any wiser than God. In the evening I preached at Fonmon, the next morning at Cowbridge. How is the scene changed since I was here last, amidst the madness of the people, and the stones flying on every side! Now all is calm; the whole town is in good humour, and flock to hear the glad tidings of salvation. In the evening I preached at Lantrissent.

Thursday 6, We rode to a hard-named place on the top of a mountain; I scarce saw any house near: however, a large number of honest, simple people, soon came together, but few could understand me: so Henry Lloyd, when I had done, repeated the substance of my sermon in Welsh. The behaviour of the people recompenced us for our labour, in climbing up to them. About noon we came to Aberdare, just as the bell was ringing for a burial. This had brought a great number together, to whom, after the burial, I preached in the Church. We had almost continued rains from Aberdare to the great rough mountain that hangs over the vale of Brecknock: but as soon as we gained the top of this, we left the clouds behind us. We had a mild, fair, sun-shiny evening, the remainder of our journey.

Friday 7, We reached Garth. Saturday 8, I married my brother and Sarah Gwynne. It was a solemn day, such as became the dignity of a Christian marriage.

Sunday 9, I preached at Builth, Maesmennys, and Garth. Monday 10, A little after ten we reached Lanidlos. Many were come thither before us from all parts. About eleven, I preached in the market-place. The wind was so piercing, that whenever it came in my face, it almost took away my voice. But the poor people (though all of them stood bare-headed,) seemed not to know there was any wind at all. We rode from hence in three hours to a village seven miles off. The persons, at whose house we called, knowing who we were, received us with open arms, and gladly gave us such fare as they had. In three hours

more we rode with much ado, seven miles farther, to a village, named Dynas-mouthy: here an honest man, out of pure good-will, without my knowing any thing of the matter, sent for the most learned man in the town, who was an Exciseman, to bear me company. He sent an excuse, being not very well, but withal invited me to his house. I returned him thanks, and sent him two or three little books; on which he wrote a few lines, begging me to call upon him. I went, and found one that wanted a Saviour, and was deeply sensible of his want. I spent some time with him in conversation and prayer, and had reason to hope, the seed was sown in good ground.

Tuesday 11, We reached Dall-y-gelly in less than three hours, Tannabull before noon, and Caernarvon in the evening. What need there is of guides over these sands I cannot conceive: this is the third time I have crossed them without any.

Wednesday 12, We came to Holyhead between one and two. But all the ships were on the Irish side. One came in the next day, but could not go out, the wind being quite contrary. In this journey I read over Statius's Thebais: I wonder one man should write so well and so ill. Sometimes he is scarcely inferior to Virgil; sometimes as low as the dullest parts of Ovid. In the evening I preached, on *Be ye also ready*. The poor people seemed now to be much affected; and equally so the next night. So that I was not sorry the wind was contrary.

Saturday 15, We went on board at six, the wind then standing due east. But no sooner were we out of the harbour, than it turned south-west, and blew a storm. Yet we made forward, and, about one o'clock, came within two or three leagues of land. The wind then wholly failed: a calm suddenly following a storm, produced such a motion as I never felt before. But it was not long before the wind sprung up west, which obliged us to stand away for Skerries. When we wanted a league of shore, it fell calm again, so that there we rolled about till past sun-set. But

in the night we got back into Dublin-bay, and landed soon after three at Dunleary, about seven English miles from the city. Leaving William Tucker to follow me in a chaise, I walked straight away and came to Skinner's-alley, a little before the time of preaching. I preached, on *Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.* In the afternoon, and again in the evening, (in our own garden,) I preached, on *Let us come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may find mercy and grace to help in time of need.*

On Thursday and Friday I examined the classes, and was much comforted among them. I left about four hundred in the society; and after all the stumbling-blocks laid in the way, I found four hundred and forty-nine.

Sunday 23, We had several showers in the afternoon, while I was preaching in our garden, and, toward the conclusion, a vehement shower of hail. But all kept their ground till I concluded.

Monday 24, The cold, which I had had for some days, growing worse and worse, and the swelling which began in my cheek, increasing greatly, and paining me much, I sent for Dr. Rutty. But in the mean time, I applied boiled nettles, which took away the pain in a moment. Afterwards I used warm treacle, which so abated the swelling, that before the Doctor came, I was almost well. However, he advised me, "Not to go out that day." But I had appointed to read the letters in the evening. I returned home as early as I could, and found no inconvenience.

Saturday 29, I rode to Tyrrel's-pass, and preached in the evening, and on Sunday morning and evening. Monday, May 1, I preached at five in the evening at Edenderry, to an exceeding well-behaved congregation. I preached at five in the morning, (many Quakers being present,) on *Ye shall be all taught of God.* In the evening I preached at Mountmelick.

Wednesday 3, I preached at Tullamore. Thursday 4, at Clara about noon, and in the evening at Athlone. I

never saw so large a congregation here on a week-day before; among whom were many of the soldiers, (the remains of the regiment wherein John Nelson was) and seven or eight of the officers. They all behaved well, and listened with deep attention.

Friday 5, This day and the next, I endeavoured to see all who were weary and faint in their minds. Most of them, I found, had not been used with sufficient tenderness. Who is there that sufficiently weighs the advice of Kempis? "Nole duriter agere cum tentato." Deal not harshly with one that is tempted.

Sunday 7, I preached, as usual, at five and at three, with the spirit of convincing speech. The Rector preached in the afternoon (though it is called Morning Service,) a close, useful sermon, on the Fear of God. At five I had great numbers of the poor Papists (as well as Protestants) maugre all the labour of their priests. I called aloud, *Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money!* Strange news to them! One of whom had declared frankly, but a few days before, "I would fain be with you, but I dare not: for now I have all my sins forgiven for four shillings a year; and this could not be in *your* Church." We had a triumphant hour when the Society met. Several captives were set at liberty: one of these was Mr. Joseph Ch—, who had been an eminent man for many years for cursing, swearing, drinking, and all kinds of fashionable wickedness. On Monday last he had rode fifteen miles to Tyrrel's-pass, and came thither before five in the morning. He was immediately convinced, and followed me in from the preaching. I was then examining a class. The words cut him to the heart. He came after me to Athlone, (when he had settled some temporal business) having his eyes continually filled with tears, and being scarcely able to eat, or drink, or sleep. But God now wiped away the tears from his eyes; and he returned to his house, to declare what things God had wrought.

Monday 8, I rode to Aughrim, where the face of things was quite changed since the time I was there before. Here

was now a serious congregation from all the country round. I preached about seven, and afterwards explained the Nature and Use of a Society. The first who desired to join therein, was Mr. S., his wife, and daughter.

Tuesday 9, I rode to Ahaskra, six miles south, at the desire of Mr. G., the Rector. As the Papists durst not come into the Church, I preached before Mr. G.'s door. I should not have imagined this was the first time of their hearing this preaching, so fixt and earnest was their attention. In the morning, Wednesday 10, I think the congregation was larger than in the evening; among whom was the Rector of a neighbouring parish, who seemed then much athirst after righteousness. Mr. Wade of Aughrim, rode with me hence to Eyre-court, about fourteen miles from Ahaskra. Here I preached in the market-house, a large, handsome room, to a well behaved congregation. Thence I rode on to Birr, and preached at seven to a large unconcerned congregation. The next day, both in the morning and evening, I spoke very plainly and roughly. And the congregation had quite another appearance than it had the night before. So clear it is, that love will not always prevail; but there is a time for the terrors of the Lord.

Friday 12, Before nine we came to Nenagh. I had no design to preach; but one of the dragoons quartered there, would take no denial. So I ordered a chair to be carried out, and went to the market-place. Presently such a congregation was gathered round me, as I had not seen since I left Athlone. To these I spake as I was able, the whole counsel of God, and then rode cheerfully on to Limerick. Between six and seven I preached at Mardyke, (an open place without the walls) to about two thousand people: not one of whom I observed either to laugh or to look about, or to mind any thing but the sermon. Some years since, an old abbey here was rebuilt, with a design to have public service therein: but that design failing, only the shell of it was finished. Of this (lying useless) the Society has taken a lease. Here I preached in the morning, Saturday 13, to six or seven hundred people. We then went to prayers at

the Cathedral, an ancient and venerable pile. In the afternoon I walked round the walls of the town, scarce so large as Newcastle-upon-Tyne. And the fortifications are much in the same repair; very sufficient to keep out the wild Irish.

Sunday 14, being Whitsunday, our Church was more than full in the morning, many being obliged to stand without. I hardly knew how the time went, but continued speaking till seven o'clock. I went at eleven to the Cathedral. I had been informed, it was a custom here, for the gentry especially, to laugh and talk all the time of divine service: but I saw nothing of it. The whole congregation, rich and poor, behaved suitably to the occasion. In the evening, I preached to a numerous congregation on, *If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.* We afterwards met the Society. Six or seven prisoners of hope were set at liberty this day.

Monday 15, A company of revellers and dancers had, in the afternoon, taken possession of the place where I used to preach. Some advised me to go to another place; but I knew it needed not. As soon as ever I came in sight, the holyday mob vanished away.

Tuesday 16, I went to dine on the Island, (so they call a peninsula without the walls.) We had hardly dined, when one and another of the neighbours came in, till we had a company of sixteen or eighteen. We joined together in prayer and praising God, and many, I believe, went home rejoicing. How does the frequency and greatness of the Works of God make us less (instead of more) sensible of them! A few years ago, if we heard of one notorious sinner truly converted to God, it was matter of solemn joy to all that loved or feared him. And now that multitudes of every kind and degree, are daily turned from the power of darkness to God, we pass it over as a common thing! O God, give us thankful hearts!

Wednesday 17, I met the class of soldiers, eight of whom were Scotch Highlanders. Most of these were brought up well; but evil communications had corrupted good man-

ners. They all said, from the time they entered into the army, they had grown worse and worse. But God had now given them another call, and they knew the day of their visitation.

Saturday 20, I saw a melancholy sight. A gentlewoman, of an unspotted character, sitting at home, on May 4, 1747, cried out, that 'something seized her by the side.' Then, she said, it was in her mouth. Quickly after she complained of her head. From that time she wept continually for four months, and afterwards grew outrageous; but always insisted 'That God had forsaken her, and that the devil possessed her body and soul.' I found it availed nothing to reason with her. She only blasphemed the more; cursing God, and vehemently desiring, yet fearing to die. However, she suffered me to pray, only saying, 'It signified not, for God had given her up.' Her brother gave me almost as strange an account of himself. Some years since, as he was in the full career of sin, in a moment he felt the wrath of God upon him, and was in the deepest horror and agony of soul. He had no rest, day or night, feeling he was under the full power of the devil. He was utterly incapable of any business, so that he was obliged to shut up his shop. Thus he wandered up and down in exquisite torture, for just eighteen months: and then in a moment the pressure was removed: he believed God had not forsaken him. His understanding was clear as ever. He resumed his employ, and followed it in the fear of God.

Monday 22, The more I converse with this people, the more I am amazed. That God has wrought a great work among them is manifest. And yet the main of them, believers and unbelievers, are not able to give a rational account of the plainest principles of religion. It is plain, God begins his work at the heart; then the inspiration of the Highest giveth understanding.

Wednesday 24, A gentlewoman called upon me, with her son, who, she informed me, was given over last summer, having long been ill of a wasting distemper, and expected death every day. In this state, he was one day in

an agony of prayer, when God revealed to him his pardoning love. He immediately declared this to his mother, telling her also, "I shall not die now; God has told me so." And he recovered from that very hour. About eight, several of us took boat for Newtown, six miles from Limerick. After dinner we took boat, in order to return. The wind was extremely high. We endeavoured to cross over to the leeward side of the river: but it was not possible. The boat being small, and overloaded, was soon deep in water; the more so, because it leaked much, and the waves washed over us frequently. And there was no staying to empty it; all our men being obliged to row with all their strength. After they had toiled about an hour, the boat struck upon a rock, the point of which lay just under the water. It had four or five shocks, the wind driving us on, before we could get clear. But our men wrought for life: and about six o'clock God brought us safe to Limerick.

Sunday 28, I preached at Mardyke in the evening, on *God was in Christ, reconciling the world to himself.* I never saw, even at Bristol, a congregation which was at once so numerous and so serious.

Monday 29, I set out for Cork. We breakfasted at Brough, nine miles from Limerick. When I went into the kitchen, first one or two, then more and more of the neighbours gathered round me, listening to every word. I should soon have had a congregation, but I had no time to stay. A mile or two beyond Killmallock, (once a large and strong city, now a heap of ruins,) we saw the body of a man lying dead in the highway, and many people standing and looking upon it. I stopped and spoke a few words, all listened attentively, and one who was on horseback rode on with us. We quickly fell into discourse; I soon perceived he was a Priest, and found he was a sensible man. I gave him a book or two at parting, and he dismissed me with—"God bless you," earnestly repeated twice or thrice. We stopped awhile at Killdorrery in the afternoon, and took the opportunity of speaking closely to every one that understood English, and of giving them a few books. What a nation

is this! every man, woman, and child, (except a few of the great vulgar,) not only patiently, but gladly suffer the word of exhortation. Between six and seven we reached Rathcormuck. Mr. Loyd read prayers, and I preached. Even the Papists ventured to come to Church for once, and were a very serious part of the congregation.

Tuesday 30, I preached at eleven, and the hearts of the people seemed to be as melting wax. These are now *willing in this day of his power.* But will not many of them harden their hearts again? In the afternoon I waited on Colonel Barry, and found him a serious and understanding man, and his long and painful illness seems to have been attended with good and happy fruit. Our congregation in the evening was larger than ever. And never since I came into this kingdom, was my soul so refreshed, as it was both in praying for them, and in calling them to accept the redemption that is in Jesus. Just as we came out of Church, Mr. Skelton came from Cork, and told me 'I had no place there yet; it being impossible for me to preach now, while the rioters filled the streets.'

Wednesday 31, I preached at nine, and about eleven took horse: our way lay through Cork. We had scarce got into it, (though I had never been there till then,) before the streets, doors, and windows were full of people. But the mob had not time to gather together, till we were quite gone through the town. I rode to Bandon, a town which is entirely inhabited by Protestants. I preached at seven in the middle of the main street, on *Seek ye the Lord while he may be found.* Here were by far the largest congregations, both morning and evening, of any I had seen in Ireland.

Friday, June 2, I was sent for by a clergyman who had come twelve miles on purpose to talk with me. We had no dispute, but simply endeavoured to strengthen each other's hands in God. In the evening a gentlewoman informed me, that Dr. B. had averred to her and many others, 1, "That both John and Charles Wesley had been expelled the University of Oxford long ago. 2, That there was not a Methodist left in Dublin, or any where in Ireland, but

Cork and Bandon; all the rest having been rooted out by order of Government. 3, That neither were there any Methodists left in England; and, 4, That it was all Jesuitism at the bottom." Alas, for poor Dr. B., God be merciful unto thee a sinner!

Saturday 3, At the request of many in the town, in the close of my evening sermon, I answered for myself. And have reason to believe it was much blessed to many of the congregation.

Sunday 4, Being extremely hoarse, I could not speak without difficulty. However I made shift to preach at nine, at two, and at five, the congregation continually increasing. I think the most general call of God, to the inhabitants of Bandon, was at, or about this time.

Monday 5, I rode to Blarney, three miles wide of Cork, where many of the Society met me. I spent some time with them in exhortation and prayer, and then went on to Rathcormuck. I was a little surprised at the acuteness of a gentleman here, who, in conversation with Colonel B., about late occurrences, said, 'He had heard there was a people risen up that placed all religion in wearing long whiskers; and seriously asked, Whether these were not the same who were called Methodists!'

Wednesday 7, I set out with Mr. Loyd, and breakfasted at Mr. T.'s, at Castle-hyde. They both rode with me to Killdorrery: about one I preached to some stocks and stones at Brough: in the evening to another sort of a congregation at Limerick, on *Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous*. Four comfortable days I spent with this lively people, the like to whom I had not found in all the kingdom. Monday 12, I had appointed to take horse at four, that I might have time to preach at Nenagh, but no horses came till seven. At four I walked forward: after resting awhile at Tullah, I walked on, till an honest man overtaking me, desired me to ride behind him. With this help I came to Nenagh before eleven, preached there at twelve, and at Birr in the evening.

Tuesday 13, We rode over to Gloster, a beautiful seat,

built by an English gentleman, who had scarce finished his house and laid out his gardens, when he was called to his everlasting home. Sir —— and his Lady dined with us, whether coming by accident, or design, I know not. About five I preached in the stately Saloon, to a little company of plain, serious people; the fine ones looking on, and some of them *seeming* to be a little affected. I expounded at Birr about seven, in the strongest manner I could, the story of Dives and Lazarus.

Wednesday 14, We designed to dine at Ferbane, about twelve miles from Birr. We stopped at the first inn in the town. But they did not care to entertain heretics; neither did the people at the second inn. I alighted at the third, and went in, without asking any questions. Here I met with a woman very sick and very serious. Some of her neighbours quickly gathered about us, and we endeavoured to improve the opportunity. After some time spent in close conversation and prayer, we parted in much love. About seven I preached at Athlone. It being the time of the general review, abundance of soldiers and many officers were present. They all behaved with the utmost decency. But a gentleman of the town did not; which had like to have cost him dear. Many swords were drawn, but the officers interposed, and it went no farther.

Saturday 17, The wind being very tempestuous in the evening, I preached in our new-built House. Toward the close of the sermon, I asked, "Which of you will give yourself, soul and body, to God?" One cried out, with a cry that almost shook the house, "O! I will; I will." And as soon as she could stand, she came forth in the midst, to witness it before all the congregation. It was Mrs. Glass: her words pierced like lightning. Presently another witnessed the same resolution; and not long after, one who had been sorrowing as without hope, Mrs. Meecham, lifted up her head with joy, and continued singing and praising God to the dawn of the next day. Perceiving this was an acceptable time, I laid aside my design of meeting the Society, and continued in prayer with the whole congregation,

all our hearts being as the heart of one man. When I had, at length, pronounced the blessing, no man stirred, but each stayed in his place till I walked through them. I was soon called back by one crying out, "My God! my God! thou hast forgotten me." Having spoken thus, she sunk to the earth. We called upon God in her behalf. The cries both of her and several others, mourning after God, redoubled. But we continued wrestling with the Lord in prayer, till he gave us an answer of peace.

Sunday 18, I preached at five, and about two on the Connaught side of the river: thence I hastened to Aughrim, and endeavoured to awaken a serious, but sleepy congregation.

Monday 19, I rode over to Abaskra, and thence to Mr. Mahon's, at Castle-garth. I had much conversation with Mrs. M——, and was much in doubt, from the account she gave of her own experience, whether she had not been justified many years, though she knew it not by that name. I preached at Abaskra at six, both in the evening and in the morning: on Tuesday evening at Athlone. I then met the Society, where one, and another, and another, cried aloud for mercy: we called upon God, till several of them found mercy, and praised him with a good courage. I think more found peace with God in these four days, than in sixteen months before.

Wednesday 21, I rode to Tyrrel's-pass, but did not find that fervour of spirit in the congregation, which was among them the last year. Yet a few there were, who were still pressing on to the mark. Thursday 22, I preached at noon at a village, three miles from Tyrrel's-pass: in the evening at Tullamore, and on Friday, morning and evening. Saturday 24, I rode to Mountmelick, and dined with Joseph Fry, late a Quaker. Abundance of people were at the preaching in the evening, and all seemed to give earnest attention.

Sunday 24, I preached at eight to a still increasing congregation; and God's word was as a two-edged sword. I rode thence to Portarlington; a town inhabited chiefly by

French. A Clergyman there received me gladly. Some time before, a gentleman of Mountmelick, had desired him to preach against the Methodists. He said, "He could not, till he knew what they were;" in order to which, he came soon after, and heard Mr. Larwood. And from that time, instead of preaching against them, he spoke for them, wherever he came. As soon as we came out of the Church, I went straight to the Market-house, and the whole congregation followed me. I had not seen in all Ireland so glittering a company before, unless at St. Mary's Church in Dublin; and yet all of them, high and low, behaved in such a manner, as became his presence before whom they stood. Thence I rode two miles farther, to Mr. L.'s house, at Closeland, near Ballabrittys. It rained the whole time that I was preaching. But the congregation regarded it no more than I did; though I was thoroughly wet before I had done, the shower driving full in my face.

Monday 26, We had a blessed opportunity at Mountmelick in the evening, while I was explaining the Covenant God hath made with us. The same spirit continued with us, at the meeting of the Society. So that my voice could not be heard for the voice of those who cried for mercy, or praised the God of their salvation.

Tuesday 27, I talked two hours with J. S., a Quaker. He spoke in the very spirit and language wherein poor Mr. Hall used to speak, before he made shipwreck of the grace of God. I found it good for me to be with him. It enlivened and strengthened my soul. I rode in the afternoon to Closeland, and preached in the evening and morning, to a people earnestly desirous of pleasing God.

Thursday 29, I rode to Portarlington again, and preached to a larger congregation than before. They all seemed to hear, not only with strong desire, but with understanding also. I afterwards explained to them the nature of a Society, and desired any who were willing so to unite together, to speak to me severally. Above threescore did so the same day.

Saturday, July 1, I preached at Mountmelick. Sun-

day 2, I preached at eight in Portarlington, and again at two. I scarce knew how to leave off; all the people seemed to be so deeply affected. The Society now contains above one hundred members, full of zeal and good desires. And in one week, the face of the whole town is changed. Open wickedness is not seen. The fear of God is on every side: and rich and poor ask, *What must I do to be saved?* And how long (I thought with myself) will this continue? In most, only till the fowls of the air come, and devour the seed. Many of the rest, when persecution or reproach begins, will immediately be offended. And in the small remainder some will fall off, either through other desires, or the cares of the world, or the deceitfulness of riches.

Monday 3, I preached at Eden-derry, and on Tuesday morning and evening. Almost every person who was present at the meeting of the Society, appeared to be broken in pieces. A cry went up on every side; till Joseph Fry, once as eminent a sinner as even Joseph Fry of Mountmelick, and since as eminent an instance of the grace of God, broke out into prayer. It was not long before praise and prayer were mixed together. And shortly after, prayer was swallowed up in thanksgiving.

Wednesday 5, I returned to Dublin. Sunday 6, I preached on the Green both morning and afternoon. And the congregation was considerably larger than any I had seen in Dublin before.

Wednesday 12, being one of the grand Irish festivals, by reason of "The breach; i. e. Battle of Aughrim," we had a very large congregation, to whom I shewed *what reward* they had *given unto the Lord for all his benefits.* I expected much of the usual courtesy from the mob when we came out: but I walked through them all in perfect peace, none molesting us, either by word or deed.

Tuesday 18, Mr. Miller (the Lutheran Minister) informed me, that in a Collection of Tracts, published at Buding, Count Zinzendorf's Brethren had printed several passages of my Journal, and whatever else they could glean up

which tended to prejudice the Lutherans against the Methodists. Was this merely to shew their good-will? Or to obviate my testimony?

Wednesday 19, I finished the Translation of Martin Luther's Life. Doubtless he was a man highly favoured of God, and a blessed instrument in his hand. But, O! what a pity that he had no faithful friend! None, that would, at all hazards, rebuke him plainly and sharply for his rough untractable spirit, and bitter zeal for opinions, so greatly obstructive of the work of God.

Thursday 20, I saw Dr. Stephen's hospital, far cleaner and sweeter than any I had seen in London; and the Royal Hospital for old soldiers, standing on the top of a hill, overlooking the Phœnix-park. All the buildings are kept not only in good repair, but likewise exactly clean. The hall is exceeding grand; the chapel far better finished than any thing of the kind in Dublin. O what is wanting to make these men happy? Only the knowledge and love of God.

END OF VOL. SECOND.

CONFERENCE-OFFICE, 14, CITY-ROAD;
JOHN JONES, AGENT.

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JL

SEP 25 1928